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COMPANIONVILLE
APRIL 28

The
December, 1927
YOUTH'S
COMPANION



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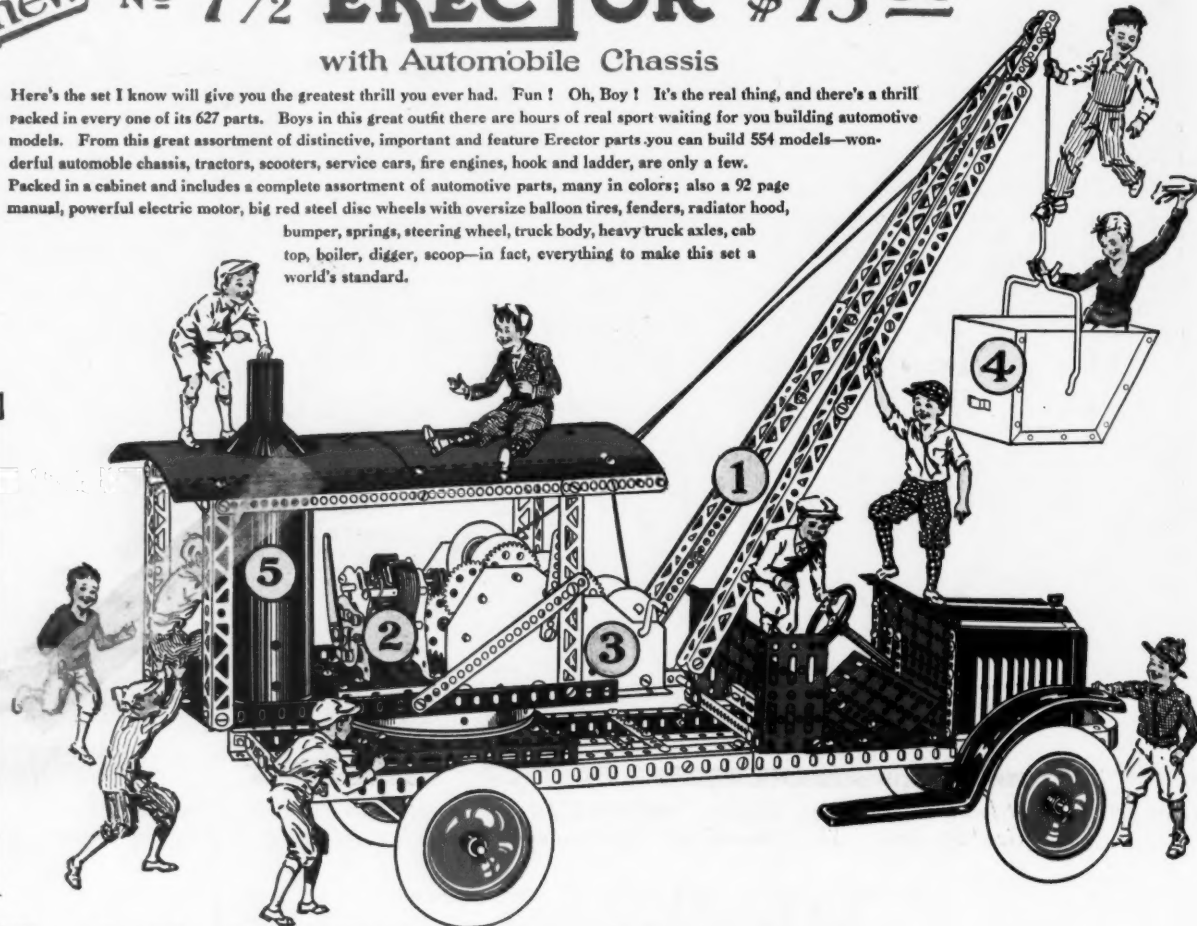
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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

VOLUME 101

DECEMBER, 1927

NUMBER 37



"If you get scared or lonely," said Mrs. Logan, "read the 121st Psalm. It has been the support and inspiration of brave men all over the world. Good-by, boys." She embraced both boys tenderly, Jimmy last because he had never been away from home before

THE WINTER GUARD

A Full-length Book Complete in This Issue

By E. E. Harriman

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE HOSKINS

DAN LOGAN stood on top of a big stump. A twisted wire clothes line rested on one of his shoulders. One end was fast to a sapling behind him; the other end was far away, tied to the whistle lever on a steam engine. Dan was "whistlepunk" for this gang of lumbermen at Camp Four of a big lumber company in the High Sierras of California.

Dan was now eighteen, and had been working for the lumber company for four years. Every year the work in the mountains began when the winter snows had pretty well melted off, and stopped when new snow began to obstruct the working of the yarding engines.

A big, dependable boy was Dan. His chest was deep, and hard labor had given his arms, legs and body exceptional strength for one of his age. He loved to wrestle with the hundred men in camp, and this year there were only four who could throw him. The men all liked him, and the bosses trusted him. They knew that for four years he had been his mother's mainstay, since the loss of his father. George Logan had been a man, every inch of him, and Dan wanted to be like him. Mrs. Logan, with gentle, wise encouragement, led him along the line of this ambition.

Dan loved trees with a great and lasting emotion. He often felt sorry to see great, beautiful pines totter to a fall, although he knew it was only wisdom to log the mature trees before decay set in. Because he was a genuine lover of trees and the forests, Dan was able to exercise some little influence on company policy, in spite of his youth. He argued to Hatton, the woods boss, that every felled tree should be replaced by a young one.

This common-sense view was hammered home on the directors by Hatton until it won. Then Hatton dryly remarked that they had adopted a measure suggested by a boy.

"Gentlemen," he said, "if we who manage this company would only show the real interest in conserving our forests that this boy, Dan Logan, feels at all times, our children and grandchildren would bless our memory. What this lad advocates from love of the trees, we should advocate for business reasons as well as love."

From that time forward, Hatton talked to Dan as one does to an equal. They were intimate, and both profited by the contact. Hatton held that in most cases a man knows more than a boy, by reason of greater experience, but that a boy's knowledge may be just as good in quality, though not in quantity.

Today, standing on the stump, Dan watched "Jawbone" Tripp, the head hook-tender, setting the choker cable around a massive log that was to be hauled. When Jawbone waved both hands in signal, Dan leaned backward, giving two sharp pulls on his line. Two jets of steam popped upward, and the whistle of the distant engine spoke twice. The big cable tightened, and the log turned over majestically, starting to move toward the engine. Then Tripp called to Dan:

"Let Andersen signal a while. Run over and warn Chunky to keep the chokers. We want to pile them beside the engine. It's going to snow, and this ends our work here until next spring. Hustle, Dan."

As Dan left the stump, Nels Andersen came forward to take his place. Dan suddenly noticed that the Swede had been hurt by the cable. His boot was torn.

"Hurts, doesn't it, Nels?" he inquired.

"Very sore," Nels answered.

"Well, we'll all be through in a minute."

Dan ran after the great log, which was plowing a groove in the dirt. As he overtook and passed it, he heard a sudden call behind him from Jawbone Tripp.

"Stop that log! What's the matter with you, whistlepunk?"

Dan stopped and saw that the log was approaching a huge, solid stump. Nels, apparently, was paying no attention to his duties. Dan tried by leaping to catch the signal line and warn the engineer to stop his reel; but the line hung too high. The moving log struck the stump head-on, and Dan heard a clang of metal at the distant engine. Unaware of the solid character of the obstruction, the engineer gave the reel more steam, thinking to jerk the log clear.

To the tremendous power of the engine, the inch-and-a-half cable was like so much packthread. The steel cable tautened, be-

came as rigid as a bar of iron, and snapped under the strain.

Any breaking cable holds deadly peril to men in range of its recoil. Tripp and his men stood aghast, watching the free ends of the great steel rope snap the whip, with Dan Logan directly in the path. The forward end flicked like a leaping snake up the hill, while the engineer shut off steam with one touch of his hand and dropped flat on the ground, with his head low behind the reel. He knew the terrible force in the leaping cable.

The other free end of the broken cable came down toward Dan exactly like a whip-lash being cracked by an expert. A great loop led the loose end, which swept on its course with the swiftness of a tornado, cut cleanly through a pine sapling as thick as Dan's knee, tore the tops off two more, and flipped a pile of slash high in the air. Then the end of the steel flail slammed down hard upon the ground and stayed there.

"Dan! Dan!" shouted Tripp, running forward and not seeing the boy. The whole hook-tending crew raced with him, except the scared and anxious Swede, who still crouched beside the stump.

"I'm all right, Tripp," called Dan, clambering up from a deep and narrow hollow. "I took this ditch on the jump, and it saved me."

"Scared me most to death, Dan," said the big man. "If that cable had hit you, we couldn't have picked you up with a carpet-sweeper. You would have been spread all over the landscape. Now I'm going back to fire that Swede."

"No. Don't you do it. He never was whistlepunk before, and he got rattled. Besides, he's hurt."

"Get away from me," answered Tripp. "You want to coax me out of doing my duty. Go chase yourself. Look what Andersen cost the company by his crazy streak. And just tell me how we are going to bring those busted ends together to splice them. Too heavy for us to carry or drag, unless we get twenty men at it. The engine can't reel them in so they will meet."

Dan was silent for a moment, thinking hard.

"Tripp, cut the signal line loose from the engine, double it, and let the engine pull this end of the cable straight. Then—"

"Yeah, I see," said Tripp. "Not so bad for a boy. Now go over and comfort that limpy old viking, and don't let him forget he owes him not being fired to you. You're some fixer, Dan."

Dan Logan found Andersen sitting on a small log, his head in his hands, a figure of misery. He looked up dumbly.

"Ay t'ought Ay bane killed yo', Dan. Ay bane sorry Ay got rattled," he said in dejected tones. "Ay lost my yob, anyhow."

"No, you didn't. I saved it for you, Nels. Now I'll get some of the boys to carry you up to the engine. Your foot is pretty bad now."

"Ay can't walk on it no more. Yo' shore bane a gude faller, Dan."

DAN did not reply to this, but called two stocky Finns from the gang and had one get a peavey. On this Dan laid his own Mackinaw coat, folded thick, and had the men bring it up under Nels, as he stood on one leg. Then they lifted him. Nels kept an arm around the neck of each bearer and Dan walked with them. The train had just rolled in as they arrived, and Nels was loaded. Now Harry, the engineer of the loader, rushed the work of piling logs on the empty cars. Snow had begun to fall already.

Bill Reilly, engineer of the yarder, fumed over the broken cable and made caustic remarks regarding any man who would get so far gone with excitement that he could not remember to jerk the signal line. The splice grew together as by magic, under expert hands, and Harry Burchard laughed at Bill for his irritable comments. Bill had wanted to leave as few of the scattered logs as he could when he shut down for the winter.

The camp boss had come out with the train this trip, to see that all was left in good shape before the camp was closed up. Men began to build sheds around and over both engines, while the loader still went on piling logs on the cars. Each shed had a steeply pitched roof, to let the snows slide off more readily. As the men worked they carefully left openings for the last manipulation of the cables and back lines.

When the engineers quitted their posts, after blowing their boilers, a gang closed the openings. The last act before ridding the boilers of water, had been the hauling in of the cable and disconnecting the back line to haul that in, while the riggers took down each block in turn on that great arc. When the train started for camp, all was safe on this line, just as other crews had made all snug on other lines. The crew gathered at the commissary of Camp Four, ninety-eight men besides the cook and helpers, the camp boss, saw-filer, trackmen, officeman and Grump Hatton, woods boss.

The train had departed for the mill, with a long line of loaded cars. Presently it would return, hauling empty caboose cars in which the entire force would ride out, excepting five half-breed Indians, who would walk to their reservation.

The camp boss had been studying ever since he learned that Nels had managed to get a foot under the running cable and had several feet of its length rasp across his instep and toes. The boss had bargained with Nels to stay at the camp all winter as camp guard. Now he was entirely out of the picture, because of his being hurt; and the boss was terribly puzzled whom to leave in his stead. Hatton knew his dilemma and worried in harmony.

Whom to leave as camp guard was the question, and it puzzled Hatton. If no winter guard remained, it was highly probable the spring would show a looted camp.

For hours Hatton studied his crew in turn, trying to pick a substitute guard, but all in vain, though the camp boss tried to help him. Hatton had been at the camp since the train first came out, with the camp boss out among the men, and neither could do more than shake his head somberly when they met. Hatton, known as "Grump," was

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one of the kindest of men, though a rigid disciplinarian. Now he watched his men load their "turkeys" on the cars that would haul them out of the mountains.

"The breeds left early, did they?" he asked the camp boss.

"Yep. The timekeeper paid them off and let them go, on my orders. I knew they had a long way to go on foot. They pulled out at once."

"That is good. Don't want them to know our guard will be a boy. If he is willing, I intend to leave Dan Logan here. Call him into our office and I will talk to him. He is young, but manly and loyal."

Dan came running, head up, eager and alert, and Hatton plunged into his subject at once. It was almost time for the train to leave.

"Dan, three dollars a day and grub if you will stay as winter guard in place of Andersen. The company will furnish you almost anything you want in the way of books and magazines and pay your wages

to your mother twice a month. You will use the bedroom behind the office and will have keys to every lock. There is a shotgun and a twenty-two rim-fire special rifle, with plenty of shells for both. Then there are those wolf traps the old trapper left here last year, just before he died. Speak up! Is it a bargain or not? I'll send the engine up in the morning with your stuff—anything you need or want. We won't be niggardly with you."

Dan looked pleased.

"If Mother will let my kid brother stay here with me, it is O. K. But I want my schoolbooks and a lot of magazines. Probably Jimmy will think he must bring Shep, his old dog, along, too. But I know mighty well it would be cruel to keep an old dog in a camp where the snow is eight to fifteen feet deep outside the door."

"That is it, exactly. Shep is a bully old hero dog, but he would be in the wrong place up here, and Jimmy would never consent to having any other dog along. I will see your

mother and talk to Jim. The company is going to send you a few other things, like winter clothing suitable for mountain wear, if I have anything to say about it. Good-by, Dan."

The train pulled out, and Dan watched it go with a queer little plug in his throat that somehow prevented his shouting. He felt lonely before the last pair of trucks had rattled past the culvert a furlong from the buildings. Going back into the office, he shivered nervously at the odd emptiness of the building, and thought how much worse it would be in the commissary building, with its great eating-room and the kitchen opening into it one step higher up. Instinctively he went to work arranging his winter quarters, knowing that being busy was the best antidote for such feelings as he now had.

The quarters were not unattractive. First there was the office, with its small safe, desk and high stool. Back of it lay the bedroom. Any amount of extra bedding was stored where he could reach it if need be. The company store ran eastward from the office, and behind it was the room where the bedding and other stuff lay on shelves. The bedroom held a small stove, table, two chairs, and woodbox. A good closet jutted from it into the room where the bedding lay stored.

Evening came, and Dan's room was swept clean, dusted and arranged in a tidy manner. Now Dan started for the commissary building, across the railroad track to the south.

In the commissary building, besides the kitchen and eating-room, were a storage room, carpenter shop, and kitchen store-room. Dan hurried his evening meal to get out of the oppressive solitude of this echoing shell of a building. It made him shiver and realize his loneliness. Because of that feeling, he went to bed early and did not sleep for hours. Then all at once he sat up, laughed, pounded his pillow and lay down again, content. He had just remembered the telephone line and that in any emergency he would talk with the office so far away and with his mother, when they had called her in. In ten minutes he was sleeping soundly.

CHAPTER TWO

IT was eight before he woke. There had been a storm in the night, and he could see snow piled outside the sash of his window. Jumping out, he kindled a hasty fire in his little stove and dressed himself.

The engine would have to push a snow-plow up through the latest fall and might not arrive before ten, though it would be an hour earlier if it were not for the depth it must buck. It was an old-fashioned plow of the double-moldboard type, not the rotary, which mangles, swallows and at the side disgorges the snow in a long, high curve. Dan lifted a snow shovel off a nail and went out to clear a way across to the commissary building. He recalled the fact that over there he would find provisions in abundance and that he had a vacancy behind his belt that needed filling with hot food.

The snow lay loose and light, so the work was easy, and he found a good bit of pleasure in clearing the platforms and track between. When he reached the bigger building, he leaned his shovel against a wall and went in. The cook had expected one more day of feeding the crew, and his preparations were well made. A large array of bread, a huge crock filled with doughnuts, a shelf full of pies, stared him in the eye.

As Dan finished the shoveling he was thinking of Jimmy, the brother who would be his companion—"sidekick," he called it—for the long winter. Jimmy was all kid, heavier in his build than Dan, though his fourteen years had not brought him up in strength to equal Dan. He was merely a stockier-built boy, one who promised eventually to exceed Dan in weight. Dan had brown hair and hazel eyes. Jimmy had bristling yellow hair and brilliant blue eyes that danced all the time. The younger boy had more bubbling effervescence than Dan, though his nature could not be called unstable, by any means. It was just the natural high spirits of a boy who has not felt the weight of responsibility.

To a discerning eye, there were some things about Jimmy that were promising, and a person who knew how to look under surfaces could see these characteristics. He had a strong jaw, a square chin and all the indications of a very loyal nature. Dan would have expressed it by saying, "The kid will stick, and he don't know how to quit when there is any reason for hanging on. He is a good old scout, for a kid."



Now the buck stopped, and his knees appeared to double under him

PEN AND INK ILLUSTRATIONS BY P. L. MARTIN

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breathed hard through his nose and looked at Dan.

"That looks mean to me," he said. "Less than a quarter eaten from each one. See the tracks where two cats went up the other side."

"I see," said Dan. "Let's follow the deer and see where they are."

The ragged furrow in the snow led them half a mile farther before they saw any signs of the deer that made it. Then Dan caught sight of a third carcass, almost buried in the whiteness, with a broad red stain by the neck, the head thrown back awkwardly.

Only a couple of hundred yards farther, and the boys saw the herd, the buck in front and breaking trail in a weak, half-hearted manner. His mouth was open, and he was panting—a perfect evidence of weariness. Beyond a doubt, he had tried his best to make a trail for his family to follow, until he was near exhaustion. Now he stopped and his knees appeared to double under him, and the largest doe pushed on ahead to take her turn.

She pushed her way into the unbroken mantle until it packed before her and stopped her progress. Then she backed up and charged it in the most determined way, broke the restraining hardness, struggled twenty or more yards and began to pant. There were still two other does behind her, and now the leader pressed aside and a second one endeavored to force a way through.

Jimmy, having a roving eye, touched Dan and whispered softly, pointing out to him a round, tan-colored fur, about two inches thick, that hung down from a branch on a stubby tree, just in advance of the road-breaking deer.

Silently Dan moved forward until the distance between him and this furry object was no more than thirty yards. Leaving his poles stuck in the snow, he unslung the rifle, but even as he took its strap from behind his neck a big cougar leaped out and down. Jimmy gasped, and Dan tried to throw his gun to his shoulder. The great cat landed upon the rearmost doe and gripped her neck in its jaws. Dan shot with no aim, but pointing instinctively, hoping to save the doe.

The cougar let go its victim, yowling in answer to that shot. A second one struck it far back, as had the first. Spitting in fury, the angry cat whirled about, snarling, and caught a third bullet, this time in a shoulder. Thoroughly roused to fighting pitch, the cougar charged toward that last snap of the rifle and sank in the snow halfway up its sides. Dan held his fire and waited for the second leap.

Out of the cumbering snow came the giant cat, landing again in snow to its neck and throwing its head high to keep the face clear. Dan swung the rifle, and his eye centered the sights on the bare throat, so perfectly exposed by that upflung head. Could he stop the beast or would it come on and reach him? His heart leaped, palpitated and seemed to choke him, all in a second of time, as he aimed his rifle. That hideous cat face, ears tight to the round of the head, snarling jaws and deadly teeth, bared to rend the gunner, thrilled him.

The angry beast did not pause, but rose in another charging throw of a hundred-pound body, paws spread widely and every claw protruding, with all its great strength exerted to the utmost in the thrust of its legs. If it reached him, Dan could not hope to survive the first stroke of the reaching forearms and those hooked claws.

CHAPTER THREE

DAN held his little rifle firmly lined on that bared throat, ready to give the long, slim bullets the most advantageous possible mark. He meant to try a trick taught him by an older man in the camp, one that when played properly doubles the effectiveness of small-bore rifles of the pump-gun model. That lifted head gave him a splendid chance at the neck bone, where there was a thinner covering than elsewhere to protect it. Now his finger squeezed the trigger back and held it there. At the snap of the fired cartridge, his left hand traveled back, ejecting the empty shell, then forward to force another in the chamber. Both movements were made instantaneously, and the unchecked hammer followed the slide quickly, to strike the firing pin.

The two shots sounded almost as one, and two bullets dove deep through pelt and windpipe and thin muscle, to meet the bone. The cougar leaped in a short parabola, the



Dan's right hand swung across his body, and, as he overbalanced, he struck a sweeping blow to the right

fierce, vindictive light in those green eyes clouding swiftly. It fell into the snow with its head drooping and all its length gone lax.

"Geel!" cried the younger boy, clenching his pole in both hands for a blow if necessary. "I was scared he would reach you, Dan. What will we do with him, now he is dead?"

"Drag him to camp. There is a twenty-dollar bounty on his scalp."

"Yup, and thirty on his wife, if we can get her. Let's get busy."

After the boys had attended to the doe, they hauled the dead cougar up on a rock, from which they kicked the snow, and left him there, while they undertook to aid the snow-bound deer, who were frantically bucking the snow in an attempt to break away to a lower level. At first these wild things of the woods were frightened almost into helplessness when the boys came near them, but the quickness with which they learned that there was nothing but kindness intended amazed both Dan and Jimmy. In fact, one doe became so convinced of the good intent that Jimmy found it possible to put his hand on her at the fourth attempt, and when they had worked an hour with the little herd she welcomed his arm about her neck and the touch of his hand on her head. The buck objected to being dealt with in any such intimate fashion, but even he grew accustomed to having the boys break road and merely pushed his body into the snow to

let either one pass him. Dan was much impressed by this confidence.*

The boys labored hard for hours, and at last managed to let the few deer pass them and go on in snow that only reached their knees. When the deer had gone fifty or sixty yards, the doe Jimmy had petted turned to look back at him, before going farther. At twice the distance, the big buck paused to do the same thing, before leading his wives down a slope.

Warily the boys climbed back to where they had left their skis, stuck in the snow on each side of the dead cougar. There they found the tracks of another big cougar that had circled its dead mate several times and then left the body hastily. Dan looked around among the trees, trying to locate the brute, without success. The body of the doe swung from a bending sapling, too high for a cougar to reach it by leaping.

*AUTHOR'S NOTE—The gaining of friendly confidence from a deer is not half so hard as most would think.

A friend of the writer found a doe breaking a road through deep snow in Minnesota and took pity on her, breaking road for her, with his bear-paw webs over his shoulder. At the end of a mile of this, she let him walk beside her with an arm around her neck, and when they reached a road he led her another mile in this way, along a well-packed stretch.

When he left her, she stood still and looked after him, as one would gaze after a departing friend.

Another friend tamed a wild deer in Honduras, in three weeks' effort, until she would come to meet him and eat bread from his hand.

Now the brothers set out for the camp, dragging the dead cat behind them. Not being real experts yet, they found it difficult to get traction with the skis, and this, added to the terrible weariness induced by the trail-breaking for the deer herd, brought them to the space between the buildings nearly exhausted.

Both boys were fairly reeling from weariness when they crossed to their room from the kitchen. Undressing, they tumbled into bed and were both sound asleep within two minutes. Not a sound did they hear until near midnight. Then both awoke with a jerk, lifted their heads to listen and softly poked each other, to make sure that both were alert.

Rising from the space between the buildings, where they had left the dead cougar, came the sounds of conflict, caterwauls of great malignancy, mingled with strange sounds that they could not interpret. A fight was in progress out there, between a cougar and some other beast, unknown to either boy.

The trapper's searchlight was ready charged, needing only the opening of a portal to let the dry carbide dribble into a water can, then a lighted match held over the burner to get it going. Dan set the cap on his head, picked up the shotgun, loaded it and opened the door. The terrific row was going strong when he turned the knob and jerked on the door. The noise ceased like the closing of a water tap when the fierce glare of the powerful light shone outside.

"They are gone," said Dan, "and I never saw a glimpse of either."

"Come on back and let 'em go, Dan. I hope they stay gone," Jimmy remarked. "We can find their tracks in daylight, I suppose."

Dan closed the door and locked it, set his gun conveniently near and hung his cap on its muzzle. He did not propose to hunt again in the dark, if their visitors returned to serenade them again.

Dressing hurriedly the next morning, they went out to investigate. At once they recognized cougar tracks. The mate of the dead cat had followed the trail left by its dragged carcass, entered the space between the buildings and there had met some other type of beast. That this animal, whatever it was, had decided to feast upon the body of the dead cat was evident from tracks beside it and a small hole it had ripped in the pelt over the abdomen.

"That brute had just begun when the she-cougar arrived," Dan said. "Look here, where she crouched and jumped on him. See how they tore up a lot of snow and rolled and tumbled along the track for twenty feet and back again. They sure were after blood, both of them."

"What kind of scrapper was the one who got her first, Dan?"

"Blest if I know, Jimmy. Has a foot like a little bear, but, judging by his tracks coming in, he couldn't be more than three feet long or so. Say, I just remembered what an old trapper who stopped here told me. He said a wolverine made a track like that. Those brutes are blackish, not real black, with patches on their sides that are a light brown or dirty white. See if you can find any hairs, Jimmy. I will look, too."

"Here is a bunch of hair, Dan! Mixed stuff, black and light brown!" Jimmy shouted presently. "Blood on it, too. I bet that old she-cat gave him a raking for fair. How big is a wolverine, by weight?"

"Forty to forty-five pounds, the trapper said. Heavy bodies, thick necks, blunt noses, long claws and terrible teeth. He said they would not hesitate to fight anything they met, short of a big bear. That is what the old cat met here last night, all right. That wolverine must have lots of nerve to tackle a cat weighing double what he does. Seems to me that we are getting rather more than our share of wild-beast stuff, but when you think it over, one thing just naturally drags in the next."

"First the deer attracted the cougar. The bloody drag tolled the mate of the dead cat and probably the wolverine, also, right into camp. A regular chain, see? Come on. Let's get breakfast and make it a good one. I'm hungry, aren't you?" Dan inquired.

"Yep! Starving. Rush it, Dan. I'll go out back to the meat cooler and hack off a few chunks, while you get the fire going and start the coffee. Lucky we have that beef to fall back on, isn't it?"

Jimmy picked up the hand axe they used to chop the frozen meat and ran through the commissary building. A howl of rage and disappointment!

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 764]

THE BIGGEST CHRISTMAS TREE

By C. A. Stephens

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD SICHEL

THIS happened during the year that we had the biggest Christmas tree ever seen.

Town rivalries can express themselves in many different ways. Our town, as you may know, is one side of a long, narrow lake; and on the other shore there is a similar little town of a few hundred inhabitants.

The lake is eight or nine miles in length and from three fourths of a mile to a mile wide—a grand place for boating and for skating; it completely separates the two communities. For some reason, there has always been a spirit of rivalry and sometimes of enmity between the two places. I hardly know why. Perhaps it is mainly because the lake lies between them. It is not a feud or a grudge exactly, and the older people are on fairly good terms; but the young folks, particularly the boys, have always been contending with each other, across the lake, often for the mere fun of the thing, but sometimes in warlike earnest, or in retaliation for supposed grievances. In fact, when we had nothing else to do there was nothing more attractive than to go on an expedition against "those fellows on tother shore," and play some prank upon them.

In summer, we could sail across in boats; or when the wind was right we could launch "floats," inscribed in red chalk, with saucy messages to our neighbors. I remember that during one summer there was a constant exchange of "poetry," every time the wind shifted.

In the late autumn, after the lake had frozen, there was a great deal of "daring." A party of skaters from the far side would come skimming across and give us a "dare," whereupon we would rally and give chase; and if we could head off one or more of these "tothersiders," we would take them prisoners and sometimes keep them captive all day. But occasionally we got captured, ourselves. Now and then lumps of ice flew, and a general scuffle ensued; but for the most part our "battles" were entirely bloodless; and we certainly derived a great deal of sport from them. Our make-believe enemies from the other side of the lake often wore blue caps; and to distinguish our fellows from them we generally wore gray or red caps. We called them "blue-heads," and they returned the compliment by nicknaming us "red-heads." The leader of the blue-heads was Crumb Groot, a red-headed, active boy of about sixteen.

AT the time of which I write the spirit of rivalry had extended to Christmas trees. For three holiday seasons the blue-heads had surpassed us in the size and gorgeousness of the trees which they had decorated. At first, we had set up a ten-foot tree, in our schoolhouse, only to hear and be taunted with the fact that the blue-head tree was twelve feet tall. Then next year we put up a fifteen-foot tree in the meetinghouse. But the blue-heads celebrated in their meetinghouse the same night and set up a twenty-foot one! They had the advantage of us in that both their schoolhouse and their meetinghouse were a little higher-posted than ours.

This was mortifying. But the following year we put our heads together and consulted earnestly about it. I do not know that our consultations would have amounted to much, however, but for the wit and genius of the efficient young lady who taught our district school that winter. We told her our difficulty. She at once took in the situation and, without in any sense becoming an offensive partisan, supplied us with an idea which fairly took our breaths away till we got a little used to the size of it. For it was really a prodigious idea.

"Now, boys," said Miss Caruthers, "don't waste your strength cutting and dragging home a great tree which you cannot get in at the meetinghouse door, after it is there. But just go right down to the lake shore. There stands that noble, great, broad-limbed fir, overhanging the ice. Take that for your Christmas tree. Decorate it. Hang lanterns on it. Put the presents on the lowermost boughs, with a ladder. Wind the trunk of it with red, white and blue. Then when it comes evening kindle bonfires

both above and below it, on the shore, and kindle another back in the rear of it, so as to display it against the light finely. You can have a Santa Claus on skates, two or three of them. The little children will want to go, of course, and so will their mothers and aunts, and their grandmas, too. But they would nearly freeze, standing out on the cold ice; so you must get out a dozen sleighs and puns, with robes and buffalo skins and warm soapstones, and wrap them all up comfortable, snug and nice; and then you boys can skate and push or draw them all about in the sleighs, on the ice. That will be great fun for them, particularly for the little ones and for the grandmas; and you will not mind it. There's just the sort of ice for it. You can have a Christmas tree as tall as a steeple and as broad as the whole church! The blue-caps will be nowhere! They will never say 'Christmas tree' to you again! When they see that, they will bury their heads in the snow!"

We gave the teacher three cheers on the spot and promised her a sleigh all to herself and a free ride all the evening; we told her that she should be "Queen of the Tree." She thanked us, but said that she much

preferred her skates to a sleigh; for she was a capital skater.

School did not keep for two days before Christmas. We set to work with great enthusiasm; and, although the big fir seemed an almost impossible tree to climb, we lashed ladders together, and were soon at work in its branches. Nearly all the lanterns in town were needed to make a showing; I remember we even borrowed carriage lamps, where we could, as well as farm lanterns and nearly everything else that would give light. If electricity had been available in those days, we could easily have made that tree glow from top to bottom. Hanging the oil lanterns was harder work, but there are no such workers as boys, when you once get them interested. Then we hung the most glittering and gorgeous objects we could find at the extremities of the limbs. All this was great fun. If you have ever dressed a small Christmas tree, you can imagine for yourself what a time you have when you dress one that is one hundred feet high.

At a safe distance, around the foot of the tree, we built three enormous bonfires, using old casks and plenty of tar, chips, and shavings from the sawmill and other com-

bustibles. All the men came down on the afternoon of the 24th to see our work, and they pitched in and helped too.

I do not believe there was ever a bigger Christmas tree in the United States!

When Christmas evening came everybody in our little town, old and young, went down to the tree; and when darkness fell all the lights were illuminated by boys in the branches, and the three big bonfires were touched off, and all the rest of the boys and girls, including Miss Caruthers, glided around on skates.

Then two Santa Clauses, wearing streaming gray wigs, masks and fur coats, began to fetch off the presents, which had been grouped around the trunk of the tree. The children shouted, and the old folks laughed. There was general jollification, and we were much too merry to feel the stiff December wind which blew rather coolly on our faces down the lake. But the wind made the bonfires flare up much more brightly, and none of us on skates or the older people, wrapped up in the sleighs, seemed to mind it at all.

THE blue-cap folks saw the illumination, and presently a party of their boys appeared upon the scene. The first we saw of them, a group of what in the obscurity of the evening looked to be small sail boats came skimming down the ice from away across the lake. The sails were of considerable size. They came down at a great pace, but when opposite our big tree, distant perhaps fifty or seventy-five yards from our outermost groups, they luffed, came to there and stood, scarcely moving, looking curiously at our Christmas panorama.

We stared at them, too; for we had never seen anything like their outfit. It was a new idea. Each skater had a sail, slung across his shoulder, a skate-sail of white cloth, about eight feet long by four or five feet in width, rigged out on two slender wooden rods, for yards, and a little mast stick; similar, but not so natty and light as the skate-sail outfit which is now sold in such large numbers, for the blue-cap boys had for their yards and masts a single long stick instead of sections fitting into metal sockets at the center. This rig was suspended freely across their shoulders, so that they could easily swing it to tack and luff. There in the evening, with the firelight shining on them, as they stood, they presented an odd appearance; very pretty, and yet ghostly. We recognized several of the boys, however; the bonfires lit up their faces as they looked toward the tree. By and by, we overheard one of them say, "Jerusalem! What a Christmas tree! Isn't that a dandy!"

That was all right, of course; we liked their admiration. But another of them then made a remark with less of good feeling in it. "Pity they haven't got a house big enough for a decent Christmas tree," said he. That was a slur upon our low-posted schoolhouse. Thereupon one of our boys put in a word in reply. "Don't show your envy in cheap talk," said he. "If you don't like our style, what are you over here for?"

Then Crumb Groot made his voice heard. "We thought your little town had got afire!" he called derisively. "Didn't know you were just fooling around that old Christmas tree!"

"That will be enough for you, Groot," called one of our boys, gliding in his direction. Groot did not move, and soon the two antagonists were facing each other at close range. The rest of us crowded up behind our own boy. We saw the flash of Crumb Groot's bare fist in the darkness, and, without warning, he knocked our champion down flat on his back.

For the moment there was the making of a free-for-all fight, which would have utterly wrecked the spirit of Christmas. But, with a sudden motion, all the blue-caps turned their sails to the wind, took a few skating steps, and then set their feet together and glided off toward the other shore.

"Catch them!" somebody called.

"Cowards!"

"If I can catch Groot, I'll make him say 'Enough!'"



Then two Santa Clauses, wearing streaming gray wigs, masks and fur coats, began to fetch off the presents . . . The children shouted, and the old folks laughed

Skate as we would, however, we could not catch the blue-capped skate-sailors



"Hoodlums!"

These were only a few of the words that were heard around us, I am sorry to say, as we pursued the flying enemy. Our blood was up. We justly resented the fact that these strangers had come over to taunt us, and that their leader had struck one of our number, without warning.

Skate as we would, however, we could not catch the blue-capped skate-sailors. They flitted ahead of us like will-o'-the-wisps. In another moment or two they would be safe on the other shore, where we could not hope to catch them in the thickets and fields which they knew so well.

Suddenly, however, as they drew near the deep shadow of the trees, we heard one of them call out sharply to the others, and they then got their helmets up, so to speak,

fastest skater, who was leading, called out to us to skate slantingly, and cut in between and head them off. Accordingly we changed direction but had scarcely skated fifty yards when all of us heard an outcry and a splash. Crumb Groot had run into a place where some of the east-side farmers had been cutting a store of ice for their creameries that very day. It had skimmed over with new ice, too thin to bear, and in the dark Crumb had sailed into it at full speed.

All of us had barely enough warning to sheer off. Crumb went down, head under, rose, caught hold of the edges of the ice, and shrieked for help. His friends were far away, probably trying to reduce their speed and skate back to him against the wind.

Fate had delivered our enemy into our hands. And yet, if we did nothing about it,

and ran down before the wind on a new course. Seeing this, Alf Stearns, our

Crumb would unquestionably lose his grip on the ice and drown. We looked around. We were still some distance from the shore and had nothing to help him with except our bare hands. It was a bad place, for there were several floating cakes around the borders of the firm ice, and these were knit together insecurely by the new ice. It was very dark, too, and we were uncertain how far out the firm ice extended.

Alf and I and several others threw ourselves on the ice and tried to string out toward Crumb. I am afraid, however, that we should have failed to reach him; but just then, the blue-caps came to the rescue. They had turned back.

"We'll help!" they shouted. Pulling off their skate-sails, they stretched them out, rods and all, on the ice. In a moment they had tied two together, at the ends, thus making a pole fifteen or sixteen feet in length. This at once they shoved out so that Crumb could catch hold of it. But at that

moment Crumb lost his grip and sank under the cold, black surface of the water. Then Alf Stearns did the bravest thing I have ever seen. He flung himself into the water, regardless of the probable consequences. He was the best diver and swimmer in town, but he had never before tried to swim in heavy clothes and with skates on his feet. Nevertheless, he managed to get hold of Crumb Groot's arm and to drag him to the surface.

Despite the shock of this plunge, Alf had strength enough to grab the extended pole; and with our united strength on the other end we soon pulled both Alf and Crumb to safety.

Both were chilled to the bone, and Crumb seemed to have nearly choked to death; but all hands got hold of the two boys and rushed them ashore to the nearest house. Meanwhile, we had noticed a very interesting thing—the blue-caps, once our enemies, had been standing by us stanchly all the while. They escorted us down to the shore, and as we started off they gave us three cheers. "Good-by, red-caps!" they called after us. "As for you, Stearns, you can have anything in town, any time."

"Do you mean that?" he asked. "If so, I'd like one of those skate-sails." So Alf came back to our town in triumph with a skate-sail which became a pattern for others that we made for our own use. The bonfires had burned low by the time we got back to the big tree, and the presents had all been distributed to our parents to keep for us. It was voted, by one and all, that Alf Stearns had demonstrated the true spirit of Christmas.



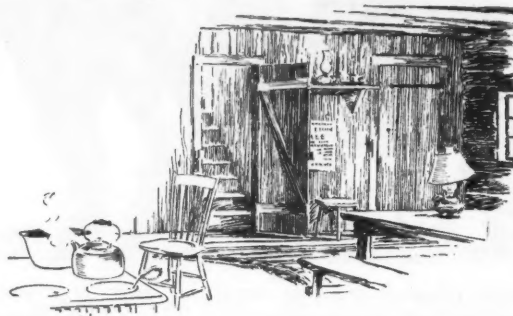
TWAS somewhat more than fifty years ago I started life within a cottage low,
Built of rough hardwood logs the forest loaned,
Abundant on the land my father owned.
Piled in four walls that made our home, 'twas there
That I, blessed with a pious mother's care,
Spent my young boyhood days and dreamed the dreams
That youth will ever dream; and now it seems
The greatest joys the passing years unfold
Are dim, sweet, distant memories of old.

II

I see each log in that old house today,
Just as some fifty years ago it lay,
Imbedded in that rugged wall that rose,
Each alternated course in superpose,
Till in my fancy each possessed for me
Some constant individuality;
Boxed at the corners with an axe-man's skill
Of such perfection that they seemed to fill
Each other at the angles where they seat,
As if of steel and run with mighty heat.

III

Thus up beyond a story's height they led,
To form the low-roofed chamber overhead,
Where my first cot was placed against the wall,
With scarcely room for me to stand at all.
The wider spaces 'twixt the logs were calked
With riven bolts of softer wood that balked
The crafty workman's skill to fit each space
Exactly; so he drove them into place;
Then over these at last a coat of clay,
And little imperfections fell away.



MEMORIES

By E. M. Averill

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL P. DODGE

IV

Where doors and windows came, the logs were cut
Right out, and in the openings were but
An unsmoothed plank that answered for a frame.
The rounding logs were chipped back to the same,
And rough pine casings nailed around each one;
With this the outside finishing was done.
And this rough structure as it stood to view
Was just our home, the only home we knew;
And home in every sense the word implies
Is but a sheltered hearth that satisfies.

V

Inside, 'twas plain, if plain, rough logs can be
With each a new irregularity;
And over all the roughness, brown with age,
Was pasted fast our good Companion's page.
A bedroom and a pantry occupied
The greater part of all the western side,
And 'twixt the two a stairway led aloft—
My creaky pathway when my mother oft
Would banish me, and sometimes punish too,
For things I ought, but somehow didn't do.

VI

That old stair door I yet remember well,
The gateway to my lonely prison cell;
'Twas three boards wide with battens on the back,
And safety lock I'll say it didn't lack;
For, on the downstairs side a wooden latch
Fell safely in a tough old hardwood catch;



Out there it was a very simple thing
To open, but inside one used the string;
So when my mother wanted me to stay
She simply pulled that little string away.

VII

The loft above was one great room that might
Have made a spacious banquet hall, if height
Had been proportioned with the rest of it;
As 'twas, it only made a chamber fit
For beds against the outer walls, where one
Could lie and reach the timbers as they run
From end to end. And, oh, the joy to wake
And hear the raindrops patter on the shake!
No instrument will ever play again
Like that old roof responding to the rain.

VIII

But I must leave these recollections now
For kindred souls who better might know how
To speak their worth, and see the final end
To which these old associations tend;
I might not gauge correctly all the good,
Or all their attributes have understood;
But, as these cherished memories grow dim
Against the far horizon's western rim,
I know they are as sacred yet to me
As those short prayers I said at Mother's knee.



Grandma Allen's birdlike dark eyes fixed themselves on the face of her granddaughter. "You sang that piece real pretty, June," she said. "Does it make you feel sort o' sad when you sing it?"

THE TEXAS NIGHTINGALE

By Harford Powel, Jr., and
Russell Gordon Carter

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES L. LASSELL

IN each one of us a talent lies buried. Some men and women go through life and never find it—or, if they are dimly aware of their real talent, they do not take pains to bring it to the surface. We seek gold or pleasure or influence or fame. Through lifetimes of hard work these things may elude us. But success and happiness come without fail to those who in early life have found their hidden talents, and who bring them into the sunlight, where they may be enjoyed by all.

With a cry of pain, June Allen snatched her hand out of the dark interior of the hen-house. She was too old and sensible to cry; but her eyebrows came together into a frown as she gazed at a bleeding mark on her wrist. Clumsily, with her left hand, she tied her handkerchief around it. Then suddenly she laughed—a rippling, musical laugh.

"You good-for-nothin' old hen!" she exclaimed. "How'd I know you were on the nest. Shoo! 'Tain't you I want, it's your eggs."

She picked up a stick and poked it gently into the opening. There were a number of loud squawks, the sound of flapping wings, and then, with a noisy whir and rush, an angry dominic hen shot out of the house and went flapping off across the yard. The girl put back her hand, and after several moments of groping drew it back empty.

"No luck," she said, ruefully. "Just a false alarm. Old hen's just settin' on air."

Picking up her basket, she walked toward the little unpainted house where she lived.

"June!" cried her mother, from the ramshackle doorway. "What have you done to your hand? Oh, dear—"

"There now, Mother," June interrupted. "No need to get excited. That good-for-nothin' old dominic hen wants to set on the nest, and she took a peck at me. I'll take the handkerchief off. It's nothing at all."

"Course not! A hen can't hurt a body much."

This remark came from a little, wrinkled

old lady standing behind Mrs. Allen. "You make too much fuss over the girl, Kate. I don't reckon she'd sing if she was hurt bad, would you now, June?"

"Was I singing, Grandma?"

"There, you didn't know it. As you came across the yard just now, you were singing 'Home, Sweet Home.' Didn't you know it, child?"

"Why, no."

"That's what I always say," remarked Mrs. Allen. "June would sing if she broke her leg. She's always singing! Go and put something on your hand, June. A cobweb will do if you can find no better."

"I will, Mother."

June went into the dark little kitchen, where panes of broken glass had been boarded up as a cheap defense against the weather. She washed her hand, and sucked it meditatively.

Mrs. Allen meanwhile had counted the eggs in the basket.

"Only seven, June," she called, wearily.

"Is that all you could find? We ought to get more eggs from all those hens."

"Nobody in North Falls is getting many eggs now," replied June. "I guess our hens are doing better than some."

She crossed the room to a small black-walnut parlor organ and sat down in front of it, her fingers lightly resting on the yellowed ivory keys, her feet on the carpet-covered pedals. She sat there for a moment, her lips parted, her head thrown back. A great artist, could he have seen her at that moment, might have found in her the subject of a masterpiece. Not that June Allen, at seventeen, was beautiful; there were many prettier girls in the little Texas town where the Allens lived. But few were so wholesome, and none so striking in appearance as June. With her abundant crinkly yellow hair and brilliant dark brown eyes she seemed to combine the vigor and delicacy of two different races. Her strong young body, her deep chest and wide shoulders, belonged to the North quite as unmistakably as her eyes belonged to the South. They were large, lustrous Italian eyes, full of lights and moods. Sitting there in a shaft of sunlight, about to sing, she seemed a creature from another world.

The organ pedals moved noisily up and down beneath her feet; the bellows wheezed within the walnut frame. Then came the notes as her fingers moved over the keys.

Forgetful of her mother and grandmother, forgetful even of the wheezing and squeaking little organ, June raised her clear, soprano voice and filled the room with melody:

"Mid pleasures and palaces tho' we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there
Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else-
where.
Home! Home! Sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home! There's no place like home!"

She sang the refrain again. There was no one to hear her voice but the two women who had heard it so often; and yet, as June sprang up and ran out of the room, Mrs. Allen pressed her hand to her heart, and then glanced across the room at the old lady in her rocker.

"Why, Ma Allen," she said gently, "you're crying!"

The old lady blinked rapidly several times, and then lifted her spectacles and dabbed at her eyes with the hem of her apron. "I know it, Katey," she replied, in a quavering voice. "But I just can't help it. I never hear June sing that song but everything seems to rise right up in front of me—the old farm, the Green Mountains of Vermont, all the folks I used to know. Oh, Katey, you know how it is."

Mrs. Allen sighed, but made no answer. June's singing had roused old memories in her heart, too. She saw her happy childhood on a Vermont farm; and she saw herself, blushing in her bridal finery, as the bride of Abner Allen, coming with him out of the little white church where they were married. She saw herself busy in the great, low-beamed kitchen of the Allen farmhouse. Oh, life had been so happy then! Golden years they were, those happy years in New England, before Abner's poor health made it necessary for

THE STORY OF A GIRL'S STRUGGLE TO WIN FAME AND FORTUNE

HERE is the first instalment of The Companion's new serial, "The Texas Nightingale"—the most vivid serial of its kind since "The Glory of Peggy Harrison." Three complete chapters are given in this number.

them to break up the home and move out West.

How they had wandered, the two of them! Memories of Indiana cornfields, and the sun-baked plains of Kansas, passed rapidly before Mrs. Allen's half-closed eyes. It almost broke her heart to remember how they had pinched and scrimped to buy a farm, how their little crops had failed before the last payments were made, and how bravely Abner had looked up at her from his bed in the Kansas City hospital, when the doctor said in gruff but kindly tones:

"You can't do hard work on a farm, man. Your chest's weak. You're not a lunger, but you'll have to move farther south and do light work."

And so they wandered, she and her husband, always seeking a dry climate, and a town where Abner could provide for them in some way that would not overtax his health. There were no children for many years, although each had secretly hoped for a large family. June was born two years after they settled in North Falls. Her coming was the one bright spot in their lives; and yet, it was not so bright as it might have been. Abner Allen had wanted a son.

"If it was only a boy!" he said to her one evening, in the nasal Yankee voice which he never lost in all his wanderings. "I know I oughtn't to complain, Katey. But I can't help lookin' ahead to the time when you and me will be too old to work. A girl gits married and her duty is to her own husband. A son—now, what a comfort a son would be! A great help while growin' up, and a mainstay after he's reached manhood. Somehow it thorns me to think I've got a darter when I'd so much rather it'd been a son!"

That was a selfish thought, perhaps, but it was only natural in a man like Abner Allen who had suffered so much. His wife saw the logic of it. But she was too happy to waste time in vain regrets. She loved the pretty little baby that God had sent her; every night, she breathed a heartfelt prayer of thanksgiving for this blessing.

North Falls seemed to have a future when the Allens first made it their home. It was a leading beef center then. A bank, a hospital and other civic advantages were given by the wealthy stockmen. But a change came. Beef was sent to market from another center, and North Falls began rapidly to go downhill. Abner Allen, like many others, could not believe that the prosperous little town was facing slow starvation and death. He had opened a little shop, a sort of general store, and he clung tenaciously to it in a town where there were too many little shops.

And so during the years that followed, while the girl who should have been a boy was growing into young womanhood, the Allens struggled against increasing hard times; and, as is always the way, hard times exacted a heavy toll. The father's health began to fail again; the mother began to lose heart, and in spite of the comfort she found in her daughter lines of worry formed and deepened about her mouth. Then came the war. Almost overnight, it seemed, an aviation camp sprang up near the town. Abner Allen took fresh courage and hoped for a boom that would put North Falls on the map again, but in his heart he knew that the town had seen its best days, and that when the war ended it would go back to where it was before.

Somehow the mother had managed to give June an elementary schooling, which neither she nor her husband had ever had. That was ended now, and the girl, at seventeen, seemed to face a future as drab and monotonous as the landscape round the little town. It was at this period, when June was finished with grammar school, that old Grandma Allen came to live with her son. That was an additional burden on the family resources, but Abner Allen bore it with his accustomed stoicism—and the wife admired him for his attitude. "Mother, she's all alone in the world now," he said. "I'm the only son living, and I reckon it's my plain duty to provide a home for her." Nothing could have been more characteristic of the man's brave heart than this manner of accepting another mouth to feed.

MRS. ALLEN rose with a sigh and carried the basket of eggs into the kitchen. Grandma Allen passed the hem of her apron beneath her spectacles again and bent over a sock that she was knitting. There was something serene about the old lady as she sat there alone in the big living-room. She had seen much and suffered much in her life, and like her son, she had borne her sufferings stoically. Unlike him, however, she had the saving grace of an un-

dying optimism and a shrewd insight into character.

She glanced up as June entered the room, pushing a carpet sweeper before her. "Well, child, I don't imagine that hen peck on your hand is goin' to keep you from cleanin' the rooms as usual," she observed with a perceptible deepening of the wrinkles round her eyes.

"I should say not!" replied June, laughing.

Grandma Allen's birdlike dark eyes fixed themselves on the face of her granddaughter. "You sang that piece real pretty, June," she said. "Tell me now, does it make you feel sort o' sad when you sing it?"



Shan reported at dawn for his first lesson in flying

"Oh, maybe a little," replied June. "Not very, though. I just like the tune. Mother used to sing it, you know, when I was a little girl."

Grandma Allen nodded, and resumed her knitting. After a few moments she said: "June, do you ever stop to think about yourself, now you're seventeen and fast becoming a young woman?"

"Well," said June, "I guess I do, quite often."

"What are your plans?"

The old lady put this question so directly that June felt embarrassed. But she knew it was kindly meant, and she also knew that the little old grandmother had been through a great deal, and had a vein of shrewd Yankee common sense, sharpened by her experiences. So June decided to confide in her.

"I haven't told Mother," she began, "and I haven't told Pa, either. Sometimes I think Pa is afraid of anything new. But I know I ought to get a position of some kind. There's a chance in the Stockmen's National Bank, but they want a girl who knows stenography and bookkeeping. The nearest business college is in Fort Worth, and it would cost about \$250, counting travel and board. Pa couldn't find the money, so I've been saving it up."

"You've been saving it up, June?"

"I've got one of those little china pigs!" June blushed furiously, but the old lady did not laugh. "It's just a toy bank, but I've put my egg money there, and what I was paid for helping in Rosenbloom's store last Christmas, and—anything else I could get," concluded June, in a very soft voice.

"How much have you saved now?"

"I'm afraid to break the china pig and count up," admitted June, with a shy smile. "But not very much! Oh, I know it will take years. But Mr. Irving Rosenbloom says I might get a job in his cousin's store at Fort Worth, on part time, while I was studying."

"You poor baby!"

So unlike old Mrs. Allen's usual matter-of-fact way of speaking was this remark that June felt she had, for once, caught the old lady in a bit of sentimentality. So June lost all her own embarrassment, and it was her grandmother's turn to feel a little shy.

"I like your grit, June," she said, in her ordinary voice. "But, my land! It will take

you a long time to save all that money you say you need."

"I feel so low," laughed June, "that I would have to stand on a stone to look a snake in the eye!"

Grandma Allen never could get quite used to slang phrases of this kind which are heard every day among young people.

"Sorry if I've shocked you," said June, politely. "But just think—if I ever do raise the money, and get a position at the bank, I will be able to turn in twenty smackers a week to the family. How's that? Could mother use it? Whoopee!"

She started to hum a Western song, and the words "It's My Night to Howl!" came clearly out at the end of her humming. But Grandma Allen did not wince. She was thrilled by June's spirit of ambition and sacrifice.

"In my day, girls didn't think of such things," she said at last. "I guess the same opportunities weren't open to them then. What we looked forward to was marriage to some nice young man—a good provider, too, if possible."

"Well, why not?" said practical June. "I guess girls feel the same way these days. But there's something they can do first. Yes,

I guess it's right for girls to earn some money and help their folks. But you'll be seeing some nice young men, June—there's a thousand of 'em over at the flying camp."

The old lady's eyes held an arch look. Like all elderly people, she was interested in the affairs of young persons—although she would have given her last drop of blood to prevent any acquaintance, on the part of June, with an unworthy man.

"Do you know what Pa says about that?" asked June. "First and foremost, he says I'm too young to think about young men—and I guess he's right. Second, he says he knows all about soldiers. He remembers the war with Spain, of course; and Grandfather served in the Civil War, and told him many a tale about it. So Pa says the aviation camp is full of riffraff, even jailbirds, some of 'em, and he don't want me to speak to any man in uniform. In fact, he don't want me to work at Rosenbloom's this Christmas, for fear I'd meet some of the soldiers."

June could imitate her father's voice to perfection, and she repeated her father's words just as he had spoken them, although there was no disrespect in her manner of doing it.

"He said to me, 'June!'—real sharp, like that—'I don't choose to have a darter of mine gittin' in any way I miliar with a man in uniform.'"

"I agree with him," said the old lady. "There was many a girl in '63 who lost her heart to a soldier—an' never saw him again, after the war ended. I was only joking, you know, June. I just wanted to see what you'd say about it."

"Well," concluded June, "I'm not interested—and you can bet your boots I'm not going to lose my heart."

"Now, June! There's one lesson you need before you can accept a responsible position, and I'll give it to you free. You'll have to get rid of all your slang. Serious men don't like it in a girl."

The way old Mrs. Allen put this bit of advice gave it some chance to take root in June's mind. Young people, like older ones, seldom enjoy the word "don't" unless they understand why it is wise to obey.

After looking out for a few minutes upon the desolate landscape, with so few neighbors' houses to give a note of cheerfulness, June rose and went about her housework. She did not sing. She dusted the chairs mechanically. They were old chairs, with chips and scratches all over them, and the backs loose. Some of the legs were roughly spliced with wire. Then June smoothed the glaring Turkey-red table cloth, with its big ring of oil stain from the lamp in the center of the table. She pushed the carpet sweeper vigorously over the threadbare carpet. Its revolving brush had been worn out by long use, and it seemed only to push the dirt back and forth. June took a dustpan and broom, got down on her knees, and laboriously rounded up this dirt. Then she dusted the contents of the most pretentious article of furniture in the room—

an old, golden-oak tabouret, containing some bric-a-brac. There were sea shells marked "Nantasket Beach" and "Faneuil Hall," a gilded pine cone, and other oddities and souvenirs. Most of the sparse furniture in the Allen home came from Vermont; Abner Allen, Yankee-like, had clung to it through all his wanderings.

June glanced around the room, straightened the sagging window blinds, and went upstairs to do the bedrooms. A minute or two later, the father came home unexpectedly. Abner Allen was a dark little man, with high cheek bones. Like many other old New Englanders, he "looked like an Indian"—but it is far more likely that, among his early ancestors, were not only the Puritan men from England, but perhaps a few men from Italy or Spain. After all, it was an Italian who discovered America, and still another who gave his name to it—and somewhere, in the web and woof of New England's English, Scottish and Irish ancestry, there runs a thread of the artistic blood of the South. Looking at Abner's bright, black eyes and his chiseled profile, with a beaky nose, it was easy to see how his daughter had inherited her own eyes, and her own gift for beautiful song.

It was on this very gift that Abner Allen's mother was meditating when he came in. "Set down a minute, Abner," she said. "I've been asking the girl about her prospects—and she says she is pining to go to business school."

"Is that so?" asked Abner, surprised. "Well, I guess it's a pretty good idea, at that. Where's the money comin' from?"

"She's savin' it up."

"I knew she was a good girl. Well, well!" "It's a secret, Abner. Don't tell I told you."

"I won't say a word." Abner rose to go about his business. His mother watched him and almost called him back. But she knew he was pleased, and—like a mother—she did not wish to give him uneasiness.

"But what I think," mused the old lady to herself, "is that June ought to sing. God must have given her that lovely voice for some purpose. There's nobody here who could advise us. Probably, in His own good time, God will send a messenger to tell us what to do."

CHAPTER TWO

Gilly Marsh, Comedian

LATE that afternoon, as usual, Gilly Marsh passed June's home. Mr. Gilbert Booth Marsh, to give him his full name, was a town "character." He was nearly eighty, and his professional days were far behind him. But he had a little chicken ranch, and it earned all the money he needed. He lived alone, spending his spare hours in the North Falls Hotel, where he often helped the proprietor to greet the guests. He was a valuable asset to the hotel—he could entertain the guests, as well as welcome them.

His hair was long, and snow white. His pink cheeks were always closely shaved, and his black clothes were immaculately pressed and brushed. He said that he never would go out in the morning unless he had shaved and had run a hot iron over his clothes. He wore a flowing black cloak, and a large slouch hat pulled far down on one side of his head. He was a strongly religious man, attending church regularly on Sunday; more than that, he lived up to the principles of Christian belief. Many people, who were delighted by his wit and impressed by his fine character, were intensely surprised to find that he had been an actor.

"With Mr. Joseph Jefferson's companies for twenty years," he would say proudly. "I played with him in Rip Van Winkle and all his other successes. Before that, I had the distinction of playing in support of Mr. Edwin Booth."

Gilly Marsh pronounced the name of both these beloved actors with reverence; he often told how they had struggled to elevate the standards of their profession, and how, as Christian gentlemen, they were welcomed into the best society everywhere. "There is always a chance for actors who can bring joy and inspiration to humble people everywhere," Gilly would say. "Audiences always support clean, inspiring drama. No vulgar play has ever made one tenth as much money as Rip Van Winkle, or Ben Hur."

But Gilly Marsh had his lighter side. He was a born comedian. He could make people's sides ache by reciting a droll poem. Have you ever heard "Casey at the Bat" delivered by a famous reader, or that older favorite,

"The One Hoss Shay"? Often Gilly would gather a group of children about him—and this was no effort, because they adored him—and would act with them some comical scene from Shakespeare or Molière. Gilly with a pillow under his coat, as fat Sir John Falstaff, or with a brass coal scuttle inverted over his head, for a knight's helmet, would take the leading rôle himself and astonish people who were ignorant enough to think the classics "dull" or "dry." June had often frolicked with him in this way. Now that she was growing up, she still loved him. He would always stop, passing her house, and she would give him a rose for his buttonhole when the bush was in flower. He had an inimitable way of walking; his walk could express discovery, hesitation, surprise, gratitude, gallantry, or perhaps despair when there was no rose to give.

Today, adopting the airs and graces of a young cavalier, Gilly came forward, swept off his hat with a flourish and pressed it over his heart, making a courtly, old-fashioned bow. Then he declaimed, in fervent tones, the following lines from "The Tempest":

"Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard . . .
for several virtues
Have I liked several women, never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed
And put it to the foil; but you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best!"

"I don't believe a word of it," said June, giggling.

"Every lady likes a compliment," answered old Gilly, suddenly standing straight, and expressing vigor in every muscle and line.

"Oh," said June, wistfully. "You always surprise me so! How I wish I could say things the way you do!"

"Why?" Gilly's tone was serious; he saw that he had struck some deep wellspring of feeling inside the girl's heart.

"It must be so wonderful to thrill people to help make themselves and their own lives. You have told me how great audiences rose and cheered Mr. Jefferson—and you, too, of course," added June, politely.

Gilly laughed. Despite all his posturing, there wasn't a grain of real conceit in him.

"Ah, my dear," he said. "Mr. Jefferson was a great star, and I only a grain of dust that twinkled in his light. But perhaps your time will come, June."

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing that I have a right to speak about, June," answered Gilly Marsh, after a pause. "I was only an actor, you know, and not a singer. Singing is a divine quality, not a man-made one. I have heard you often in the church choir, you know. But there! I have said too much. Forget it. God will bless you, I know. I must toddle along home now."

He hurried off more quickly than was his custom. But June, puzzled by what he had said, called after him and he stopped.

"I've finished reading the copy of 'Cyrano de Bergerac' that you lent me," she said. "I loved it, too. What do you think I should read now?"

He stood in the road, studying her eager young face.

"I'll tell you," he said suddenly, upon impulse. "Read the 'Sleeping Beauty.' It's a fairy tale, you know. No—I haven't a copy, and I suppose such an elderly young lady as you are getting to be wouldn't have a copy around the house. No, of course not. Perish the thought! Why, I'd as soon suspect you of having a doll!"

"But I have a doll," cried June. "I love her, too. I have kept her for years and years, and I always will."

"In view of this terrible confession," smiled old Gilly Marsh, "I will tell you the story of the Sleeping Beauty myself."

In a thrilling, low, confidential voice he told the story—told it superbly. And June, listening to his words, felt curiously inspired by them. She could see the fairies at little Princess Briar Rose's christening feast. "We give you beauty, wit, grace, virtue, a smile to win all hearts, a lovely voice," they said, smiling at the sleeping babe. But the Cross Fairy came too, and her gift was misfortune. "The King's Daughter shall fall down dead," she threatened. But the Wise Fairy said: "O King, your daughter shall not die, but will sink into a deep sleep from which, after long years, a King's son shall awaken her." The prophecy was fulfilled, and the Princess rode with her Prince to his father's kingdom, where they lived happily ever after.

Gilly Marsh's voice rose to a crescendo of triumph as he finished the old, old tale. Then

he took off his hat soberly to June, and hurried away. Something inside him said that he had gone too far—had perhaps planted ideas in the girl's mind which could never be gratified. But June went up gaily to her room. She was not bothering her head about the fairy tale; how could she know that the old man was giving her, in this form, a prophecy about her own life?

"What a darling Gilly Marsh is," she said to herself. "I wonder why he looked so guilty when he went away!"

CHAPTER THREE

Shan Learns to Fly

WHILE this curious scene was taking place in June Allen's dooryard, a young man of whom she had never heard, Alexander Jones, was sitting on the rear platform of an M. K. & T. express train, counting the milestones and timing the speed of the train. It was running at sixty to sixty-two miles an hour, flinging itself southward across broad prairie land that looked almost as smooth as a calm sea.

Shan Jones, as his friends called him, was a cadet in the United States Army Air Service. He had come forward with the other millions of the country's best young men who volunteered for war. Shan had selected the Air Service. Doctors had examined him, finding that his sight and hearing were perfect, and that he had no defect of the heart. Then he went to the "ground school," so called, where he learned the rudiments of aeronautics without actually going into the air. Now he was on his way to the Great Adventure. He was traveling to report at a flying school, Carney Field, near North Falls, Texas.

Shan's new uniform, of olive-drab cloth, fitted uncomfortably across his back. It was tighter than his ordinary civilian clothes. He wore no insignia of rank, because he was only a cadet. If he succeeded in learning to fly, he would be made a lieutenant. But his leather puttees and barracks cap gave him the appearance of an officer, and from time to time soldiers saluted him on the street, and then made grinning acknowledgment of their mistake.

The preceding weeks of drill and lectures had seemed very strange to him, after his easy-going life in college and afterwards in an office in New York. Shan would not have admitted that he was alarmed by the still stranger experiences which lay ahead of him. But, as the train rushed across the prairie to North Falls, he did feel lonely and unlike himself.

His fingers touched the place where some day—if he didn't break his neck—he would wear woven white wings on the breast of his coat.

There was only one other man on the observation platform at the rear end of the train, a fellow cadet named Falk.

"I see you're dreaming about your wings," said this man. "Well, you may get 'em, Jones, old man, but don't be too sure."

"What's the matter?" asked Shan.

"The training ships are flaming coffins," replied Falk, morosely. "They catch fire in the air."

"You've flown quite a lot, haven't you?"

"Sure. But on safe ships. And not under bad weather conditions, either. Here we'll be ordered to fly at any old time."

With such information—or misinformation—Ned Falk had filled all the miles from Boston, except when Shan pretended to be asleep.

"The right attitude for an aviator," Falk added, "is to kiss yourself good-by at the start. Then you don't worry so much."

"I'm not worrying now," said Shan. "I'd certainly rather be an aviator than an infantryman—a doughboy. Think what they have to stand!"

"When your plane starts to burn in mid-air, you'll wish you were a doughboy in a trench," objected the morose Falk.

"Say, are you trying to scare me, or what? I've no intention of kissing myself good-by. If you can't talk about anything but crashing or burning, I don't see why you came into the Air Service. There hasn't been a fatal crash at Carney Field yet. And you can't talk me into supplying one, either."

Falk grunted. "Maybe," he admitted, "I've gone a bit too strong on the horrors."

"You certainly have."

Shan said no more for a long time. He reviewed his life, and he felt that it had been

sweet. Truly, his ways had been cast in pleasant places. He had friends, ambition, loving parents, music—especially music!

"What did you do in civil life?" asked Falk, abruptly.

"Well, I came out of Harvard two years ago," answered Shan. "I specialized in music, and I was able to get a job as sort of second assistant publicity man with the Metropolitan Opera House. They have been nice enough to say they would hold the place open—"

"If you're alive to fill it. There I go again! See here, old man, I'll show you something."

He pulled a little framed snapshot out of his pocket, and showed it to Shan.

"Your wife?"

"No—my fiancée," answered Falk.

The face was young, innocent, framed in blonde hair. Shan looked at it in silence.

"We have been saving money to get married," said the other man. "She wanted to marry me, anyhow, when I volunteered, so she wouldn't be a widow before she was a wife. God bless her! But I wouldn't allow it. Too many risks in this game."

"War is a waste, isn't it?"

"Of lives and money and materials and time! The greatest waste in the world," said Falk. "But we're in it now, and we've got to see it through. So I'll quit grousing. And, oh boy! Won't it be great when it's all over?"

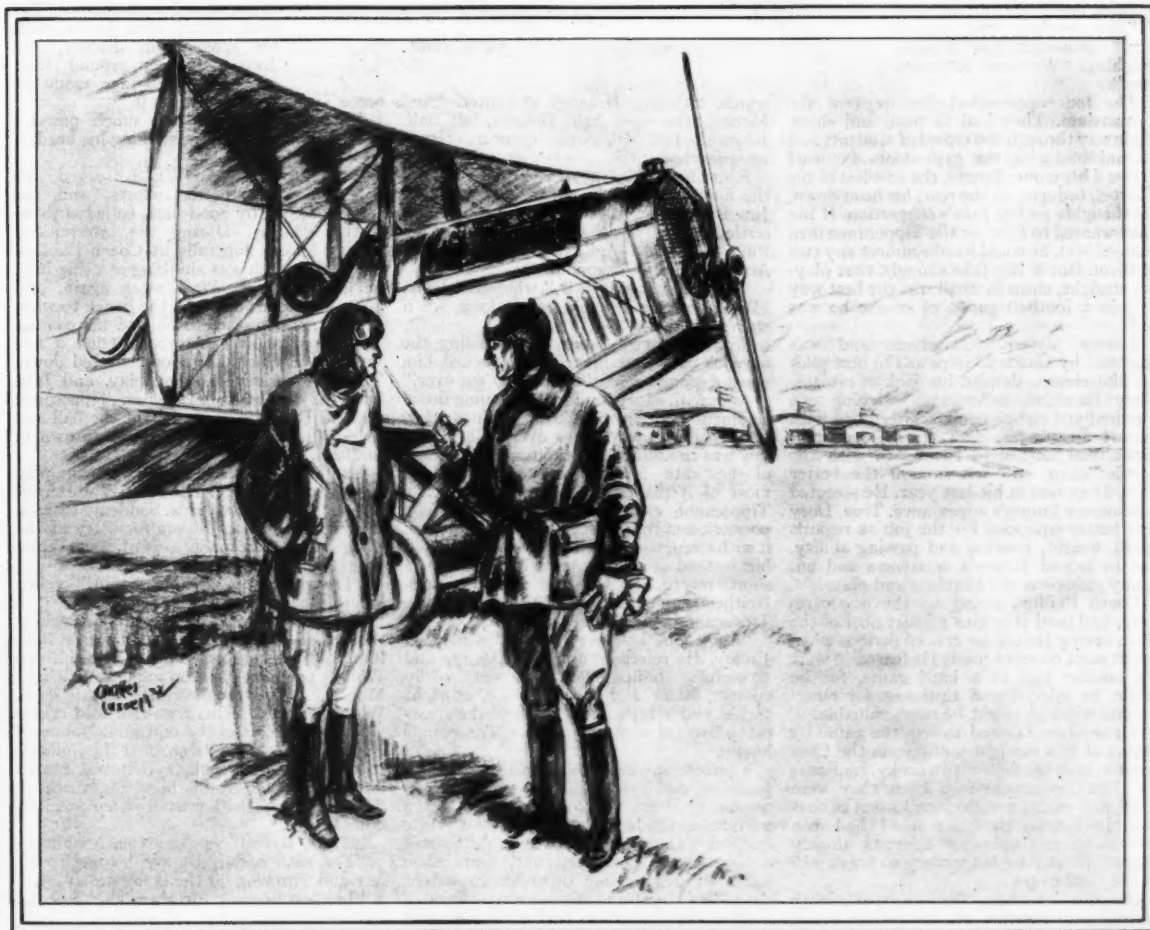
Shan looked down the long, straight track over which the wheels of the car had just passed, clicking an endless refrain over the fishplates. Shan tried to make this tuneless refrain fit some song he knew. He found himself humming:

"It's a long, long way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go—"

The train slackened speed with a succession of jerks. A road appeared on the left, running diagonally through cotton fields toward the railway tracks; Shan and Falk saw a rattletrap Ford bumping and swaying along. Then they saw other cars, and presently a house flashed past.

The speed of the train slackened still more and in another minute it was crawling between a row of unpainted houses, with clothing flapping from some of the lines. Here and

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 767]



"I'm going to stay here on the ground, and yub can take the 'ship around the field and land here." Kennedy smiled a grim smile, looked hard in Shan's eye and said: "Pluck up your courage, man. Yub'll be a pilot or a corr-rpse in twenty minutes!"

IF they get hard with us, we'll get just a little harder with them," declared Billy Armstrong. "We're as tough as they are."

"Or tougher," added Les Moore. "Fight fire with fire, hey?" queried Jim Byers, thoughtfully. "My dad used to be stationed at a Western army post, and I've heard him tell how they built a fire to stave off a prairie fire. Only way to stop it. If Tippecanoe thinks it can blaze through here like a prairie fire, we'll burn 'em up."

The Big Four of Jordan University was on its way from the fraternity house to the gymnasium to dress for the last hard game of a hard football season—the annual and traditional battle with Tippecanoe.

"And if they get to pulling anything raw on us, we'll be right there to give them as good as they send," exclaimed Les Moore, proud of his regular job at right halfback.

"Fight fire with fire," echoed Billy, a tall, slender youngster subbing at end. "Just as Jimmy says. Hey, Jake, big boy?"

And he slapped the huge Hilligoss on his broad back. Jake, weighing two hundred and twelve pounds, had made himself a star at center in his first year on the Varsity. He was muscularly built and the most powerful man, on defense or attack, on the squad. If any of the Big Four was qualified to meet rough play with rough play, Big Jake was the man.

"Oh, I don't know about that," drawled the huge fellow, slowly. "Depends on the fire, how you treat it. Some fires, now, you put ice on 'em."

"Where do you get that stuff?" demanded Billy.

"Well, you take an internal fire—a fever, for instance," said Jake, a student in the college of medicine. "Any doctor knows you ice down a fever. If these guys get to burning up—"

"Hey, we don't want to cure 'em," protested Les Moore, laughing. "We want to freeze 'em."

The four approached the steps of the gymnasium. They had to push and shove their way through the crowd of students and alumni besieging the gym doors as usual before a big game. Jimmy, the smallest of the quartet, brought up the rear, his head down, his thoughts on Big Jake's suggestion. If Big Jake wanted to fight, or the Tippecanoe men jumped him, he could handle almost any two of them. But if Big Jake thought that playing straight, clean football was the best way to win a football game, of course he was right.

Jimmy played quarterback and was regarded by Coach Phillips as the best pilot for the eleven, despite his lack of weight. Dory Hawkins, taller and weighing one hundred and eighty pounds, alternated with Jimmy at quarter, and, after a long and bitter feud marked by two fights with the smaller chap, still felt himself the better man. Dory was in his last year. He resented Sophomore Jimmy's appearance. True, Dory was better equipped for the job as regards speed, weight, punting and passing ability, but he lacked Jimmy's smartness and uncanny judgment of situations and plays.

Coach Phillips, sizing up the two carefully, had used Hawkins a great deal of the time, saving Jimmy for crucial periods when smart work counted most. He feared to start the smaller boy in a hard game, for he might be injured and thus lost for emergencies when he might be most valuable.

Tippecanoe, favored to win the game by reason of four straight victories in the Conference, took the field with a cocky, confident air. The Tippecanoe men knew they were good, and meant to convince Jordan of that fact. Jordan, on the other hand, had won two of three Conference contests already played. Jordan needed victory to finish well in the Conference.

On the sidelines, after a preliminary warming-up exercise, all the Jordan squad eyed Coach Phillips expectantly. Captain Day Caldwell, a sterling end playing his last year for Jordan, returned to the bench after the toss-up.

"All right, boys, let's go," called Coach Phillips. He quickly named the seven for-

FIRE AND ICE

By Jonathan Brooks

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE AVISON



Billy snagged the ball and sprinted to the five-yard line

wards, including Hilligoss at center. "And Moore, take right half. Billings, left half. Johnson, full. Hawkins, quarter. Heads up, everybody!"

Eager for battle, the eleven trotted out on the field and lined up. Sick at heart, little Jim Byers drew a blanket about him and settled down on the bench near Coach Phillips. Beside him huddled lanky Billy Armstrong, also disappointed.

"C'mon, snap out of it," whispered Billy. "We'll both be in there before long, see if we're not."

"Sure," agreed Jimmy, suppressing the nervous chill that invariably attacked him when a game began. "Let's look 'em over."

And, with ears open for the running fire of comment kept up by Coach Phillips, they proceeded to look things over. What they saw was thousands and thousands of eyeballs of first-rate hammer-and-tongs football, most of it played by the great, powerful Tippecanoe eleven. For Tippecanoe took possession of the game early, and dominated it with strength. Jordan received the kick-off, but instead of punting on first down after a short return, Hawkins tried two plays. Neither gained. Then he punted, and Tippecanoe took charge.

"Man, look at those tackles," whispered Jimmy. He referred to two tall, rangy and powerfully built fellows named, oddly enough, Black and White. Black, at right tackle, and White, at left, seemed the greatest pillars of strength in the Tippecanoe lineup.

Tippecanoe, after receiving the punt, came pounding down the field with a steady succession of short, sharp gains. All of them were made off the tackles. Black and White crashed the side of the Jordan line in toward the center on each play, and Tippecanoe backs slashed outside them for consistent gains. Les Moore and Billings were worn to a frazzle stopping plays that their forwards should have at least annoyed or slowed down somewhat. In a few minutes Tippecanoe had come smashing to the goal line, only to see ill luck intervene. A fumbled pass lost the ball to Jordan, the alert Captain Caldwell falling on the leather behind the Tippecanoe lines.

"Gosh, that's a chance to get our breath," chattered Billy.

"Wish our tackles would get out wider," muttered Jimmy.

Hawkins punted on first down this time, and despite Billy's prediction, Jordan found no time for breath taking. Tippecanoe came back again, pounding harder and more relentlessly than ever. Once more chance favored Jordan, for when Tippecanoe arrived at the goal line with a series of five- and eight-yard gains, the Tippecanoe quarterback made a mistake. Instead of calling the powerful off-tackle play again, and depending on Black or White to sweep a path for a touchdown, he chose a play through the center of the line.

"Look at Jake nail him!" yelled Billy, exulting.

Jake Hilligoss, charging in as fast as the Tippecanoe fullback thrashed toward him, flung his man for a loss. Jordan took the ball. Hawkins foolishly called a line play, and Tippecanoe stacked it. Dory started a signal for another play, but Captain Caldwell intervened. Hawkins then called for a punt, and himself booted the ball out of danger for the moment.

This time, furious over being thwarted twice in efforts to score, Tippecanoe came down like a hurricane upon defenseless sailors.

A gale off right tackle, a storm through left tackle, a typhoon around the right side, a squall past the left. Black and White by turns blew and blasted their way into Jordan territory. Behind them, each time, came a Tippecanoe ball carrier. And presently, inevitably, Tippecanoe scored a touchdown. The goal, kicked while Jordan rooters groaned in despair, and Jordan players ground their teeth in helpless rage, made the score Tippecanoe 7, Jordan 0.

"Too much power, too much power," groaned Coach Phillips, shaking his head.

CAPTAIN CALDWELL urged his mates to better efforts, and the quarter, by good luck, ended with no further scoring. During the intermission Jimmy looked hopefully at Coach Phillips, but if the coach was thinking of using him, he gave no sign. Play began again, and Jimmy hunched down on the bench to wait. It was not long before he had his chance. The Tippecanoe quarterback tried a forward pass, which Les Moore batted down. Tippecanoe essayed a line play, and Jake Hilligoss threw it for a loss. Tippecanoe punted. Dory Hawkins caught the ball and made a nice run back, but was thrown in midfield.

Exultant over his gain, Dory called a play for himself off tackle. The giant White threw him for a loss of five yards. Suddenly furious, Dory called on Les Moore for a try at the same place. Les made a yard, but White dragged him down.

"Try me again, try me again!" yelled White, gloating.

"Big boy, we'll get you!" Hawkins shouted angrily. He rallied the backs around him, and demanded another assault on White's position. Johnson took the ball, and Moore charged in ahead for interference. White smashed in hard, caught and crumpled Les back atop the oncoming Johnson. Fighting ahead, White crashed the fullback to earth with the ball, and it was fourth down. Hawkins, by his blind insistence on fighting White, had wasted three precious downs!

"Byers, Byers!" snapped Coach Phillips. "Yes, sir," echoed Jimmy, leaping to his feet and throwing off the blanket.

"In there, quick, for Hawkins. Tell the tackles—quick."

"Coach," and Jimmy hesitated an instant, an eye on the field. "Give me Armstrong, please?"

Now, Coach Phillips had worked Jimmy and Billy all through the fall, in games and out, as a forward-passing combination. The

lanky Armstrong seemed a veritable ball hawk, and Jimmy, through long practice, had developed team work with him that had become almost uncanny in its accuracy. The coach sensed Jimmy's idea.

"On your way, quick," he snapped. "Armstrong! In there, for Jenkins, right end."

Jimmy raced out upon the field in time to get the referee's attention before Dory Hawkins could call another play. The whistle blew. Jimmy reported, and the scowling Hawkins dragged himself disconsolately off the field. Hard upon Jim's heels came Armstrong. Jimmy studied the situation while the officials were checking the changes in lineup. Jordan had the ball, fourth down, at midfield. If Jordan punted, the kicker would have to put the ball either out of bounds, which could not always be done, or over the goal line, in which case it would be Tippecanoe's ball on the Tippecanoe twenty-yard line. Jimmy tried the daring thing!

He called a punt formation, with Les Moore back in the kicking position. He went back himself as if to block for Les.

"Aw, come on in here," mocked White, loudly. "Let me in the game."

"You'll have to come back here," yelled Les, in defiance.

"Eight, eighty-eight, seven, eighty-four," began Jimmy in a loud, firm voice.

Back came the ball in a pretty spiral pass from Hilligoss to Les Moore.

Long-legged Billy Armstrong raced toward the Tippecanoe goal, and Les poised to punt.

"All right, Les!" yelled Jimmy, suddenly darting to his right, and backward, as Les caught the ball.

Just as the burly White and another Tippecanoe man flung themselves upon Les, he stepped aside, and flipped the ball to Jimmy. Byers, without hesitating, whirled and flung it far down the field, to the right and outside Billy Armstrong. But, as if working on a mechanism operated by Jimmy's throwing arm, Billy turned out at the same instant, instead of toward the blocking halfback, and raced over to intercept the ball.

The play, daring as it was beautiful, worked. Billy snagged the ball and sprinted to the five-yard line before he was downed by the wide-awake Tippecanoe safety man. Jordan stands went wild in enthusiasm, while Jordan players yelled and slapped each other on the back. Tippecanoe men smarted under the trick.

"Get yuh next time, smart guy!" yelled White, as he passed Jimmy to line up again on the five-yard line.

"Here's your chance," snapped Jimmy, quickly. "You're our meat, big boy!"

Suiting the action to the threat, he promptly called an off-tackle play at White's position. Les Moore took the ball, for a one-yard gain.

"That's my dish," growled White. "Serve me a second helping."

"Hold your plate," snapped Jim, and quickly sent Johnson charging at the same place. White, roaring with glee to accept the challenge, charged in. He stopped the Jordan fullback short with perhaps a gain of two feet.

"Is the boy crazy?" moaned Coach Phillips. "Might as well have left Hawkins in there. Jim's fighting that tackle—"

"I'm hungry, feed me some more," chortled White, baring his teeth in a ghoulish grin.

"This time, this time," exclaimed Jim Byers, quietly, as if repressing hot anger. He took a step toward the huge tackle, and pointed his finger at the man. "This time, see?"

Then he called his signal again. The backfield lined up in precisely the same manner, and Moore, Johnson and Billings went charging fiercely at the big star tackle. He let out a roar for his war cry, charged in hard and low, and the Tippecanoe backs rushed over to support him. But this time Jimmy Byers, stooping low, held the ball he had taken on a short pass from Hilligoss. Instead of jabbing it to Moore, Johnson, or Billings as they rushed to the attack on White, he tucked it in against his stomach, folded both arms around it, and ducked into the line behind the hard-smashing, burly Hilligoss. The Tippecanoe defense, off guard, was caught asleep. Big Jake bowled over a halfback hurrying across to back up White, and Jimmy, in behind him, ducked out from cover and scurried quickly over the goal line! Touchdown, six points, before Tippecanoe or the thousands in the stands knew what had happened.

Before the uproar that followed the

momentary dazed silence had subsided, Jimmy had lined up his team, taken a pass from Hilligoss, and held the ball so that big Les could boot it over the crossbar for the tying point. Tippecanoe 7, Jordan 7!

"That boy, that boy," muttered Phillips to himself. "And I thought he was crazy! Too good, too good!"

But the reaction of the giant White was not so pleasant.

"I'll get 'em, I'll get 'em!" he yelled, burning for revenge.

Get 'em he did, a few minutes later. Jordan received the kick-off, but Jimmy, after catching the ball and returning it to his forty-yard line, could not engineer gains through, inside or outside the ranging tackles, Black and White. He called on Les to punt. When Tippecanoe lined up to come back down the field, Jimmy quickly shifted the Jordan linemen, moving the tackles out farther from center, the better to block Tippecanoe's off-tackle game. At the same time, to complete this new style of defense, he stationed Hilligoss and Moore close up behind the line, near the gaps between tackles and guards.

Tippecanoe gamely tried two of these off-tackle smashes that had been so successful earlier in the game, although playing from her twenty-yard line. But neither White nor Black, facing the new defense, could solve it in time to clear a way for a gain. This served to make White still angrier than he had been. Tippecanoe punted on third down, and Jimmy caught the kick. It was a high ball, and he had no sooner tucked it under his arm than he was hit by an avalanche that roared and yelled as it hit him.

It was White, smarting under the tricks that had been worked upon him. Before he let Jimmy up from the ground, he twisted an arm. An instant later, breaking through to block a Jordan punt, he shifted his attention from Les Moore to Jimmy, and bore the little quarter to the ground, digging an elbow into his stomach. In the next half-dozen plays he dropped all thought of playing football, and centered his attention on Jimmy, whom he outweighed by fully fifty pounds. Jimmy refused to complain to the referee, although White's tactics were raw. Likewise, he refused to endanger himself by trying to fight back. Five minutes before the quarter ended, the boy was done up.

"Coach sent me in," he heard a new voice saying to him. Dimly he saw a boy named Whitmore, a sub halfback, confronting him. "But I can't stop now," cried Jimmy.

"Coach says—" began Whitmore.

"It's all right, kid," exclaimed Captain Caldwell, patting Jim on the shoulder. "You come back and we'll take 'em in the second half."

Reluctantly, Jimmy crawled toward the sidelines, to collapse when he was within twenty feet of the bench. Coach Phillips himself picked him up and turned him over to the trainer, who with the help of two substitutes literally carried the aching, sobbing youngster to the gym for treatment.

"What chance for Byers next half?" demanded Coach Phillips, the instant he entered the dressing-room.

"Twisted arm, stomach muscle torn, wrenched leg, and a bad ankle where that

big dude tramped on it," summarized the trainer. He was still working on Jimmy, the boy stretched out on a table, undergoing all kinds of rubbing, taping and oiling.

"Can he get out?" asked Phillips anxiously. "Got the score tied. Got to score some more if we win. Need him—"

"Try to keep me out," muttered Jimmy, in a whisper. He seemed oblivious to the hurts to his body. But a fever, whether of anxiety, or fighting rage, or a disordered system, seemed to be burning him through and through.

"Atta boy," exclaimed Phillips, and turned his attention to the squad, sprawled about on the floor and the benches.

WHEN the third period was ten minutes old, the trainer came down to the field from the Varsity quarters with Jimmy Byers. Jimmy hobbled somewhat as he walked, he held his twisted arm away from him in gingerly fashion, and his stomach, wound with tape to protect the sore muscles, hurt as if a knife were being twisted through it. But he wore a grin on his face, and he had a gleam in his eye.

"Here's the boy," exclaimed Coach Phillips. "Need you in a minute."

Jimmy, glad of a place to sit down and rest, slumped upon the bench beside the coach, and joined him in watching closely the fighting defense put up by the Jordan eleven. Tippecanoe had gone back to its favorite off-tackle style of play, and was grinding down the field steadily, with Black and White alternately sweeping a path for the ball-carrying backs. But the wide tackle defense installed by Jimmy, and the frenzied backing-up done by Moore and Hilligoss, were combining to make the battle for ground a desperate one. Twice Tippecanoe made first down by inches. A third time, Jordan held and took the ball. Unable to gain, Hawkins called a punt. Back came Tippecanoe again, fighting hard.

If Jimmy had known it, his mates out on the field were fighting for him, under an urgent plea from the captain to win the game he had saved for them. Every Jordan warrior was hitting hard, sharp and clean. Every tackle was crisp and bold. Jordan was holding her own, but wearing down. And Tippecanoe, ever more aggressive and rampant, slowed down only a little. So they battled, down to within five minutes of the final gun. Jim Byers, aching for his chance, saw the minutes slip past and the game fading out while he sat on the bench.

Then came a break. Jordan, back to the wall, held for downs on the twenty-five-yard line. Hawkins called a play, but no gain. A second failed. A third lost ground. And reluctantly, Dory signaled a punt. This was the break. The punt was fumbled by the Tippecanoe safety man when Billy Armstrong tackled him in the open field, and the ball was recovered by Caldwell. The Jordan captain snatched the ball and tried to get away for a run to the goal line, but was dragged down to the Tippecanoe fifteen-yard mark.

"Byers, Byers, in there, quick!" yelled Coach Phillips. "Try anything. Beat it! Punch it over, boy."

"Coach, listen, Coach," Jimmy appealed, as he struggled painfully out of his blanket and sheepskin jacket. "Leave Hawkins in."

"Billings out?" queried Phillips. "O. K. Hop to it."

And Jimmy, his head aching, his brain in a fever, ran limping out on the field for the second time. He knew he should report to the referee, but he did so mechanically, absently, not knowing whether he did it properly or not. He was thinking about fires, and fighting fires. Fight fire with fire, he kept repeating to himself. No, with water. No, that's not right. Fight fire with ice—that's the ticket! Old Jake Hilligoss said so, and he ought to know. He's a doctor. Ice the fire!

He joined his team, and Dory Hawkins angrily jerked off his headgear. It was the second time he'd been yanked in favor of this little shrimp—

"Keep your shirt on, Dory," Jimmy grinned. "Help us put out this fire. Coach says for Billings to drop out. All right, gang, let's go."

But before he could call a signal, he heard a raucous voice yelling at him.

"Hey, where's the nurse, kid? Thought yuh were in the hospital." It was the burly tackle, White, gibing at him.

"They said any cripple could whip you guys," laughed Jimmy. Fight fire with ice. That was it. Ice the fire.

"Come and take me," roared White. "Come on, in here."

"Coming!" retorted Jimmy, pointing the way to his fellow backs. He yelled a signal, and in a jiffy an off-tackle smash was on its way to White. In another jiffy the play stopped, with a gain of only two yards.

"Gimme some more, gimme some more," yelled White.

"Coming up," Jimmy retorted. "Gain this time!" Ice on the fire! White was mad, crazy to make a showing. Wanted to whip the whole Jordan team—but Jimmy had to collect his thoughts and call his signal. Les Moore jammed through for a yard before White dragged him down.

"Got enough of me?" demanded White. "Time out," called Jimmy to the referee.

"Hey, gang," and he gathered the team around him. He pulled Moore, and Hawkins, still surprised at staying in the game as a halfback, and Johnson and Billy Armstrong around him closest.

"Some of the children hurt?" derided White.

Jimmy whispered for a minute, nodding his head vigorously as he spoke. Caldwell interrupted to suggest a surprise forward pass. Jimmy was insistent. He knew how to fight fire? Hadn't he been putting out a fire for an hour, now? With ice? Yes, icing the fire. Caldwell agreed. The whistle blew.

"Come on, come on, I'll take you!" yelled White, again on the rampage.

"Right at you!" shouted Jimmy. "No signal, big boy. Gimme the ball!" And he turned and thrust it sharply into the arms of Dory Hawkins, charging off White's tackle. With another yell, White thrashed into the play, and stopped it for a loss of a yard. Things looked blue for Jordan, and Tippecanoe exulted. White yelled in derision, and

pushed his hand into Dory's face to boost himself up from the ground.

Jimmy, without waiting to see whether the team had lined up as by prearrangement during the huddle, barked a short, sharp signal. He knew how to fight fire. Let White fight, and roar, and cripple his opponents! Ice, ice! But his brain was working like a clock.

"Eight, sixty-one, forty-three, nineteen—" "Come on, come on, show me up again, hey?" roared White, as he charged.

But even as he charged he saw he had been tricked again, for Jimmy side-stepped the pass to let it go straight to Hawkins. Jimmy and Les rushed hard at White. But Johnson veered off outside at the same time, and Hawkins followed. Billy Armstrong deserted his momentary attack on White, and shot out to the right to block the end coming in. Going wide to the tackle, but inside Billy's end, Johnson and Hawkins raced like twin motorcycles on a track. Johnson drove headlong into the halfback coming up to help White, and Dory Hawkins, Jimmy's old enemy, flashed past at full speed for an easy touchdown!

As he went over the goal line, he wondered why Jimmy had given him the honor. But Jimmy was past wondering about anything. He crashed into White's shoulder, and White, raging at being tricked again after all the fighting he had done, ground him down, a shoulder against Jimmy's breastbone, and a hard fist against Jimmy's eye.

"Fire's out," muttered Jimmy, with a grin. And he remained on the ground after the stack-up had cleared. He heard none of the tumult, saw nothing of the snake dance or wild celebrations that began at the moment and lasted an hour. When the trainer had carried him off the field, Jimmy's head began to clear. Les kicked goal. Jordan 14, Tippecanoe 7.

"But, Sam," exclaimed Coach Phillips, in the dressing-room, "you and the doctor have got to straighten him out. Good heavens, man, can't you see he's—"

"I know how to put out fires," muttered Jimmy weakly, opening his eyes. He lay stretched out on a rubbing table.

"See, see, Doc?" demanded Coach Phillips. "Out of his head. Do something for him." Then he turned to Jimmy. "Listen, boy; you know how to make a touchdown, too. And how to engineer another one, I'll say."

"Me?" queried Jimmy, with a grin. "All I can do is put out a fire. Jake Hilligoss made that touchdown. He made 'em both. Fight fire with fire—with ice. Ice a fire—that's it!"

Jake and Les and Billy came up at that moment, dressed to go home. When they heard Jimmy's words, they let out a yell of laughter.

"Shut up, or I'll crown you fellows," exclaimed Coach Phillips. "Can't you see the boy's plumb crazy?"

"Like a fox," added Les and Billy, interrupting quickly. And then they told the story, for the enlightenment of the coach. When Jimmy had been rubbed down, and retaped, and was dressed, they helped him hobble back home to the fraternity house.

"Fireman," the new nickname applied by the fatherly Coach Phillips, lasted until Jimmy's bruises and sprains were healed. Then it vanished as quickly as Jimmy, grinning sheepishly, could get his hands on his tormentors.

Jimmy and Les rushed hard at White. But Johnson veered off outside at the same time and Hawkins followed



DEATHLESS SPLENDOR

"In solemn awe we pronounce the name of Washington, and in its deathless splendor leave it shining on."—Abraham Lincoln

CHAPTER ONE

His Boyhood

ALL great nations are proud. The Greeks, in the days of Pericles, held their heads high. The Romans believed that to be a citizen of Rome was a higher honor than to be king in any other country. From that day to our own the nations that have built our civilization have been proud, and have gloried in their strength. In his famous poem, "The Recessional," now sung as a hymn by members of the Church of England, Rudyard Kipling warned Great Britain to avoid boasting about material things. Our own country needs the same warning. We ought to be proud, only of the right things.

America is not great merely because it is large. America is not great because its soil is fertile, its mines are rich, its railways and highways are convenient, its harbors are deep and its manufactures are so abundant. None of these things is, and never can be, a substitute for great men. History shows that a nation must incarnate its principles in the lives of its leaders. If it fails to do this, it will grow sterile, and will die from lack of ideals and worthy aspirations.

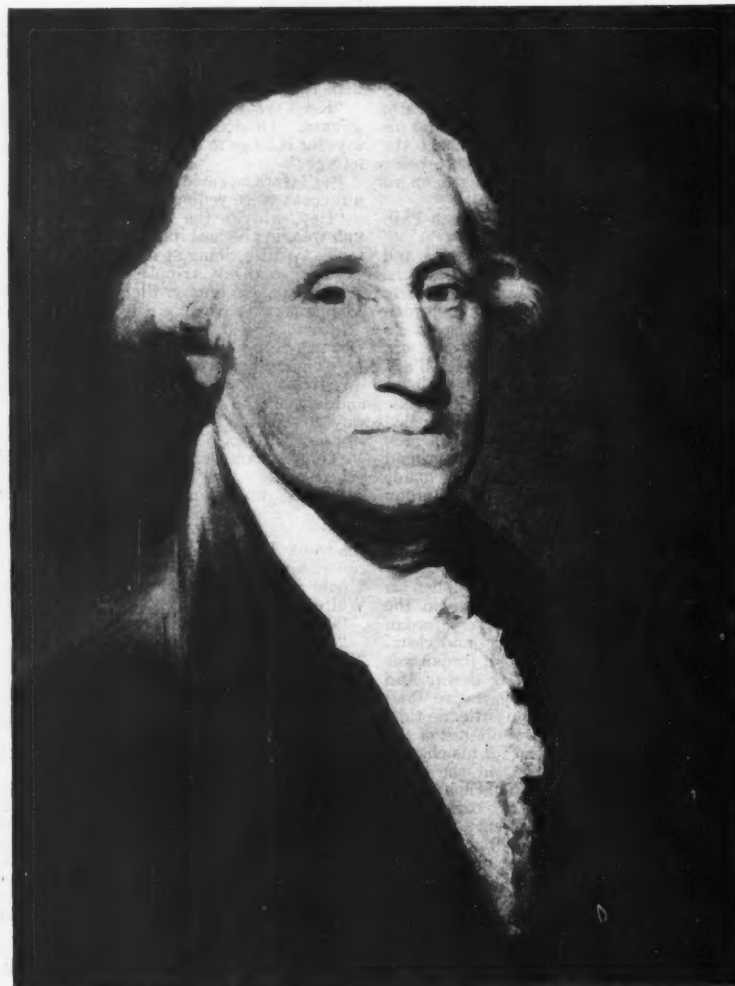
Our history is full of names of men and women of whom our young people may be rightfully proud. Their biographies stand upon our bookshelves. But this is not enough. Every new generation needs to have told to it again, in the language and thought of its own time, the life story of its leaders. Styles change in books, as surely as in dress or automobiles. New facts about great men are constantly discovered by the patient toil of scholars. More than this, however, the lives of our leaders become more and more significant when we see them, from a distance, in their true perspective.

As I begin to tell the story of George Washington, I remember the principal character in Walter Scott's story, "Old Mortality." He goes from one graveyard to another, carving with hammer and chisel a little deeper in the weatherworn stones the names of the Scottish Covenanters of old. That is the task that modern biographers should do for our heroes. But the material on which we work is not stone in the graveyard; we should try to carve the honored names to deeper depth on the minds and affections of young people. And my first promise to you is to tell the tale of George Washington truthfully, without fulsome praise on the one hand or cynicism on the other.

He has cast a long shadow over the two centuries that have passed since he was born. Some recent biographers have tried to belittle him; and they have simply made themselves look like pygmies in contrast. Earlier books about him tried to exalt him above almost any possible human level. The real man emerges when you steer between these two extremes. George Washington was a thoroughly human boy and

THE LIFE OF WASHINGTON

By William E. Barton, D. D.



Keyston Photo

A fine and little-known head of George Washington, painted on iron by the most famous of early American painters, Gilbert Stuart. Formerly in the possession of the Tilyard family of England, it is now owned by a Philadelphia collector

man. He loved sports more than books, but he did not neglect his books. He had faults, and I know what they were and shall not attempt to conceal them. But when we read of his faults, let us not gloat over them, or foolishly suppose that he possessed no other qualities than his faults. I assume that you want to know about his early years, his adventures, his fights, his studies, his serious purposes and his times of true greatness. Above all, let us try to find out what were the qualities in that big country boy which eventually made him a hero.

I can make you a second promise. Life is our great teacher. If you can discover nobility in other lives, it will help you to be noble. If you can learn about the lives of men who had to face danger, and struggle, you will be helped in your struggles to learn and to conquer.

George Washington was born at Bridges Creek, Virginia, on February 11, Old Style, or, as we now compute it, February 22, 1732. In his earlier years he celebrated his birthday on the 11th, but later he accepted the change. It is interesting that his birthday, as Washington at first reckoned it, was only one day apart from that of Lincoln. Lincoln was seventy-seven years younger than Washington, and was born slightly more than nine years after Washington died. Washington lived to sixty-eight and Lincoln to fifty-six years of age.



Keyston Photo

A rare engraving of Washington as a young surveyor

the birthplace of Washington. The house where he was born burned down many years ago. It is described as a Virginia farmhouse, with four main rooms on the ground floor, and an outside chimney at each end. A stately granite shaft stands in what was the doorway.

George Washington's father was Augustine Washington, who was the husband of Mary Ball. The Washingtons were not among the very oldest of Virginian families, having lived in Virginia about three quarters of a century at the time of George's birth. The first Washington about whom we appear to be certain was John Washington of Whitefield, in Lancashire, England. He lived in the fifteenth century, and his great-grandson, Lawrence, received a parcel of the priory of St. Andrew, called the manor of Sulgrave. This followed the dissolution of the monasteries in England by King Henry VIII. The Sulgrave home of the Washingtons still stands. It is about seventy-five miles northwest of London.

Lawrence Washington died in 1584; his grandson, also named Lawrence, had an odd family. The first eight children were boys, and then came in unbroken succession eight daughters. One of the sons, Lawrence, married Amphilis Rhodes. He was a clergyman, and was ejected from his parish by authority of Oliver Cromwell. It is curious to know that, in the same year, a law was passed in Virginia expelling all of Cromwell's party, the Puritans, from that colony. Before that, two of Lawrence Washington's brothers, William and John, had been knighted for good service to the king.

The records of other families are seldom very interesting to us. While the history of the Washingtons in England is now very well known, I am inserting only enough to suggest to you that they were people of energy and position, not afraid to champion a cause they thought right. Lawrence Washington's son, John, emigrated to Virginia about 1658. He was first mate of a ship captained by Edward Prescott, and John Washington was to have shared equally in the profits of the voyage. Prescott appears to have been both a dishonest and a cruel man. John Washington sued him in Maryland, had him arrested and bound over under penalty of forty thousand pounds of tobacco, which was legal money at that time. John Washington charged not only that he had been wronged by Prescott, but that Prescott had, during the voyage, hanged an old woman on the charge of witchcraft.

NO witches were ever burned in the American colonies; but witchcraft was firmly believed in, at that time, and a number of wretched old women were hanged. There was a particularly pathetic and terrible outbreak of this delusion in Massachusetts, as a result of which nineteen persons were hanged and one pressed to death. Two or more witches were hanged on shipboard in the jurisdiction of Virginia. It is much to John Washington's credit that he prosecuted Prescott for the crime of killing one of these.

There is another curious incident in the records of the embezzling case. John Washington begged to be excused from attending

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 779]



Keyston Photo

The birthplace of Washington at Wakefield, Westmoreland County, Virginia. This building is no longer in existence

THE MAN WHO WAS AFRAID

The First Prize Winner in The Companion's Famous Junior Fiction Contest

By John Maier, Jr.

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM C. RICE

SNOWFLAKES were falling thickly among the evergreens of a well-forested hill in northern New York, covering their dark, graceful branches with the white mantle of early winter.

My companion and I glided silently along through the snow, leaving in our wake the broad, grotesque trail of showshoes, covering completely the dainty tracks of our quarry.

The trail of the buck gradually faded away, obliterated by the rapidly falling snow, and so we stopped to make camp for the night. We ate our supper in silence, and later, when we were comfortably settled, I broke the silence at last.

"Man," I said, "is a queer animal—almost as queer as a real animal, or what we term an animal."

"Exactly," replied my friend. "Man resembles an animal in many ways, and especially in the workings of his mind. For instance, a bear, which will ordinarily run from man, will fight him if he chances to kill the bear's mate, or perhaps a cub."

"Which is, in my opinion, why they differ. A bear, as you say, will fight for its family against any odds; but do you think that a man will fight against overwhelming odds for his family, or a close friend—much less to avenge them?"

"Certainly. And to illustrate my point I will tell you a story, a true story in which I am a participant."

IT was the spring of 1917, and all America was up and in arms for the approaching war. A string of dusty, brown motor lorries was rumbling noisily over a narrow country road in Maryland, headed for Camp Meade with a new bunch of recruits.

The first lorry was occupied mainly by foreigners, who were sitting silently on the hard wooden benches, and offering no speculation as to their possible fate.

In the front of the van sat two men—Americans—one of them, tall and lank, sitting silently, like the rest; the other, more noisy, was grumbling and swearing under his breath at wars, and this war, and his luck, and the Kaiser.

I was in this truck, and I gathered from the speech of the little man that he was not at all fond of fighting. As the weeks in training camp went by, my opinion was confirmed. The little man was afraid of bullets and airplanes; and yet, either from sheer bravado, or, more probably, a desire to stay with the other American, his friend, he had joined the American Flying Corps.

The time spent in training camp passed rapidly enough, and one summer day we found ourselves on a huge gray army transport headed for France. The little man was named Billy Johnstone, and the name of his friend was Jimmy Langland.

Much to Johnstone's relief, no submarines were encountered on the voyage across, and a week later we stepped off the boat, upon the rain-soaked mud of northern France.

After the usual red tape, the troops were given transportation to the section in which they were to be engaged. To my delight, I found that both Johnstone and I were assigned to the same flight in the flying corps, and we would be stationed immediately behind the American front. Our flight was commanded by an English major named Peyton.

We reached our camp, and gradually accustomed ourselves to the usual routine of flying, which you know well. Johnstone took part in as few engagements as possible—never shirking his patrol duty, understand, but slowly his faults became noticed, as faults always do, and he was known by the whole camp as "the man who was afraid." He had no real friends but Langland, who stuck by him through everything.

Langland, on the other hand, had, by ability and courage, attained the coveted title of Ace, and had painted five white stripes on his fuselage for five enemy planes brought down in battle.

Months passed, and one day in the spring of 1918 the great German drive started, the famous Von Hindenburg



ABOUT THE WINNER

THE COMPANION begins with this issue the publication of the three prize-winning stories selected from the many thousands submitted in its now famous Junior Fiction Contest. The number of entries and the unusual excellence of their composition placed a tremendous burden upon The Companion's editorial staff and upon the three illustrious judges chosen to select the winner—William Allen White, editor of the Emporia Gazette, Kansas; Elsie Singmaster, famed author; and John Clair Minot, literary editor of the Boston Herald. They have given first prize, \$500.00, to John Maier, age fifteen, of 339 School Street, Royersford, Pennsylvania.

This youthful author has done more than win the award offered by The Companion for the best story written by any boy or girl between the ages of fifteen and twenty. He has written a story that contains real appreciation of courage and character; one of those stories that make a reader straighten up in his chair and say, "I'm proud to belong to a race that has produced a man like that." In a letter written to the editor, John Maier says:

"I am fifteen years of age, and have lived all my life in Royersford, a small country town near Philadelphia. I have always attended the Royersford public schools, and at present am a senior in the Royersford High School. Miss Grethel Byerly is at present the teacher of English Composition.

"My ambition is to take up a course at Princeton University, and then a medical course at Johns Hopkins University. The award which I have received from The Youth's Companion will be a means to this end.

"I have subscribed to The Companion for eight years.

"I have never before written a story for anything except English class, and I am surprised and very much pleased at my unexpected success."

drive. News came that at our sector was to be the very center of the drive. Preparations were already started to resist it. The whole camp was a beehive of activity, with planes leaving on the quest for battle at every hour. Our camp suffered heavily. It became a common occurrence to see planes land, a veritable sieve of bullet holes, carrying a white-faced and often blood-soaked pilot—and then, of course, there were many who did not come home at all. It was during these days of strenuous and exacting labor that Johnstone brought down his first plane.

He had gone out early in the afternoon, accompanied only by Langland's plane. I was his observer that day, my right arm having been badly twisted in a slight accident the day

before. Over the mountain tops to the east, flying toward the front, we sighted three Germans—we could tell by their graceful lines that they were Taubes—flying westward at some distance below us.

I tapped Johnstone on the back, and pointed to the three planes below us. He immediately began climbing, and only straightened out when we were above the clouds, at about five thousand feet above where we had last seen the Taubes.

Through rifts in the foamy sea in which we were sailing, I saw Langland circle several times, and, when the Taubes were almost beneath him, dive at high speed straight for the Germans, firing as he dove. I could see the white puffs of smoke rising from his tracers, and as a Taube zoomed to meet him

the white puffs disappeared straight into the nose of the climbing plane.

A puff of black smoke rose from the motor, and the plane stopped climbing and, falling over on its back, fell in flames.

Then Johnstone dove, in the maddest dive I ever heard of. There was no angle to it—it was straight down—and every wire on the ship vibrated so rapidly that it sang, and the song sounded like a funeral song to me. I expected the wings to buckle at any minute.

When we were almost down to the level of the battle (and we were going there rapidly, by the way), the plane went into a fine falling-leaf spin—the whole plane revolving on its nose as an axis, you know—and still Johnstone did nothing. I began to think he was dead, he was sitting there so impassively.

I was bent over in the cockpit as far as possible, to avoid the terrific wind pressure, and as I ventured to look up, or rather down, I found myself looking right over the wings, and straight at the rapidly approaching earth.

I don't know how we ever came out of that dive, but out we came, undoubtedly more by good luck than by good management. A long loop, a steep right bank at the end of the loop, and a perfect Immelman turn landed us right on the tail of the hindmost enemy pilot, who with his comrade's aid was giving Langland quite some trouble.

The rest was easy. A single burst of bullets raked the Taube from nose to tail, and she went down, enveloped in a cloud of smoke. The remaining plane turned and scooted for home, and we followed its example.

When we saw below us the lights of our own airdrome and landed, we found that Langland's plane was shot almost to pieces; so was ours, in another way, for the undercarriage had been taken off by the wind during that wild dive, and we crashed when we tried to land. It has always been a wonder to me why the wings didn't go that way too.

After several weeks of such skirmishing and reconnoitering, you may realize that our little force was seriously depleted in numbers, and that our planes were rather the worse for wear. To thicken the plot, as an author might say, we learned that the big German drive was headed right our way, and in a week at the most we should be right in the thick of things.

Major Peyton made an especially earnest appeal to headquarters, almost begging for reinforcements, planes, and equipment. Two days later they arrived, and we were strengthened by fourteen good pilots; seven Camel scouts, thirteen DeHaviland pursuit planes, and two of those new Curtiss bombers.

The pilots were an unusually promising lot, inasmuch as they all were experienced, but as soon as I saw two of them I had an idea that something was bound to go wrong somewhere—a prejudice, I guess you'd call it. Their names were Strauss and Kolben. They explained these names, and a German accent, by saying that they were Boer farmers. This sounded plausible enough, for many Boers were fighting in the war at this time, and it was O.K. to Peyton. To me, though, this didn't sound right, especially as their hands were hardly the hands of farmers.

Several days later, at about eight o'clock in the evening, we were still seated at the long table in the mess hall, smoking and chatting about the heroes of the air, and our own friends who had been less fortunate than we were. Everyone was there but Langland, who had gone out alone on a late patrol, and had not yet returned.

At about thistime the Boers excused themselves and left the room. A few minutes later we heard the roar of two airplane motors, as two Camels left the field and took off. There was no patrol later than Langland's, and, wondering what they were doing, I arose and went to the open window, where I saw them circling around the field at a low altitude.

Still wondering, I was about to rejoin the airmen, when we heard the



The limp figure on the stretcher came to life, saluted feebly, and a faint voice said, "The man who was—afraid!"

jangle of the headquarters telephone through the thin walls of the mess "shack."

A short time later the major ran into the room. "Men," he said it as calmly as though he had merely come in to join our party, "a German squadron is reported headed this way. That's all. Now get going."

We needed no second command, and in two minutes the whole airdrome was lit up with the brilliant glare of floodlights, men were running around in the glare and yelling like mad, and the roar of two dozen or so airplane motors was deafening, to say the least.

As the first ship ready to leave (it was Powell's) taxied out from under the airdrome and was about to take the air, one of those bogus Boers, whom we had entirely forgotten, dove towards the field, and fired straight at Powell's ship, still on the ground.

At that drumming rat-tat every noise on the field stopped as suddenly as if everybody on the field had died. The racket of four hundred horsepower motors died away into coughing wheezes as startled pilots cut off the ignition and leaped from their cockpits. A machine gun again drummed from the air, in warning, and bullets rained into the earth with a sullen, vicious spat. Powell's observer had taxied the plane back. Powell was dead, and the observer almost gone. As we lifted him from the plane he whispered faintly, "Get 'em, fellows," and died as he was being lifted into an ambulance.

A searchlight had picked up one of the planes as it circled above the field. Red, white and blue circles were painted on the lower wing. Kolben and Strauss, of course. They would keep us on the ground while the German squadron flew over and bombed the whole camp, while we stood there, absolutely powerless.

Just then the red flame of an exhaust streaked over the mountains to the west, and the noise of motors deepened in volume. We all saw it and knew what it meant—Langland. He would fly straight at the two planes bearing America's colors on their tail sur-

faces, and would come crashing to earth, while we were watching.

Johnstone, who had said nothing until now, groaned aloud, and covered his face, as the plane with seven white stripes on the fuselage flew unsuspectingly between Kolben and Strauss (we saw him wave to them) and a moment later crashed to earth, a redly glowing landmark.

I have never yet seen a man look as Johnstone did then. When the noise of the crash had died away, he lifted his face from his hands—and it was the face of a madman. His eyes flashed the fires of hatred, and despair, and rage.

He called to his mechanic and leaped, alone, into his plane. His propeller spun once, and twice, and suddenly whirled in a gleaming circle of light. He took off with a roar—Johnstone, the man who was afraid, doing what none of us dared to do.

It was a mad, hopeless thing to do, and as we saw the wheels of his DeHaviland leave the ground, a sort of shudder ran through all of us.

BUT the god of luck must have been with him then, for, although machine guns spat bullets at him continually, somehow he evaded them, and we followed the red ribbon of his exhaust as it described a wide arc through the sky and, turning, flashed straight towards Kolben and Strauss. He did not fire until he was close—probably he wanted to make sure. A little red flash shot out from under his upper wing, and then another. One of the planes up there wavered for a second and then spun towards the earth, crashing in a field near us.

I swallowed with difficulty. Whose plane had crashed?

But I was relieved as the fight continued, showing that one of the Frankensteins had fallen. A searchlight had picked them up now and we could plainly see both ships looping and banking and diving up there, as if in mock battle, for of course we could not hear

the noise of the machine guns above the roar of two motors.

One of the ships had risen above the other, and now dove straight for it. We heard a noise—the noise made by a shattering propeller—and one plane wobbled, trying to keep its nose up, but vainly. Shortly the sole survivor, evidently Johnstone, waved to us (good-by, perhaps), and as he disappeared from the path of the searchlight, we followed a straight red flame as it raced eastward to the mountains, from which came the low humming of many distant planes.

Dazed as we were, in two minutes every plane available was in the air, rapidly rising to an altitude from which we could dive on the enemy as they passed.

They were soon over the dark and silent airdrome, and I believe every one of us cheered (I know I did) as we saw two red, white and blue circles on the wings of one ship. Johnstone, fighting twenty hostile planes at every inch of the way.

He would climb to several hundred feet above them and dive, firing as he dove, and, when he had passed them, loop upwards and zoom up to his higher altitude once more. At every two or three loops a German plane would crash in flames, and explode with a terrific concussion when it hit the ground with its cargo of bombs.

But this could not last forever, and as nineteen Americans dove from the clouds I saw a plane marked with the iron cross descend to a lower level than the others. As Johnstone came to the end of his diving loop a stream of bullets awaited him, and his plane, a flaming plummet, added to the many charred and blackened piles of twisted wire and steel fallen upon the field.

The rest of that memorable battle is now history, and, thanks to Johnstone, history to be proud of. To be brief, we surprised the German squadron, and, diving on them from above, which is always the strategic position in air fighting, shot down about two-thirds of them. The remainder, a battered remnant,

turned and fled across the mountains once more. I later heard that several of them were lost on the way home, probably the pilot dying in his cockpit from injuries.

We landed immediately, and another scene, not of confusion, occurred. The searchlights still flooded the landing field, and men were still running from airdrome to airdrome, but now everything was quiet, for the deafening noise of the airplanes was silenced and the men no longer shouted to each other.

For several limp figures were being borne across the field to a waiting ambulance—and the silence was for these, the airmen who had died. Langland had survived, although he was severely wounded. Johnstone was in worse condition.

He was carried silently past the airmen who had survived, and they, recognizing him, watched. The major walked up to the stretcher, and the hospital aides stopped before him.

His voice carried, sharp and clear, to the ends of the field in the silence of the other men. "And who is this?" he asked.

The limp figure on the stretcher came to life, saluted feebly, and a faint voice, ever growing fainter, said, "The man who was—afraid," and trailed off into a great silence.

"How did you learn all these details?" I asked at length of my friend.

He smiled oddly. "Langland was my brother."

Darkness had long since covered the earth with its sable shroud of night. A shimmering silver moon bathed the weird, white world in a pale silver light.

Overhead, in a deep blue sky flamed the gorgeous, myriad colors of the aurora borealis, and from afar off came the dismal, wailing howl of the hunting wolf.

My thoughts reverted to that other night in France, and as if in a dream I heard, coming faintly over the wooded hilltops, the soft, sweet benediction of "taps"—blown, perhaps, by the man who was not afraid.



The Constitution's original billet-head

*Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar:
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.*

IT was this stirring protest by Oliver Wendell Holmes, made when it was proposed that the famous U. S. Frigate Constitution should be scrapped, that saved her from destruction in 1830. But for the last twenty years she has faced destruction again—the inglorious destruction of remaining at her berth in the harbor of Charlestown, Mass., and slowly rotting to pieces.

But now the fame and future of "Old Ironsides" has at last been made secure. Second to no other group, the school-children of America have made possible this patriotic ambition of the last half-century. Four million, five hundred thousand of them have answered the call for funds, and today

THE GLORY OF "OLD IRONSIDES"

And How the Children of the Nation Are Helping to Restore Her

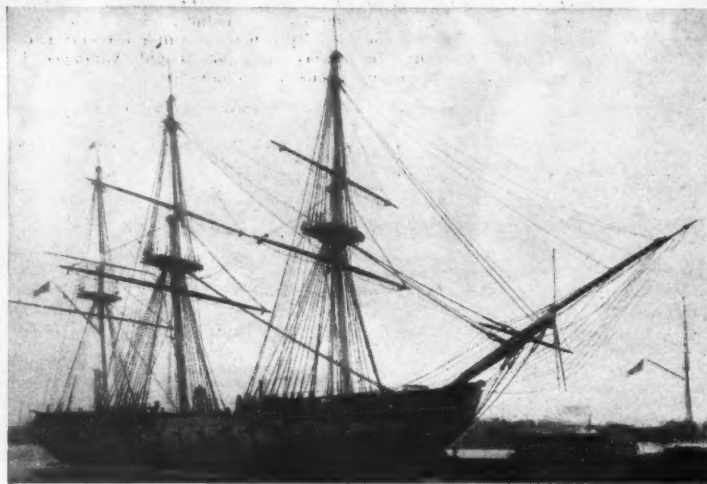
"Old Ironsides," rescued from rust and rot, rests comfortably in dry-dock. She waits now the time when the balance of the funds will restore her ancient glory.

It was in 1794 that Congress authorized the construction of six frigates, of which the Constitution was one. President Washington lost no time in commencing operations, and three years later the Constitution slid down the ways of Hartt's shipyard in Boston to begin a career without parallel in the annals of American naval history. Almost every state in the then feeble and wavering Union contributed to her building. Live oak and white oak and cedar came from the Southern and Middle Atlantic states for the stout hull which was still to float one hundred and thirty years later; iron for the guns which in 1804 battered the Tripolitan forts came from Maryland, Connecticut and Massachusetts. The bolts that fastened her timbers were made at the foundry of Paul Revere, and her first flags were made by the daughters of Betsy Ross. And in the days of her active

service there was not a state unrepresented by her crews.

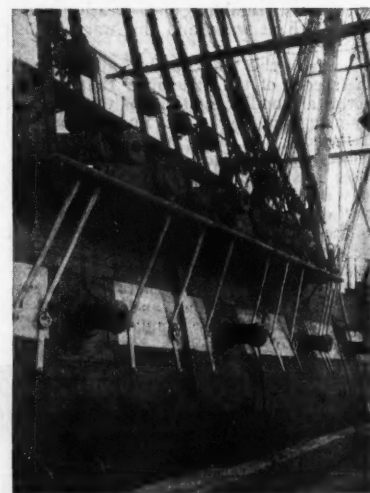
Preble, Hull, Bainbridge, Stewart, Decatur, Dewey—these were some of her immortal commanders! Twenty ships she captured in the years before she took up in 1861 the more peaceful life of a Naval Academy Training Ship. It is this historic vessel which is now to be saved from the heavy hand of time by the children of the nation to which she brought the freedom of the seas.

To restore "Old Ironsides" today will cost more than it cost to build her in 1798. Then she cost \$302,000. Today the work of reconstruction alone will take \$500,000. Sixty-two thousand feet, or twelve miles, of timber will be needed. Seven thousand pounds of zinc and 4200 pounds of lead, 12,511 yards of canvas, 12,000 square feet of copper sheeting and seven tons of iron and steel fittings will be necessary to bring her back to an exact replica of that glory of the seas which sailed one hundred years ago.



Courtesy Charlestown Navy Yard

The Constitution lying at her dock at the Charlestown Navy Yard before the work of reconstruction had been begun



The banks of after gun-ports

In dry-docking "Old Ironsides" unusual precautions were necessary. In the dry-dock, in addition to the usual keel blocks, are two huge piles of cribbing, nine feet high, seventy-six feet long, and heavily weighted, on which are two sliding transverse launchways operated in thirteen greased runways, starboard and port sides. These slide down and clutch the sides of the ship as would the jaws of a vise. To prepare the ship for dry-docking was in itself a problem. Her decayed condition makes her extremely flexible, and huge fore and aft girders were built into the hull to stiffen her. Two hundred shores were also placed in position. Built on the main deck is a huge crib work, twelve feet high, and passing over its top, continuous from bow to stern, are large steel cables which materially assist the main body of the ship to carry the weakened ends.

"Old Ironsides" saved the nation. It is a matter of national pride that the children of the nation, after one hundred and thirty years, are now returning the salute.

SHIP OF DREAMS

By Edith Ballinger Price

ILLUSTRATED BY COURTNEY ALLEN



They both watched Garth struggle up the bank and disappear into the trail that led towards the trader's factory. "He's no business to be out here at all," Galloway said

CHAPTER TEN

GARTH listened to the new sound that throbbed in the dark now that the rain had stopped. It was the rhythmic thump of a native drum. There was no telling how far off it might be; Garth remembered hearing that messages were signaled for miles through the jungle by these drum-beats. But at least it made an objective—something toward which to force himself. It might, of course, be an unfriendly tribe, but Garth did not much care. He struggled on, crawling on hands and knees when he could not do otherwise, the insistent sound of the drum beating in his weary brain. He was following a sort of trail that little by little became more distinct; then a ruddy blur grew in the darkness. Slowly Garth saw branches and fronds and creepers tangled across it in inky silhouette and realized vaguely that it must be a fire.

A break in the jungle suddenly gave him the whole scene—the dance-clearing of a native village, edges of light flickering on high-stalking grass huts and on black, glistening figures moving with the stamp, thump, and wriggle that constitute an African dance. The musicians sat with their backs toward Garth—one drumming a skin-covered drum with the flat of his hand, one shaking a curious double-clappered wooden bell. Garth, hardly sure of what he did, got himself erect and walked out between the players full into the fire-lit circle. The dance stopped instantly, and there was a crying and running and jabbering. Bewildered and feverish as he was, Garth realized that the blacks were gazing at him in terror more than in surprise. They clutched fetish charms and moaned; one and all pointed to his leg, which indeed was supporting him

but poorly. But why it should frighten them so was quite beyond him.

An old man whom Garth took to be a chief stood at a respectful distance and made a long speech at him, but before Garth could try, in the trade English at his command, to shape some sort of entreaty for shelter and food, a score of black hands seized him gingerly, and he was more dragged than escorted to a small grass hut into which he was pitched without more ado. Outside, the groaning and thumping was redoubled and reached a wild stage that sounded like a frenzied petition to some mighty juju. Garth lay huddled on the floor of the hut as he had fallen, too sick and weary to explore it. It was filled with the strange and awful smells of a native house,

but what else it contained he knew not, nor cared. He swallowed another quinine pill, and had almost drifted into a vague sleep when a groan at his elbow made him sit bolt upright with a shiver. Then a voice said in English:

"If they'd only stop that infernal drum! Can't you stop it? Why don't you tell them to stop it?"

Garth, transfixed, remembered that his flashlight was still in his pocket. He pulled it out and turned it on. Its circle of light revealed a white man lying on the grass-strewn floor of the hut. His bearded face showed very pallid in the wink of light; his left leg, where his riding-breeches had been ripped open, was roughly bandaged. Garth shook his shoulder.

"Who are you?" he said. "Come to—we need to talk." He wondered if his tongue were saying quite what he meant.

Had he stumbled on the village toward which Gassam had started to lead him—and was this the white man of whom Gassam had heard? His head burned with bewildered speculation. But the man only muttered more about the drums. Garth got out the quinine again, not knowing what else to do, and pushed a pellet between the man's dry lips.

"Whoever he is, two's better than one," Garth thought, "and if we both should die of fever—"

The groaning and the drum-beats went on and on outside until they were silenced by another rush of rain which extinguished them and the fire together. The man sighed in the dark and said:

"That's better. Why didn't you bring Vega—she'd know what to do. Sensible girl, Vega. But you stopped the drums."

THEN it was Galloway! "This is as important as that ivory palaver they're having," Garth thought dimly.

"Vega's safe," he said aloud. "We've all come to get you away—you and the ivory, you know. They're having an ivory palaver."

But Galloway didn't hear. Garth's voice sounded strange in his own ears. He sprawled backward on a heap of something—he did not try to find out what. Insects crawled and bit. The flashlight revealed a centipede over in the corner; so he turned it off again. The night whirled about him, and he lived years of it. Out of the roar of rain and the blurred misery, suddenly one sensation would stand out wondrously clear; he was helping his father to sail the Ailouros down past Trasket Rock—he saw the sun on white paint and white sail—he

THIS WILL REMIND YOU OF WHAT HAS OCCURRED IN EARLIER CHAPTERS

GARTH PEMBERLEY, sea-loving at sixteen, ships with Captain Ferguson on his steamship, the Tarca, to Hampton Roads, where Garth gets permission from his parents to stay aboard as supercargo bound for West Africa. The first officer is Gleason, large and red-faced; the second, Dunkirk, lean and quiet; the third, Barclay, young and whimsical. The chief engineer, Crope, is sullen and disagreeable.

Soon after clearing port Garth discovers a stowaway and near the equator a mysterious explosion in the hold sinks the Tarca, an explosion in which both the chief engineer and the stowaway seem implicated. The ship is abandoned and the captain's small boat is nearly run down by a large sailing vessel under full sail but without a soul on board. The captain recognizes her as his old ship the Arran, "Ship of Dreams." They board her and, picking up Crope and the stowaway, work her into Gomba, a small Portuguese West African port.

Marqueso, the governor, treats them suspiciously. Garth meets a fascinating girl of his own age, all alone in a small house guarded by two black servants. She is Vega Galloway, daughter of an American trader who has just sailed to a nearby

ivory-trading center, on a coasting schooner, to take care of the ivory which the Tarca was supposed to ship. They suspect that he has met with foul play. Despite the efforts of Marqueso, who even throws the captain and crew into jail, they leave Gomba again in the Arran for Tapak to search for Galloway and his ivory, in the hope of combating the insidious plot on foot to steal it. Vega Galloway accompanies them.

They reach there in the midst of the fever-ridden rainy season and find a mysterious trader who says that although he has ivory it does not belong to them. There is no trace of Galloway. The trader seeks to thwart the efforts of the captain and his crew to investigate but the Arran's crew, well armed, surround him, only to discover the storehouse bare of ivory. No one seems more surprised than the trader. Meanwhile Garth, in an effort to safeguard Vega, becomes lost in the jungle at night, bogged in a feverish swamp with his crippled leg almost useless. The captain, waiting for him and still keeping an eye on the trader, becomes desperately anxious for his safety—an anxiety which lengthens as time goes on and nothing is heard from Garth.

kept his eyes on the luff and felt the clean wind and heard the kittiwakes clamoring, and that dearest of voices saying: "Keep her up, Pem; the wind's tricky." Rush and roar—rain—rain—a driftwood fire—colored flames. No, blackness—foul water above his waist—eyes, and breathings, and silence. No, his mother was standing up there on the edge, in her sea-blue dress, and her eyes were so sorry because he wasn't able to walk right; but when he got to her through that water and reached up for her hand, it was a slimy root and he slipped and the black ooze went over his head.

Then there was cold gray light coming in through chinks in something, and Garth sat up wildly. He saw there a man—a wraith—sitting on a heap of mats, looking at him. They gazed upon each other strangely. Then, because the quinine had cleared their heads after all, they talked.

"I've had a touch of fever," Galloway said. "When did you come, and who are you?"

"My name's Pemberley," Garth said. "I'm one of the Tarca's crowd. Did I find out that you're really Mr. Galloway? I forget. The others are all down at Tapak, and I expect by this time they've got the ivory back. Vega's there, too—she *would* come."

"Good land!" said Galloway and sank back again. But he sat up almost immediately and stared at Garth. "Give me time," he said. "You can't expect me to believe this all at once."

"I know you can't," Garth agreed. "And I'm rather shaky myself. That is—I'm not quite sure you're really there, you know. I expect it's fever, too. All that rain—and that beastly swamp; I should think it would have to be fever."

"It's high time they fed me," Galloway said. "That might make us feel better—steadier, perhaps."

He crawled to an opening in the miserable hut and shouted something hopefully. His question was greeted with howls of horror and an outpouring of protest. He turned back to Garth with deep mystification on his gaunt face.

"They say I'm dead," he reported, "and therefore can't eat."

"How idiotic," Garth said, "when they can see you aren't."

"I don't sabe what they think they mean," Galloway said, shaking his head. "But they're howling worse than ever, and no food's forthcoming. There's a little of that vile manioc bread left from yesterday; that'll do better than nothing; though you can't last long on native chop."

They found it in a corner and chewed it in silence and disgust—horrible, sour, acrid dough, rolled in a plantain leaf and bound about with tie-tie. Garth could not go more than a few mouthfuls.

"Are you a prisoner here," he asked, "or what's up, anyhow?"

"Ratney's gang, abetted by Marqueso—if you know who *he* is," Garth nodded. "They got me aboard under false pretenses. Down here they were ten to one against me. When they chucked me in this place to stay till they made their get-away—or maybe indefinitely—why, here I was. I tried to escape, of course, and got a poke in the leg with an assegai, otherwise I should have. That crippled me up, and the fever got into me because of it. I don't know just why I'm so much better; I thought I was in for a bad bout."

"I stuffed a good bit of quinine into both of us last night," Garth told him. "I expect it helped."

"Not a doubt of it," said Galloway. "Good boy. May we have your side of the story now?"

Garth told him everything that he knew,

as best he could, and found himself very weary at the end of the tale.

"So Gassam got wind of your being here, from some native," he concluded; "he's our only chance. None of the others even knew I'd gone. If it weren't for your leg, we might try to get to Tapak."

He was completely forgetting his own leg, apparently.

"If Gassam knows about it, he'll find us," Galloway said. "Gassam's a good boy. Fancy Vega's being down here! It's like her."

"Gassam was scared off by some kind of a bird screeching," Garth complained.

"A plantain-eater, I suppose. That's the trouble with these savages. They're true as steel up to a certain point—then it's all spoiled by some fetish. Let's have another try at a palaver with our friends out there."

So this time they both appeared at the aperture in the matted grass wall, only to be met again with every sign of terror by the population, who were grouped in little knots evidently discussing the situation. A witch doctor was donning his complicated and gruesome symbols of office, and the headman was talking to him earnestly. Short thumps on the drum were summoning man, woman, and child—and a number of pigs—from the dwellings.

"They're getting ready for some big medicine palaver," Galloway stated. "I only hope they won't try any bad juju on us. They evidently are regarding us with great disfavor."

He and Garth lay back again in the hot, reeking confines of the hut. For a while they tried to talk and shape plans, but the words grew thick on their tongues, and they lay at last in feverish silence conscious of little but the crowding heaviness of their own heads. The medicine palaver went on outside with incessant and monotonous noise—a cease-

less drubbing, punctuated now and again by a wail from the witch doctor. Then it all stopped—they were too hazy to try to find out why, but lay grateful for the blessedness of the silence.

THEY roused suddenly when a band of light fell directly across their eyes from an opened door, and a clear voice cried out: "Father? Then it really is you!"

Vega was squatting beside them, with Gassam, his clothes torn from his flight through the jungle, at her shoulder.

"I couldn't help thinking you'd come," Galloway said, struggling up, "if you were anywhere in range. But you'd better lie low. We're in a deuce of a pickle; I've got a bad leg here, and some fever thrown in, and the people out there are growing more annoyed with us every minute."

"They're all right," Vega declared. "That is, I know what ails them. Gassam talked to the head-man. You see, Garth Pemberley came staggering into the middle of a dance last night from nowhere, and when they saw that he had a bad leg—left one, like yours—they quite naturally thought you were dead and that he was your soul coming for vengeance because you weren't buried with honor."

Why this amazing supposition should be "quite natural" was beyond Garth; but then, he was not at all sure that it was really Vega he saw there in the doorway of the hut. Things were behaving so strangely in his head.

"They would, of course," Galloway said. "My soul would retain its injured leg. But I didn't know our friend here had one too."

"He has," Vega declared, "chronic, apparently. Of course they were simply horrified and pitched your soul in on top of you, and have been trying to think up suitable

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 781]



The Arran's people crowded to the rail to stare at the great bulk looming in the twilight. Sixty thousand tons of her! Mighty funnels streaming dark smoke, towering black bow cleaving the sea. The Leviathan. Southampton to New York in six days!

ANIMALS IN THE MOVIES

Behind the scenes with some picturesque four-footed stars

By Fred Gilman Jopp

Rin-Tin-Tin,
Warner
Brothers'
famous
canine star



PRESTO! You are now dining in Hollywood's most famous hotel. The vast room sparkles with precious stones and twinkles with stars—screen stars—and a great orchestra soothes the diners with its entrancing strains.

All eyes are focused on Mary, the honored guest of the evening. She is one of the luminaries of Hollywood—one of the more illustrious of the movie stars, to whom the nation renders its homage and to whom her employers are glad to pay great sums for the privilege of using her unique talents. Here too is one of the most respected and respectable of the Hollywood community. No breath of scandal has ever touched her name.

Mary is not beautiful; she has achieved her success as the direct result of her professional gifts—not because she has vamped her way into the inner circles of the cinema's art. It must be confessed, however, that Mary is a bit dumb. She is, in fact, very dumb. In her case perhaps we may excuse her, for Mary is—a chimpanzee!

Mary and her master love each other with a devotion that is almost pathetic. "Friends may come and friends may go, but Mary is my slave forever. She never rehearses; I can always count upon her to go through her bits like the little lady she is. Recently I was offered \$1500 a week to take her into vaudeville. I refused. Mary could stand the pace about three months, and then I should lose the best pal I ever had. Money does not enter into our friendship. She works in pictures for the love of it."

And this is how animal actors are made

for the movies. Sheer love for their masters is the motive these stars have for doing their screen business before the camera—not a salary running into four figures.

In common, I imagine, with most people, I had always believed that the training of animals was a difficult and hazardous occupation. I am speaking here not only of dogs, but of all the miscellaneous species that the recent craze for "animal stuff" has brought into the movies. Rin-Tin-Tin and Strongheart are among the famous dogs; there is Mary, the chimpanzee; there are the droves of lions that have been used for one purpose or another, usually comic; there is Tom Mix's wonder horse, the bear that has appeared in some of the Mack Sennett comedies, and the cow that has worked with Buster Keaton. How are these animal actors made?

The answer is, they are made by trainers who put infinite patience and unflinching gentleness and kindness into the treatment of their animals.

This rather upsets the old-time circus-trainer theories, doesn't it? Now and then, of course, you will hear a trainer of dogs, in talking for publication, give the idea that dog training is one of the most difficult of tasks. A lion trainer may dilate on the dangers of his profession, show you some of the scars of past combats and tell you mournfully that it is only a question of time before he "gets his." But I know better. I have watched the trainers working on the lots and I have seen how they do it.

Of course I don't mean that all the trained dogs and lions and bears in the world have lovable dispositions. I don't mean that you could walk into the lion's cage at the zoo and have Leo jump through a paper hoop for you on the asking. Animals know their friends, and they have a right to be suspicious of strangers. But I do mean that anyone who makes himself sufficiently familiar to animals and with them, and treats each one of them as an individual with definite peculiarities,

has gone halfway toward the goal of becoming a teacher of animals.

We might just as well make a spectacular beginning and start off with the training of lions. Hop into my car and we'll run twenty-five miles out of Hollywood to the little town of El Monte and the only farm of its kind in the world. Here are more lions than you ever saw before—eighty of them in all stages of development. They range from little roly-poly cubs to great majestic creatures that roam the spacious yards with the air of conquering royalty. That air of royalty is one thing that you will never be able to train or breed out of a lion.

Milk-fed Lions

A great idea lies behind the Gay Lion Farm. Mr. and Mrs. Gay, its founders and proprietors, are anxious to perfect the king of beasts in America—to supply this country with its rightful heirs of wild-animal royalty; to supplant the mangy, jungle-dreaming specimens so often seen in zoological gardens with the real thing. And they are accomplishing exactly this.

You will receive your first surprise in confirmation of my theories when you see Mr. Gay enter a den of five to twenty lions, armed with nothing but a small switch that would not frighten the most cowardly dog. The great lions—one could scarcely call these magnificent specimens brutes—merely walk up to Mr. Gay and rub their enormous heads against him as would a great Dane or a horse. There is no snarling, nor are the lions frightened. The reason for all this is the Gay trade-mark, which is impressed on the lion's brain, not his hide. It is kindness and faith. As a result, these big cats are as tame as your own tabby cat—really.

I was invited to go into the den and pet one of the lions. "He won't harm you," said Mr. Gay; "he's a milk-fed lion." Well, I petted that lion, but I didn't pet him very hard, I will confess. I knew there was nothing



A Boston terrier does his tricks for the baby in a Fox comedy

two leaps and makes the third successfully. Needless to say, by the time the lion has come to his third leap the hero has been rescued by other means.

Of one thing you may be quite sure. Very little "trick photography" is used in the wild-animal pictures you see. This isn't because all movie actors are heroes, but because of a harsh fact in economics—trick photography is highly expensive.

And don't believe all you hear about the toothless and clawless lions of the movies. A toothless lion, like a toothless man, would have a stormy temper, and be apt to do more damage without his teeth than a normal one with a full set, and he'd probably die of indigestion within a week into the bargain. As to claws, you could of course file them off, but you would have the most miserable animal in the world on your hands until they were sharp again—and within a week they would be.

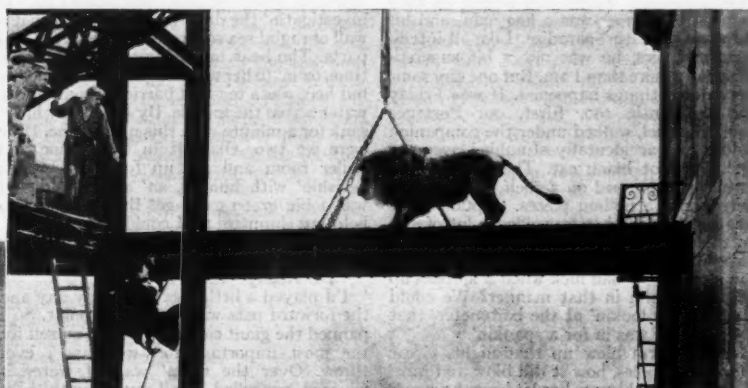
Two Famous Dogs

Of all the animals in the movies, none, probably, has achieved more individual fame than Strongheart and Rin-Tin-Tin. Yet, says Strongheart's owner, "Strongheart is a dog without a single trick to his name." The moral of this statement is that Strongheart has been trained, by unflinching kindness and understanding, to fit his actions in with certain human ones. His director says:

"The voice is a marvelous feature in handling an animal. You must know when to make that animal ashamed, sorry, or excited, by pitching your voice accordingly. I never raise my voice to Strongheart; I use a very low pitch, best attuned to his ear."

Born near the Hindenburg Line in 1918, a war veteran, and the mascot of the 135th Aero Squadron, Rin-Tin-Tin equals Strongheart for movie honors. When it was demonstrated he could scale a twelve-foot wall, Lee Duncan decided on a movie career for his dog. Today Rin-Tin-Tin draws a salary that many human actors would envy. He bathes daily, has his own motor car, bank account and film contract. Most certainly he has rivals, but even in the case of Strongheart there is no jealousy. From which it may be gathered that Rin-Tin-Tin is that most rare of movie beings—a perfect star. He proudly exhibits his banner; of course, he can't read it, but it won't hurt any of us to do so. On it is written the code which rules his life. It merits careful

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 791]



Keystone Photos

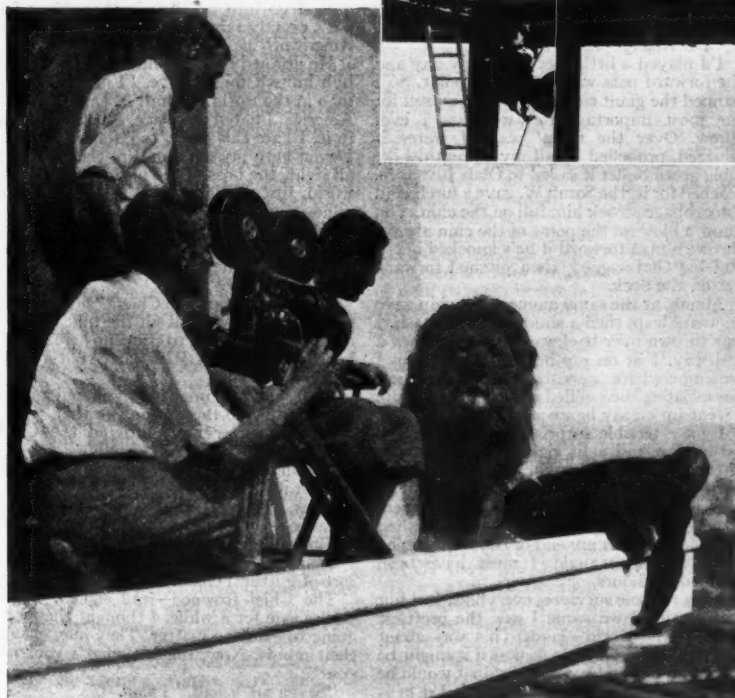
These two pictures show Numa, famous lion from the Gay Lion Farm, rehearsing for the camera in perilous positions high above the street. How do you think they made him do all this? Mr. Jopp tells you in this article

ing to be afraid of, except my wild-animal complex. It is unfortunate that the public has seen "the grandstand trainer." He puts one in deadly fear of the lion.

When the Gay lions are on the movie set they are constantly surrounded by a crowd of players who pet them without the slightest vestige of fear. But this sort of petting Mr. Gay doesn't like at all. He watches the lions then with the eyes of a hawk. A lion, like your dog or cat, signifies when it has had enough.

From Mr. Gay we learn that a baby lion is worth about three hundred and fifty dollars. The full-grown, perfectly trained specimen brings between thirty and fifty thousand dollars.

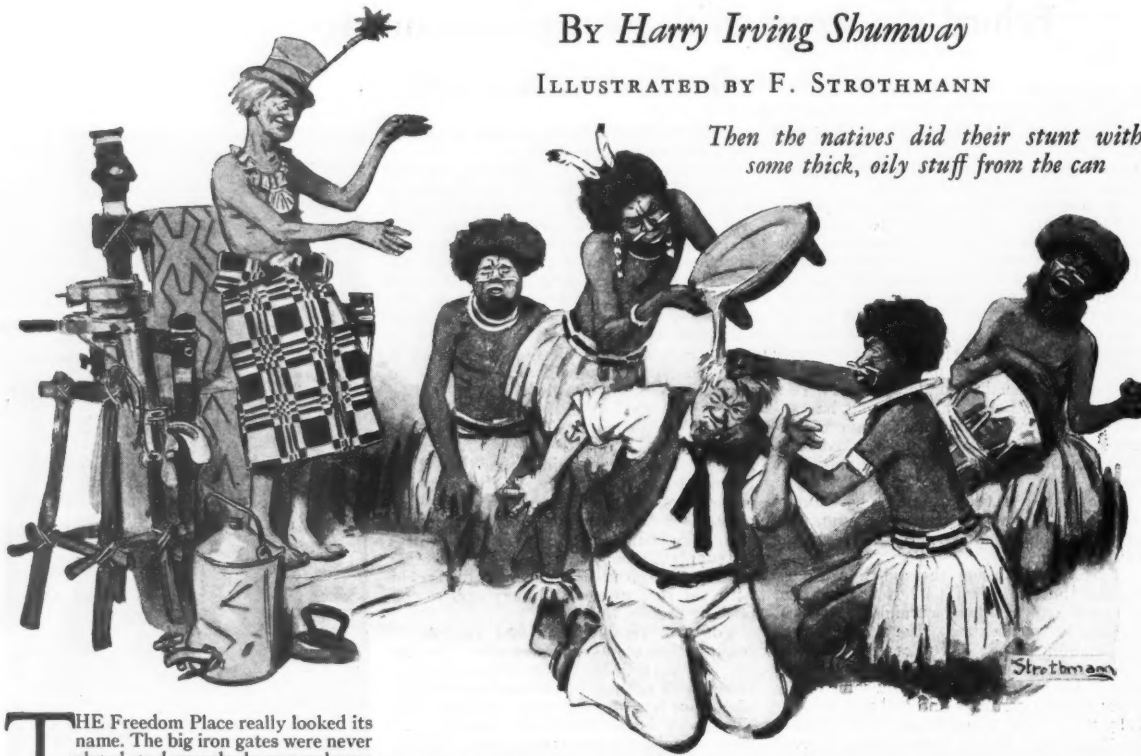
A lion always does the same thing in the same way. Does it look horrible to you to see the hero hanging to the limb of a tree while the huge beast leaps for the seat of his trousers? It wouldn't if you knew that particular lion, which always misses his first



CAPTAIN PEN STEPS OUT

By Harry Irving Shumway

ILLUSTRATED BY F. STROTHMANN



Then the natives did their stunt with some thick, oily stuff from the can

THE Freedom Place really looked its name. The big iron gates were never closed, and everybody was welcome to wander about the twenty-five acres, or picnic near the pond. The owner, Capt. Penhallow Freedom, rejoiced to have his neighbors around him. He was the sort of man that boys like on sight—a retired seafaring man, an explorer, trader and adventurer, who freely admitted that he had sailed on every one of the Seven Seas.

On a pleasant autumn afternoon, not long ago, the Captain was sitting in his workroom, watching a group of boys build a sailing skiff. These boys were all great friends of his, and—because he let them use the room, and his tools, and any scraps of well-seasoned lumber which they could find—they had unanimously elected him an honorary member of the Hammer and Chisel Club. He enjoyed this honor. Best of all, perhaps, he enjoyed having an audience to hear his yarns.

About these yarns there were widely different opinions in the town of Dover. Some people said that Captain Freedom must be the greatest adventurer in the world. Others were unkind enough to call him a first-class, double-acting, nickel-plated fabricator. But the boys didn't care. They liked to sit around him and listen to whatever tall story he chose to tell. On this particular afternoon, he had remarked that the sight of their boat reminded him of the native craft in Puhtweeti Bay.

"Where's Parchesi Bay?" asked Skeet Somerville, youngest of the boys.

"Puhtweeti Bay," corrected the Captain. "Well, that's a hard question, because it isn't on any map or chart. No ship ever calls at that desolate island. Designed by nature to be a jewel set in purple seas, Puhtweeti has been transposed by the rapacity of mankind into a blot on the face of the world."

"It's the truth!" shrieked a loud voice from the window, where the Captain's parrot, named Napoleon, hung in his cage. The boys were well used to hearing the parrot squawk these words. Sometimes he even added, "the whole truth, and nothing but the truth!" Whenever the Captain was spinning a yarn, the parrot listened most attentively and seemed to enjoy an opportunity to put in a word of his own.

"Well," said Captain Pen, "you fellows know that when I tell a tale I like to make a grand good job of it—like the house my friend Captain Jencks built for himself over at Plum Point. Was he satisfied with plain surfaces? No. He got a lot of old-time ship's carpenters, an' they decorated every square inch of that beautiful dwellin' with carved acorns, scrollwork and curlicues. That home is a marvel, just heavy with art! An' that's what a story ought to be. Instead of being dry, like an item in the newspaper, it should be all decorated up with improvements.

Now, before I begin my yarn, would you like a plain tale, or would you like it with suitable embellishments and prettifications?"

"We'd like it with suitable embellishments," said Skeet, who was fascinated by the Captain's flow of language.

WELL now, sit quiet (began Captain Pen), and I'll give you just what you asked for. It all starts many a long year ago, when I was second officer on the Sarah W. Winslow, a tramp steamer bound for Hongkong. She was a sweet little vessel, too—as sturdy and strong as they come. Her skipper was a fine man, and his ship was a floatin' paradise. Like all intelligent mariners, he was not a bit superstitious, any more than I am. But one day some very queer things happened. It was Friday the thirteenth, too. First, our Portagee cook, Manuel, walked under the companion ladder and accidentally stumbled over our lucky mascot black cat. The cat gave an awful leap, jumped on a shelf, and broke a mirror into a million pieces. Captain Elms was so startled that he spilled a lot of salt on the table, at this juncture. By Bingo, I haven't an atom of superstition, but how can a man fight bad luck when it sprouts up all around him in that manner? We could tell, without lookin' at the barometer, that the Winslow was in for a spankin'.

A big storm blew up that night. Great sufferin' tadpoles, how it did blow and rain! Why, the wind blew so hard it bent the waves right over flat before they had a chance to be waves at all. I won't say it lifted old Sarah right out of the water, but I will say she did sort of jump clear of the sea several times. Then the wind calmed down to around seventy or eighty miles an hour and we began to get the big waves.

The motion of the boat was awful and one after another those regular seafarin' men came down sick. And when a man went down he stayed down, just plumb helpless. I'm a good sailor, and after I got the hang of the jumps and side-swipes, I began to pick up an appetite. Finally the Captain collapsed at the wheel—and if ever I saw a real Nile-green face it was his.

"Pen," he gasps to me, "I'm a-goin', I guess. You take the wheel. I've done my best."

Only one man remained on his feet now, Olaf, the giant Swede coal passer.

"Olaf!" I bellowed in his ear. "We're the only two able-bodied men left on the ship. We've got to run her alone."

"Ya," he grinned. "Ay bane doin' dat for ten, twanty, t'irty hours. All odder fallers bane come down wid sea-croup or som'ting. But Ay bane big strong faller from Stockholm and Ay never holler die."

I rushed back to the wheel. It was gettin' rougher every minute. But in spite of all the terror and superhuman work, I began to think a powerful lot about somethin' to eat. But how to get it. Manuel had succumbed hours ago. Olaf and I just had to be fed, doin' as we were fifteen men's work. I was plannin' some maneuver to do this when the worst blow of all came.

A fearful sea hit us and stove a big hole in the port side, flowed in and ripped another opposite through the starboard side about amidships. The Sarah W. staggered as if mortally wounded, and then plowed on. On investigatin' the damage I discovered that a wall of ragin' sea separated the ship into two parts. The boat might stay afloat for some time, owin' to her water-tight compartments, but here was a ten-foot barrier of right angry water across the middle. By Bingo, my heart sank for a minute with this misfortune. Here were we two, Olaf aft in the engine and boiler room and me up for'ard. He was perishin' with hunger, an' all I could find was a big green cabbage. But I wanted to help my shipmate all I could.

"You take a bite first!" I yelled, posing the big cabbage.

"Ya! Ready—shoot him!"

I'd played a little football in my day and the forward pass was my strong point. So I palmed the giant cabbage and set myself for the most important forward pass I ever threw. Over the ragin' wall of water it whizzed, propelled by all my strength. Like a big green bullet it sailed to Olaf. Just as he reached for it, the Sarah W. gave a lurch, and the cabbage struck him full on the chin. You know a blow on the point of the chin always throws a man forward if he's knocked out—and big Olaf sagged, then pitched forward flat on the deck.

Almost at the same moment the ship gave an awful leap, then a shudder and a crash. I was thrown over backwards, falling down a stairway. I lit on my head, and that's all I remembered for some time. I came to my senses later, then willed myself to crawl up. I went up on my hands and knees.

I got a terrible surprise when I got there—the ship had split right in half and the after part was nowhere in sight. It was gettin' light enough to see dimly about, and all movement of the ship and sea had stopped. I guessed correctly that at some time we had struck a ledge, as my end of the ship seemed tilted up at an angle. I must have been stunned for hours.

I was the sole survivor; everybody lost but me. As the dawn came I saw the prettiest sight in the world—land! This was about half a mile away and looked as if it might be an island. Before leaving the ship it would be just as well to take what I could. I'd kept

my little shaving kit in my jacket, so that was safe. But not another thing was worth takin'—everything was either broken to bits or washed away. Then my eyes lit on a dinghy.

Strange what freaks a storm will do—but that little boat was in perfect shape. She was twelve feet long, brand new and made of mahogany, the handsomest little boat I'd ever seen. Clamped to her sternboard was a new, shiny outboard motor!

I got this lowered to the water, which was now as calm as glass. Of course the fuel tank was empty, so the engine was useless. At first I was tempted to throw it overboard to save weight, but thought better of it. Lucky I did—but that'll come later. There were no oars to be had, so I pried loose part of a plank and started paddlin' for the shore. Saved at last!

That was where Capt. Penhallow G. Freedom shoved his adventurous nose into as nice a hornets' nest as ever you saw. That land ahead was not uninhabited—not by any means it wasn't.

"Cannibals!" breathed the boys. "Cannibals nothin'! They were far worse—as you shall see."

I paddled in boldly (Captain Pen went on), boldly into the little Bay of Puhtweeti, an unknown island. There was a dark brown committee of welcome to meet me, like the brass band at the depot for the conquerin' hero—only the flavor wasn't quite the same. They looked uglier than anything you ever saw in the movies, and all carried long, wicked-lookin' spears. They surrounded me, polin' their funny little boats made out of bark and fiber, and compelled me to keep on paddlin' inshore. There was no gettin' away. We worked through a little water gateway and there was the town—a town built like Venice, all the streets of water.

They took me to the Chief's hut, more ornate than the others and quite luxurious inside. Somehow I expected to see a fat, black brute of a man with a silk hat and a shawl—but I got the surprise of my life.

The Chief was a little, mean-lookin', wizened-up American!

THE minute I looked into his mean little eyes I knew I'd much rather he'd been a native. He stared at me—as cold as a new refrigerator!

"Slave!" he barked. "Advance—on your hands and knees!"

A nice way for one American to greet another!

"I quit creepin' years ago," I said. "All the parlors and reception halls I enter nowa-days I go into on shoe leather. Your face ain't exactly familiar, but your language is American!"

He grinned sourly—like Old Man Beelzebub himself might have. "I'm the meanest man in the world. I admit it. Once I lived in America. I hated the place. I hated everyone in it. I hate this place, too, for that matter. I even hate myself. But I'm the boss here, all right, the boss of the meanest race in the world. Just gaze around at this hired help of mine—and see if you find any little ray of sunshine."

I looked—and trembled. They weren't hard-boiled—they were pickled in brine and fried in vinegar.

"Now," went on the Chief, "as these warriors don't know what all the talk has been about, are you going to crawl up here on your kneecaps—or shall I let native nature take its course?"

Well, just to humor him, you understand, I crawled up to the throne.

"Repeat after me," ordered the Chief. "Ub jab, juhu, eeka eeka—ah!"

"I don't know about that—I may not believe in it."

"Yes, you will. That's our pledge of allegiance—I wrote it myself. Come on now: Ub jab, juhu, eeka eeka—ah!"

I said it and all the gang answered with a sort of guttural cheer.

The Chief frowned—and sighed. "Well, you're safe for a while. I thought they were going to—but no matter. They may change their minds. Now, tell me what's your hat size?"

"Seven an' a half," I said.



He washed every single one of those pure-white horses in black hair dye!

"Amazing! Wonderful! The biggest head we've ever taken."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

He smiled again—as warm as the roof of an Eskimo's house. "Can't you guess?"

"Not in three tries. What's the answer?"

"We are head-hunters! The head-hunters of Puhtweeti!"

My own head swam and for a second I reeled. But I shook myself together, determined to play the thing out. There might be a way. I've always found the best way to act in a tight situation is to keep your head—although when captured by head-hunters you can see that this would be quite a chore—yes, sir, quite a chore.

The Chief's eyes narrowed to two wicked slits. "The last man who was impertinent to me is now a signpost on Main and Fifteenth Streets. He had red hair and he does make a really brilliant signpost. That corner needed a touch of color. I think perhaps I'll make a totem pole of you—we have a vacant space in Memorial Square. You have a sort of totem face, come to think of it."

He rose from his throne. "I will inspect the little boat you rowed in. It is a lallapaloosa! You see I have not forgotten the slang of the United States!"

The Chief's eyes lighted up with pleasure when he saw my little mahogany boat. It did look like a king's crown jewel beside the crude native boats. He touched it, smoothed its shiny brown planks. Then he spotted the outboard motor on the back.

"By the skulls of my enemies! What a gorgeous samovar! A prize! Just what I've been waiting for for forty years. Slaves, remove it and take it into the royal throne room." He jabbered to the natives and they bore it inside.

There was a funny one. A samovar! Something prompted me to keep my mouth shut. If this twisted American mistook a perfectly good shiny outboard motor for a samovar, I'd let him wallow in his ignorance. Besides, if I explained to him he'd say I was impudent and threaten to make me into a street sign.

I was led inside. Then I saw something I hadn't particularly noticed before. On the right side of the throne was an old tin can, mounted on a crude wooden frame. It had a crude spigot at the bottom. And on the other side of the throne was another one almost like it. The one on the right was lifted off its frame, the Chief jabbering away all the time. My outboard motor was placed on the wooden stand and the Chief climbed back on his throne again.

"We will now prepare the new head, that our gods may smile upon us with success. Slave, kneel in front of me!"

A native drew a little of the sacred fluid from the royal samovar, after I'd shown him the petcock on it. The Chief himself took the fluid, put some on an old cloth, and then rubbed my head all over with it, chanting all the time. It smelled pretty familiar, that fluid—but I said nothing at all. Then the natives did their stunt. They drew some thick, oily stuff from the old can on the left of the throne—it was heavy coconut oil probably. Then they rubbed some of that on my head.

And that closed the ceremonies. The Chief ordered my hands bound, which the natives did with a thick, heavy thong of fiber. They also tied my ankles with it. Then they filed out, muttering and glaring at me—and my head.

We were alone, the Chief and I.

"Those ceremonies were significant," he

began. "I'll explain them. Your head was anointed with the two sacred fluids, that the gods might be satisfied. It's a custom I invented myself—and it goes big. Tomorrow morning at sunrise you will be given a chance to escape! There is a law that we cannot take the head of a helpless victim. He must try to get away—and if he is speared from ambush, why—"

"That's no escape. That's suicide by request."

"It is the law. Tomorrow at sunrise you will get in the boat you came in, and try to get away. Tonight you remain in this room. Just before the hour, your hands and feet will be released. And now,"—here he seemed human for the first time,—“and now we have until tomorrow to be sociable.”

"Sociable!"

A sour look came over his face. "When I was a young fellow in Philadelphia I worked as a hat cleaner. That was my trade—but I hated the social part of it. I hated to meet people. Everybody was always so fussy. They'd complain about the fit, or I'd changed hatbands on 'em or spoiled the color in cleaning. Always it was something new, and I hated it worse every day. Finally I took a job to clean a man's Panama hat. He was very fussy. By the skulls of my enemies, how I wish I had him here now! He came in waving an umbrella in my face, screaming I'd shrunk his hat beyond all hope. I stretched it for him, all right! I jammed it down over his ears with a mallet and left the job forever. I took my tools with me, my little stock in trade."

"I had a friend (yes, I really did have one in my life) and we were much alike. He hated the world, too. It dealt him a sad trick. Noah Dunkle worked in a livery stable, and his sole job was taking care of the prize delivery horses for a millionaire grocery concern. These horses were selected from all over the world. They were absolutely pure, spotless white—forty of 'em, all told."

"Noah had to wash 'em down in pure milk—real, regular milk—every night when they came in. Think of it, hundreds of gallons of milk to wash horses in! The concern cared nothing about the expense."

"One night poor Noah was stricken with color-blindness—and he washed every single one of those pure-white horses in black hair dye!"

"They fired him. He and I bought a fifty-foot Chesapeake piragua and sailed away. Ah, those were happy days, until we landed here and poor Noah lost his head! He wanted to be king, you see, and I ran for the same office against him. His head was the first trophy of my administration."

HE talked on for some time, and I tried desperately to devise some means of escape. But my brain might have been stuffed with breakfast food for all the ideas I had. My hands and feet were bound with fiber rope half an inch thick. What could I do? As the day wore on, I asked myself this question a million times. At last the Chief left me. I lay on the floor of the hut. I could see a brilliant sunset through a small hole down by the floor. Suddenly the hole was blocked. A rat was looking in at me.

With terrific exertion, just like dressing in an upper berth, I wormed my way over to that hole. Meanwhile, the rat had entered and was running around, quite fearless of me. He knew I was tied. How could I persuade his rattish intelligence to help me?

I had it! I'm a pretty good animal imitator. I put my wrists across the hole, and started imitating a flock of little chickens. I threw my voice, too. Ventriloquism, they call it. Peep! Peep! Peep!

Rats love to eat little chicks, and pretty soon my rat got the idea that there was a whole flock of them outside the hut. He wanted to get out and have his supper. Pretty soon I felt a little bite at the rope that held me. I peeped louder than ever. Peep! Peep! Peep! Gnaw, gnaw, gnaw, went the rat.

It was slow work, boys, but he was a most perseverin' rat. I peeped till my tongue stuck to the roof of my mouth. At last the rope snapped. My hands were free!

At this point in the Captain's narrative the parrot, Napoleon, suddenly opened one eye and ejaculated: "It's the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth!"

That bird knows a lot (continued Captain Pen, with a smile). Well, boys, I promptly untied my legs, and left a bit of chocolate to console my little four-footed assistant. But I had very little time to spare. The slaves might come for me at any minute. If I was goin' to make a run for it, I preferred to choose my own time. I grabbed the Royal Coconut Oil and Gasoline, mixed. Then I sneaked out. There was nobody around. I clamped the Royal Sam—I mean, the outboard motor—to the stern of the dinghy. So far, so good. But there was still that awful unseen gauntlet to run—the savage head-hunters with their cruel spears. I needed a periscope bad, in case the spears whizzed low across my gunwales. So I made one, attachin' my shavin' mirror to a stick. Now for my getaway!

Those outboard motors sometimes are just a little difficult to start, but this one coughed when I gave my first pull on the startin' line. Next pull, she fairly buzzed. By Bingo, that roarin' motor made sweeter music to my ears than Beethoven.

What made it go? Why, you heard me speak of the Royal Gasoline, didn't you? That hat-cleaner had brought his whole outfit with him in the piragua, and it was grand gasoline, too—lots of pep! I shoved off.

There came a sort of gray flash in the air as I left the dock. I knew what it was. A spear. I ducked and held up my periscope.

On I went, past Fifth Street, Cranium Avenue, Sixth Street and Skull Boulevard.

The natives were just pourin' out of their houses by this time. Zing! Zip! Those old spears flashed past so fast that I'd have looked like a porcupine if I hadn't been crouchin' low and steerin' by mirror. Zip! A spear came down from a great height and scratched my wrist. You can see the scar.

Well, I got through all right, as you know. Otherwise I wouldn't be here to spin this yarn. In twenty minutes I was far out at sea, and safe—if you can call yourself safe in a twelve-foot boat in the middle of the sea.

Next question, where to go? I had no compass, and only a few quarts of gasoline. So I just plugged along, scanning the horizon for a rescue ship. Needless to say, I saw none. That part of the sea is always deserted. But at last, when I was without hope, I saw a column of smoke on the horizon to the west.

Comin' up, after a long chase, under the vessel's stern, I thought I was plumb crazy. There, in big letters on the stern, was the name "Sarah W. Winslow."

Well, I went around the side to find a ladder, and I got the biggest shock of my whole adventure. That ship was only half a ship! The whole forward end had broken off. But the stern end was floatin' just as natural as ever; there was smoke comin' out of the stack, and the half ship was makin' slow progress over a calm sea.

"Hallo, you Freedom faller!" shouted a voice from the deck.

It was Olaf, just as good as new. He dropped me a ladder and I scrambled up, after which we hoisted the dinghy on deck and I had a chance to question him.

"Ay'm fine, ya. When you bang me wid dat cabbage, I fall in water and, by yolly, Ay have to work hard to get back on dis ole Wanslow—ya, big he-man's yob. You bane tall me keep oop steam, and Ay done it," he concluded with a grin.

"You're an honest fellow," I told him. "We'll make a landfall somewhere."

And we did.

You can imagine the sensation it made in the little-known port of Boco Boco, under the Dutch flag, when we brought that half ship into harbor, all shipshape and Bristol-fashion. She looked a little queer when we anchored her by the stern, as she had no bow, but we were obliged to do the best we could.

IT'S the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth!" shrieked Napoleon.

Captain Freedom glanced at the bird. "You're the kind of critic every story-teller craves, my dear Napoleon," he said. "Well, boys, you might as well get on with your task. I see you haven't made much progress while I was spinning you my yarn, with certain small embellishments of the sort you requested."

"Thank you very much for it," said Skeet, politely. "Will you tell us another soon?"

"Why, as to that," smiled the Captain, "I'll be delighted."

"It's the truth," squawked Napoleon.



The natives were just pourin' out of their houses

GROWING UP

By Margaret Ward

ILLUSTRATED BY DOUGLAS RYAN

IN K Blake's sophomore year, the college work at Harding was set back three weeks by a serious epidemic of flu. Lost time must be made up somehow; and the girls, after discussing all possible ways, voted to reduce their Christmas vacation to three days. That was fairly satisfactory to the girls whose homes were only a few hours away. But K's homeward journey was a long one and, considering the state of the family finances, the short time at home would not justify the great expenditure involved. True, she might get an extra day. Her work was well up. It was possible, even probable, that the dean would let her start a half day earlier, and return a half day later. Twice K walked over to the office, meditating such a petition. Twice she returned to her own room, without asking the dean. Special favors would be against the spirit of the vote. If democracy and student government confer rights, they confer duties too.

K went around for three days, absently thinking "Selfish—happy!" and "Sensible—homesick!" over and over to herself. Then, having suddenly decided that "Sensible—happy!" should and would be her motto, she sat down and dashed off a brave little note to Dad, telling him that she couldn't come home for Christmas. She mailed it quickly, before she could change her mind. And no sooner had she stuck the letter in the box, and the slot had banged back with that heart-rending snap of finality which letter boxes give when you have used them, than virtue had its reward! Sally Saunders, that dearest of all seniors, waved to her from the steps of Libe, and called, "Come for a walk."

It appeared that Sally was also one of those who would have to stay up for Christmas. "And there are others!" she said. "We've almost decided that we can make the best of it by running a masquerade to cheer the homesick. I adore dressing up and planning costumes and stunts; and Peggy James and Judy Matthews are staying here, and Lil Barter too—oh, nearly all my pals. So I've got a wonderful committee. But, oh!" Sally came to a sudden, horrified halt. "It's all supposed to be a deep, dark secret, until the Monday before Christmas, and here I am blabbing it all to you. But we need a sophomore on our committee. Will you help us?"

"Why, of course!" said K rapturously, "if you're sure the others will want me."

"The others—Peg and Judy and Lil? Of course. They're all keen to know you better." Sally chuckled suddenly. "They've got reasons—especially Lil!"

K stared at that and Sally patted her arm reassuringly and explained. "I've told them a lot about you, and naturally we seniors are interested in those we're leaving behind us to inherit Harding College."

K went home on dancing feet. She too loved stunts and dressing up, and to be on a committee with Sally and her friends—the very finest of the seniors—was just too wonderful. She wore her pink crêpe dress to dinner and her eyes blazed with happy excitement.

"Expecting a caller tonight?" inquired her next-door neighbor at the long table, a sophomore named Peters. Porter Hall's custom of drawing lots once a week for places in the dining-room had put K this time with a tableful of girls she knew least of any in the house. Tonight, having nothing special to say and a great deal to think about, she had sat happily silent, dreaming of wonderful costumes for a magic masquerade.

She came back to the present with a start. "No. What makes you say that, Mary Martha?"

"You look so blissfully happy," said Mary

Martha. "But then, I suppose you've got plenty of other things to look happy about."

"Why, yes, I have. Haven't you?" laughed K, and instantly wished she hadn't asked that question. For Mary Martha Peters was an appallingly outspoken person. This largely accounted for her having made very few friends at Harding. As far as K could see, Mary Martha really hadn't much to look happy about, but if she came out and said so it might be embarrassing.

"No, I don't know that I have," said Mary Martha in the shrill voice that carried across the long dining-room. "But there's one worry I haven't got that lots of you popular sophomores have. I know I shan't make a society." She glanced at K, whose face was mantled with a vivid blush. "Maybe you know you will make one," she ended shrilly, and went composedly back to eating her dinner, perfectly unconscious that she had said the unspeakable thing, and had violated one of the most sacred traditions of Harding.

Of course there are many societies in that big college: frivolous ones like the Ancient Order of the Hilarious; scholarly ones like Philosophical and Cercle Français; big democratic ones like Drama Club. But when you speak of making a society, you mean Gamma and Kappa Zeta. They aren't exactly frivolous; certainly they aren't wholly scholarly; they are probably the least democratic of anything at Harding. For being strictly limited in membership, with standards at once definite and elastic enough to include most of the finest girls in college, they include a little group of envied aristocrats. You can scoff all you like about the kind of girls who sometimes slip into Gamma and Kappa Zeta, but the girls who have turned down an election to either can be counted on the fingers of one hand. Sophomores become eligible for membership at the January meetings of the two societies. Naturally there is a great deal of speculation about the names of the five fortunate girls who will be taken in at each of those meetings. But it is all private or very intimate speculation. No sophomore who understands college etiquette would think of talking about the elections. None would admit even

a hope of being included in the "first five." Mary Martha Peters had therefore been guilty of a fearful social error in bringing up the subject at a heterogeneous dinner table. And the way she had expressed it was inexcusable.

Naturally a dead silence greeted her outrageous remarks. Then a freshman far down the table tittered nervously. K glanced across to the next table where Jo Kent and Ursula Craven had drawn seats side by side. They had heard too. She turned to Mary Martha.

"Please, Mary Martha,"—it was a real effort to speak pleasantly,—"don't let's talk about the societies. These elections are a profound secret, you know."

"Oh!" said the irrepressible Mary Martha calmly. "I saw you out walking with Sally Saunders, and I thought maybe a profound secret had leaked out. Well, let's talk about something else."

K went upstairs directly after dinner. By that time she had cooled off and could realize that Mary Martha hadn't meant to make her ridiculous, that probably most of the dining-room hadn't heard her, and that those who had would just laugh and say, "Another of Mary Martha's terrible breaks!"

If only she hadn't dragged in Sally Saunders! K grew hot again at the idea that she should be suspected of "working" Sally. As if a walk with Sally or being on a committee with Sally wasn't joy enough without hoping to "use" Sally to make a society.

K despised "using" people and "working" one's friends, planning deliberately, as so many girls did, to choose the right friends, the ones who could be "worked" to advantage. K took what came to her, each time wondering at her good fortune, and since so much did come it was perhaps little to her credit that she was never envious of girls who got what she didn't. She was probably the only prominent sophomore who had never given a thought to the society elections.

Now, resolved not to let them bother her any further, she shook her curls out of her eyes and considered what she could do for the rest of the evening that would most effectively shake the horrid dinner-table episode out of her mind.

She knew! She would buy a rose and take it to Mary Gordon for good-night. Mary Gordon was an off-campus sophomore, a quiet, solitary little thing, whom K had barely noticed until, a week ago, she had been walking with Ursula and they'd met Mary and her dog on the Sunset Hill Road. Mary was limping so badly that she could hardly walk, and K had been touched.

"I stumbled in a frozen rut and twisted my ankle," she explained, when K stopped her. "I shall be all right when I—get going." And very white and shaken, she dropped down in a heap by the roadside, still protesting faintly that she'd be all right in a minute.

K hailed a woman in a passing motor to take her to the college hospital, and she and Ursula took the dog home. After that, a call at the hospital seemed only the merest courtesy, and Mary's tearful gratitude for the break in her lonely days had made K resolve to go again. Well, she would—tonight—with a rose.

But tonight Mary wasn't lonely. Perched on the foot of her bed sat Nancy Gordon, who had graduated the year before with every honor the college could give her, and a brilliant junior friend of hers, Alice Gay. K shyly offered her flower and wanted to leave at once, but Nancy pulled her down to perch beside them and thanked her heartily for looking after her small cousin.

"She was afraid she'd never get home! Shouldn't have gone walking alone anyhow—it's no fun. Shouldn't be living off campus—

sophomores must learn to herd together. I've hustled around and found a room for her in Weldon and I hope she'll begin to cultivate some class and college spirit. You'll keep an eye on her, won't you, K?"

"Of course," K promised, proudly.

"You see," explained Alice Gay, "this child is Nancy's sole and only cousin, and her own family is in Europe, so Nancy's come up to make sure the ankle is getting on well, and incidentally she does want Mary to try life on the campus, as she almost promised to last June."

"But I knew Buddy would never be happy off by himself," sighed poor Mary plaintively.

"Who's Buddy?" inquired K.

"Just her Irish setter," sniffed Nancy. "Imagine spoiling your whole college course because you must have your dog up here!"

"But, Nancy," protested Mary with spirit, "some people love dogs and horses and doing things alone—I don't call myself alone when I have Buddy—and if I'm like that, why can't I go on in my own way, as long as I don't neglect my college work?"

"College isn't just work; it's living and learning to live," cried Nancy exasperatedly. "You ask K what she thinks of a sophomore who talks about college as if it were just a few classes!"

K smiled shyly at the great Nancy Gordon, and then she went and sat beside the small cripple.

"Jo Kent has her dog up here," she said. "He's a registered Airedale. At first Jo worried heaps about him but she doesn't now. There's a vacant room on my floor at Porter. Couldn't you come there instead of to Weldon, and try doing things with me? I certainly do think it's a shame to miss the friendships and the fun of college."

"Why, I'd love to be in Porter near you," said Mary unexpectedly.

AND this is why, a day or two later, Alice Gay invited K to supper at the Waffle Lady's with Nancy and a crowd of juniors, and why Mary Gordon, coming into the vacant place at Porter, was accepted as K's protégée and welcomed with mingled warmth and amazement by K's circle.



When the party unmasked, K took care to be conspicuous in her improvised gypsy raiment. Also, she took care to watch for three pink Columbines

Meanwhile K, having actually forgotten Mary Martha's blundering, had been to three secret meetings of the masquerade committee. Because she was so proud of her appointment to it, she had given a great deal of thought to the affair, and her suggestions were eagerly welcomed by the busy senior members. Indeed, her idea for a Christmas pantomime was chosen as the central feature of the grand entertainment. So interested was K in the preparations for the pantomime, the fact of the approaching elections was driven from her mind, though if she had been of an analytical temperament, two things about the Christmas recess would have puzzled her. One was the number of sophomores who, after having planned to go home, had suddenly decided to stay over; the other, the keen interest so many of them displayed in K's decision to stay, and their odd disapproval of it.

"I thought all the New England girls would go home," the Big Carter Twin told her solemnly.

"If I were going, I'd ask you twins to come along," said K. "But we're specially poor this year, and the railroad costs such a lot, zigzagging up and down to get across the mountains."

"Hills," sniffed the Carter Twin, who lived in Denver. "Sally Saunders is staying, so I hear."

"Nearly everybody seems to be," rejoined K.

The Twin nodded. "I wanted to dash to New York, but my other half was persuaded that our place is here."

"What do you mean?" demanded K, mystified.

"Don't you know?" asked the Big Twin, with such an air of assurance that K, sure that something had leaked out about the masquerade, grinned and said, "Oh, that! I'm glad you like it." At which the Big Twin stared and frowned and fell silent.

Babs Ingalls was even queerer. She invited K to go home with her, and when K explained that she couldn't afford any trip, and then added honestly, "There's another reason too, that I can't tell you about quite yet," Babs retorted, "Oh, I know all about that, thank you!" and went off in a huff.

K supposed she too had heard about the masquerade and all the fun K had been having with the committee.

"Maybe," she thought, "the other girls she's asked have got wind of the masquerade and want to stay for it, and it's spoiling her party, and so she's cross."

And then the masquerade was announced and the committee names posted: a long list of well-known seniors and juniors, and then K's.

Ursula Craven went to chapel with K that morning, and K waited while she read the list.

"Umph!" said Ursula, as they walked on. "You're clever, K. You always act so careless, but you're a great little planner."

K turned and stared at her. Ursula's voice sounded cold and hard—not like a friend's.

"I don't understand," began K. "Please tell me what you mean."

"I'm sure I don't need to explain," said Ursula. "It's perfectly plain—your staying here for the vacation, and being on this grand committee, and your bothering with that tiresome little Mary Gordon. It's all quite plain, K."

The next minute Ursula had skilfully lost herself in the chapel crowd, and that noon she went home for her sister's wedding, which was a reason for leaving early that even the dean had admitted to be sufficient.

K worried a good deal over Ursula's dark sayings. She couldn't for the life of her see what little Mary Gordon had to do with the masquerade—except that of course she was going to it. As her ankle was still troublesome, she was going as a limping beggar, with an old brown cape and a blackthorn stick. In the flurry of plans for the pantomime K hadn't thought much about her own costume. Something would turn up at the last minute, she thought, and it did. The Little Carter Twin confided to her that she and Babs Ingalls, who wasn't going home after all, were to be dressed as pink Columbines.

"Babs is going to ask one more person," she explained, "just our size. She said I'd be sure to tell who I knew, so she's not telling me, the wise Babs! And with three of us alike, nobody can tell which from tother."

She would go to the dance as another pink Columbine and then not even Babs Ingalls would know who the Columbines were. She deftly pried out of the Twin where they had bought their pink cloth and their patterns,

and she sat up late one night stitching together her costume.

Bound not to be caught putting it on at Porter, she took it to her locker in the gym basement and donned it there. K was very good at keeping secrets. Absolutely no one knew what she was wearing. Absolutely nobody had seen her adding a wisp of lace to her tiny black mask to make it more disguising. The Columbine who waved at her across the hall might be Babs Ingalls or the Carter Twin or Babs's friend, but she would have more than three guesses coming to her if she identified K.

K had carefully practised disguising her voice. She tried her funny little squeak on Mary Gordon, the beggar-man, and then on Jo Kent, whose chin, cleft by a big dimple, she had recognized over the frills and ruffles of an Elizabethan courtier. As neither of these two guessed her and her many chance encounters failed to pierce her incognito, she confidently made her way across to the other Columbine. She thought it was Little Carter; Babs Ingalls wasn't quite so slim.

"Cheerio!" cried K, when they met, and she patted the other Columbine on both her fantastically pinked cheeks.

"I'm certainly glad you've come," said a voice that wasn't Babs's and certainly wasn't the Little Twin's. "Let's get out of this mob where we can talk." And before K could protest she had dragged her out through a nearby exit into a dark little hallway.

"There!" she cried triumphantly, and pulled K down beside her on a big packing box that stood against the wall. "I thought you'd never come! I've talked to them all this time, and they say your giving a dinner tomorrow is a great thought, if you can get—"

"Wait!" squeaked K in her assumed falsetto. "You've made a mistake—"

"I have not!" proclaimed the other Columbine with decision. "I've seen the right ones this time—I'm sure of it. They say ask Sally and Peggy James and Al Gay, and if you can't get any of them, give it up. They're the ones that are tied up to K Blake—the ones we hoped to have a good chance at if K'd only gone home, as she ought—"

"Stop!" squeaked K again. "Please stop! You've made a mistake—I tell you I'm not—"

"Oh, I know you hate to hear K slammed," went on the Columbine, dragging poor K, who had risen, back beside her on the box. "I know you're crazy about her. We've all liked and trusted her and let her walk away with one thing after another. But now I tell you her game of simple innocence is up. Saying she couldn't afford to go home and getting Sal sorry for her, so she'd put her on her committee—making up to Mary Gordon the minute the great Cousin Nancy came up here, and so getting herself solid with Alice Gay—and all the time playing up to Lil Barter, so if Kappa doesn't take her in its first five, Gamma will! Of course I haven't a chance, but you have. Ursula and Jinny Fay and Pete Bond are the only ones that are sure of Kappa Zeta, and nobody's really sure of Gamma except Theodora Knapp. But of course with Sally and Al and Peggy all on the election committee, K is a very good bet, and that leaves only one place."

"Let me go, please," said K in her own voice—except that never before had her voice sounded so determined and commanding or so tragic. "Remember I tried to stop you. Now let me go."

The other Columbine started and stared and cried, "Oh, don't take it like that, dearie! Be sensible—" Then something in K's retreating figure struck her as wrong or unfamiliar, and she gave vent to a choked sob and a moaning. "Oh, what have I done? What have I done?"

K PAID no attention to her distress. Out of the little dark hall back into the blaze of light she went, seeing no one, paying no attention to the gay sallies of this bizarre figure or that. So aloof and strange she was, that pretty pink Columbine moving in ghostly silence through the noisy throng, that a murmur of wonder gathered and followed her, as she dived through the nearest exit to Porter, and ran straight into the arms of a third pink Columbine.

"Here, you, where are you going and where have you been?" cried the Little Carter Twin explosively. "We've looked—"

"Let me go," said K in that quiet, strange voice that didn't seem to belong to her at all,

and rushed on, just as she was, out into the wintry cold. Straight home she went—Porter would be deserted now—slipped off the hateful Columbine costume, and buried it, mask and all, in the depths of her window-seat chest.

And then—oh, was it too late to go home, where she could feel Mother's arms tight around her, where they all loved her, and there were no hateful rivalries and jealousies and misunderstandings? Last night the girls had sung Christmas carols, in a great circle around a towering, softly lighted tree, and K had felt the thrill of the Christmas spirit and had not minded staying over. But now—there wasn't any Christmas love and joy and good will in Harding any more.

Mary Martha's silly breaks—why, they



K suddenly decided that "Sensible—Happy" should and would be her motto

were what everybody was thinking and saying! The dreadful truth left K faint.

Who was that girl? How uncanny to meet her perhaps tomorrow on the campus and say, "Hello!" and not know—not be sure.

But did it matter? It was what they all thought—that she had been kind to Mary Gordon to help herself, had intrigued and maneuvered and schemed to get into a society.

For the loneliest, bitterest half hour in her happy life K sat facing the bitter revelation that had been forced upon her: that being friendly does not always make you friends, that the simplest kindness may be construed as self-interest, that the life-struggle is each for himself, and that the winner must often be ready to face heart-break and disillusion.

If she could only go home! But that would be running away! Well, wasn't it running away to sit here? What should she say when the rest came back and found her? Suppose the mysterious Columbine's disappearance had been generally noticed? Wouldn't somebody put two and two together and guess?

That other girl must never know. Galvanized into swift action by that decision, K rushed about pinning on a red shawl, a bright scarf or two, slipping on rings, beads, bracelets, a pair of long, jet earrings—bits of a gypsy costume that a girl who had suddenly been called home had left with K for anyone who might need it. Last of all she dug out the Columbine's mask, all the time hurrying desperately, because she must get back to the dance in time to be seen and identified before the crowd unmasked.

So it happened that in the middle of the evening, when the pantomime was over and things were beginning to drag a bit, a gay and debonair gypsy appeared, with a spray of holly in her hand ("Because I will believe in Christmas," thought K) and began impudently tweaking masks awry to find out who was who.

"It's K!" The word went round. "Where were you, K, when we had the pantomime?"

"Sorry. Delayed. Troubles of my own," said K succinctly. Was Jo Kent, who had missed her at the pantomime, really fond of her?

"You're lovely, K—so Christmassy. The pantomime went splendidly," Ursula was sure of a place in Kappa Zeta. Did her cousin Jane, who was speaking now, know about it? And was it Kappa Zeta that Ursula had meant when she called K a great little planner? Why, of course it was!

When the party unmasked, K, planning very definitely for once, took care to be conspicuous in her improvised gypsy raiment. Also, she took care to watch for three pink Columbines. Only two unmasked: Babs and the Little Twin. What was the third, the unknown, doing—and thinking—now? Was she too, perhaps, breathlessly watching somewhere to identify that fourth pink Columbine, the intruder? K shivered and crushed her mask into a hard ball in her hand. As long as she lived, she would hate masquerades.

Ten days after the ill-fated party Kappa Zeta "took in." Not a girl on the knowing Columbine's list was chosen except Jinny Fay. Then Gamma "took in," and got Ursula and Pete Bond and three girls who had never been popularly considered for such a signal honor, yet, when you thought of them carefully, were splendid girls.

And then, at its second January meeting Kappa took in again, and this time K headed the list and Sally Saunders gave her the pin to wear. K tried to act as happy as she would naturally feel and thought she succeeded. But when the Little Carter Twin rushed up to her after lunch, to announce that "the crowd" was giving a dinner for her that night at the White Inn, K's lips quivered and she said, "Please don't. I think I'm too tired to come."

"Tired!" pursued the Little Twin. (Oh, surely she couldn't have been one of those plotting Columbines!) "Today! My word!"

"Perhaps it's just that my head aches," said K forlornly, and precipitately departed to take refuge in a darkened room guarded by a "Don't disturb" sign.

There in the dusk Sally Saunders found her. "K," she began anxiously, "do you mind my breaking in like this, and did you prefer to go Gamma? I've heard rumors that something is the matter and I shan't be a bit hurt if you feel that way. You see I happen to know they'll take you next time—they're keen to."

"Oh, of course I don't prefer Gamma!" cried K. "I'd rather wear your pin than anything, Sally. Only I hope you don't think I expected you to help me—or schemed for it—"

"K dear," broke in Sally swiftly, "if you were a cheap little angle like—like some people I might mention, we shouldn't be such friends. Is that the trouble? Has somebody been insinuating—"

K nodded, the tears very near to falling.

Sally waited a minute. "K," she said at last, "have you done anything about this election that you're ashamed of?"

"No," said K steadily. "But something happened that I couldn't seem to help, and in that way I heard—what the others think—and I can't bear it!"

"K," began Sally slowly, "there are always people who misunderstand and misinterpret. You won't go far if you let that sort of thing get you. Play straight and profit by your mistakes, but never worry over rumors or gossip."

"But it hurts so!" sighed K.

"It won't when you think it over and realize how little it amounts to," declared Sally firmly. "What isn't so can't really hurt us. The people who invent and repeat it are injuring themselves, not us. Our part is to go right on playing the game."

"Of course," agreed K promptly. "I hate quitters, Sally, worse than anything."

There was a little silence.

"Headache very bad now?" asked Sally finally.

"You mean," demanded K, "that I ought to go to their dinner?"

"You've said it!" laughed Sally. "Most of them don't know that you refused. The ones who do are waiting downstairs this minute to see if they may go ahead with the plans."

"I'll be there," K promised. "I didn't run away before, and I mustn't now. Thank you a lot, Sally, for reminding me."

As K put on the pink crêpe, she remembered the time she had worn it last. A month ago, was it, or a year? Solemnly facing her reflection in the mirror, K realized that between times she had grown up.



MISCELLANY



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AS NATURAL AS LIFE

The Companion's Religious Article

IF religion, as former generations have known it, dwelt overmuch upon the supernatural, that is not to be interpreted wholly to their discredit. Religion is greater than any explanation of it, and is not limited by the degree of truth which may appear in any historic view, as it appears to later generations. But we can be thankful that we now are more inclined to interpret religion less in terms of the exceptional than of the constant; less in the supernatural than in the natural. That is not to deny the element in religion that is above and beyond our perception of the natural; it is to say that we are by no means sure that God draws any such line as we have drawn in the past between what is natural and what is supernatural. That line is the horizon between what we partially understand and what we understand not at all, or hardly at all. The line recedes as we advance. There may not be any such line, except in our limited vision.

Meantime, we are thankful that the God whose creative purpose we identify with Nature, and the God whose work we perceive within the realm of grace, are more and more manifestly one and the same Power. If religion be defined as the life of God within the soul of man, then true religion must be as natural as God's life. Furthermore, it must be as natural as the life of man.

That is something we should be very glad to understand and recognize. To know God in the life He has given us, to experience religion in that which belongs to the life of our own time, is an accomplishment of real significance. The Bible tells us that Jesus Himself was made in the likeness of men, taking not the nature of angels, but human nature of the kind that was normal in His time and nationality. What was true of Him must be true of every true revelation. He came that we might have life, and have it more abundantly; and His religion is life itself, life at its best. It is not abnormal or strained or unnatural. It is as natural as life.

FROSTBITE

The Companion's Medical Article

FROSTBITE is a local condition resulting from exposure to intense cold. It may sometimes be caused by insufficient protection during exposure to minor degrees of frost. It differs from chilblain, which is a chronic condition owing to defective circulation produced by the continued action of damp cold well above the freezing point.

Mere freezing of a part is not dangerous provided it be not too extensive or too long continued. It is sometimes caused intentionally by the surgeon to prevent the pain of a minor surgical operation, such as the opening of a boil or abscess. But it is of great importance, in order to prevent the serious consequences of frostbite, to recognize the condition as soon as it occurs. There are two danger periods: first, when the part is frozen and the small blood vessels are so contracted

that no blood can pass through them; second, when the part thaws out and the blood-vessels, damaged by the freezing, permit a leakage of fluid into the tissues to such a degree that the vessels are closed by the pressure and the circulation is again cut off.

The extremities of the body—feet and hands, nose, cheeks, and ears—are naturally those most exposed to freezing, and frostbite is seldom seen elsewhere. It is not always easy to know when frostbite has occurred. If you could see your own nose and ears it would be easy enough to observe the waxy whiteness of the primary freezing, and when in company with others a mutual inspection of these parts should be made. When alone you can be guided by the loss of sensation on pressure with the finger, or an inability to move the fingers and toes. Mottling of the skin—red, pink, or purple—that does not disappear on pressure is a serious symptom.

Frostbite is prevented by everything that promotes good circulation—good food, exercise, and good general health. People who suffer from high blood pressure, hardening of the arteries, or weak hearts should not expose themselves to zero weather. The popular treatment is to rub the part with snow or ice water, a practice which polar travellers condemn as liable to cause excoriations, especially on the face, where the skin is tender. A moderate degree of warmth should be applied in the shape of slightly warmed dry cloths, a warm (not hot) water bottle, or by contact with other parts of the body surface. No greater heat than that of the body should be applied, and no moist heat of any degree. The danger in neglected frostbite is that of broken blisters followed by gangrene, a matter for the physician.

CALEB'S COALS OF FIRE

Mr. Peaslee Appreciates a Neighbor

WHEN the Beebe place was sold," Caleb Peaslee submitted, with the air of making a confession, "I was a little put out over it—more'n a little, to speak the truth about it. I'd got it all figured out that Clem Bassett was goin' to buy it,—matter of fact, he would have bought it if he'd acted a couple of days sooner,—and I sort of lotted on havin' him for a neighbor. He's a good neighbor, Clem is."

"Said to be, over in the Pond village," Deacon Hyne admitted.

"Well," Caleb proceeded, "b'fore Clem c'd make up his mind he wanted to pay the price they asked, along comes this city man, ready money in his hand; so Clem lost the place and I lost a good neighbor, the way I looked at it then."

"Feelin' the way I did, I didn't welcome the new man with any kind of warmth. I was some ashamed of myself once or twice at the way I answered him when he was tryin' to be cordial; and when I think how I let him go ahead and plant his beans ahead of his peas, me knowin' all the time a frost'd be sure to ketch 'em—well, I'm downright ashamed of myself!" Mr. Peaslee seemed to ponder his shortcomings for a moment. "I ain't much of a neighbor for a man to have, I guess," he admitted ruefully, "though I'm plannin' to mend myself if I'm spared."

"Who is this new neighbor of yours?" the deacon demanded. "Is his name Cleaves?"

"Yes, his name's Cleaves," replied Caleb. "As I've already told you, I about the same's went out of my way to be churlish and

unlikeable to'rds him, so much so that my wife took notice of it and gin me more'n one hint of dis'proval.

"Well, about a week ago I found my gasoline engine was out of kilter right when I needed it most; water was down in the tank, and I had scythes to grind and some wood to be sawed and a number of other chores I couldn't compass without the engine; so I set to work to remedy it—and me not knowin' a namable thing about it."

"It was a hot day, and I worked there the better part of the forenoon, and come dinner time I wa'n't any more advanced than I was in the b'ginnin'."

"Well, after dinner I went out into the hot yard again and stood there lookin' at that aggravatin' machine. I was jest wonderin' what confounded dingus I'd better fool with next when I heard a step behind me, and then this man Cleaves spoke up:

"I've watched you this forenoon," he says; 'I wonder if I could help you some; I'm more or less skilled about these machines."

"Well, c'n'sid'rin' the way I'd used him, I couldn't relish takin' help from him, but he jest unscrewed some of the wirin' and scraped it and put it back on again and fiddled a minute with the carb' retor, and then stepped back and looked at me. 'Try it now,' he says. So I gin it a whirl, and off she went 'sif it'd never had any idea of bein' balky."

"That wire was loose," he says, 'so it only made connection by spells,' he says; 'and you'd tightened up the valve till you weren't gettin' any gas to speak of. Outside of that, the engine's all right."

"And with that for a text he stood there and give me a lesson about engines that'll profit me more'n any day's work I ever done. Seems he's designed more'n one of 'em and knows a lot about machines gen'rally. He showed me why my grindstone didn't turn even, and how to take up a slack belt, and why the front doorbell don't ring, and dozen other things that's bothered me. And I just stood there and learn't from him."

"I sh'd have thought you might have felt mean," the deacon commented.

"I did," Caleb agreed honestly. "But I'm tryin' to work out a part of my debt to him. I've showed him if he plants his corn six inches deep he'll wait a long time for it to come up, and that pigweed kills easiest right when it starts, and a dozen other things that a farmer knows and a city man don't. So in time," he consoled himself, "I may git where I won't be 'shamed to look him in the face, mebbe. But I ain't got there yit."

WASHINGTON'S NEW COAT

The Glass of Fashion in Virginia

DRESS for women was never simpler and more hygienic than at present. Clothes for men have not quite kept pace, perhaps, in the matter of increased comfort and simplicity; but they are far more simple and comfortable than in the days of our forefathers, and far easier to obtain. Few young men of the present, even the vainest and most frivolous, would care to give the profound and painstaking attention to the details of a new coat which George Washington of Virginia thought it necessary to bestow when ordering one from his tailor, in London. To be sure, it was to go courting in; and he was, in the old country phrase, "a fine figger of a man," who doubtless wished to look his best. He was no finicky dandy; yet here is the memorandum, which still exists in his own handwriting:

"MEMORANDUM: To have my coat made by the following directions: To be made a frock, with a lapel breast; the lapel to contain on each side six button-holes, and to be about five or six inches wide all the way, equal, and to turn as the breast of the coat does: to have it made very long waisted, and in lengths to come down to or below the bend of the knee; the waist from the armpit to the fold to be exactly as long or longer than from thence to the bottom; not to have more than one fold in the skirt, and the top to be made just to turn in, and three button-holes; the lapel at the top to turn as the cape of the coat, and bottom to come parallel with the button-holes; the last button-hole in the breast to be right opposite to the button on the hip."

[MISCELLANY CONTINUED ON PAGE 763]

Historic Calendar for December

Verses by Arthur Guiterman—Drawings by L. F. Grant



December 11, 1688

James II Flees from England

The men of England vowed, "Our land shall groan
Beneath the Stuarts' tyrant rule no longer!"
Off ran King James and left his royal throne
And scepter to a better and a stronger.

December 17, 1903

First Airplane Flight

"Today, I think we'll fly," said Orville Wright;
Said Wilbur Wright, "I see no harm in trying."
Their biplane rose and soared in daring flight
And now in every sky the planes are flying.



December 21, 1620

The Landing of the Pilgrims

The Pilgrims stepped ashore on Plymouth Rock
With Carver, Alden, Robinson, and Standish,
Who gave the watching natives quite a shock—
Their collars, coats, and hats were so outlandish!

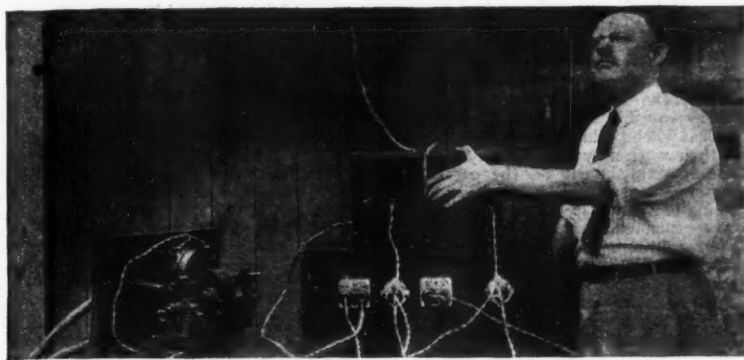


December 25, 800

Charlemagne Crowned Emperor

Upon the massive head of Karl the Great,
Before the thronging nobles, knights, and pages,
They placed the crown of Rome's imperial state.
On Europe's darkness dawned the Middle Ages.

THE MARCH OF SCIENCE



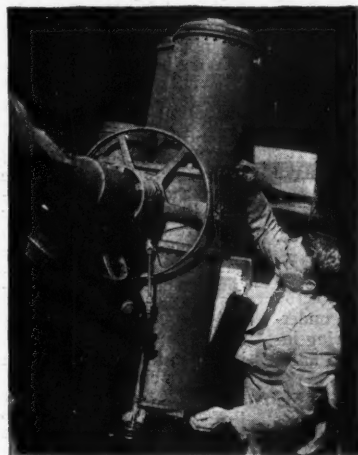
SCIENCE SUPPLIES EARS FOR AN AIRPLANE FIELD

This Device Floods a Landing Field with Light when an Airplane Approaches

ABOVE you see pictured a simple apparatus which as time goes on may well add its bit to the recent impressive record of aviation progress. It performs the almost human function at a landing field of "hearing" an airplane approaching, and in response turning on lights which flood

the field to guide the pilot in landing. It is the invention of Dr. T. Spooner.

The apparatus consists of a sound-sensitive mechanism, which can pick out among other noises the characteristic drone of an airplane engine and cause lighting circuit relays to close. (Photo by Harris & Ewing.)



"SHOOTING" THE STARS

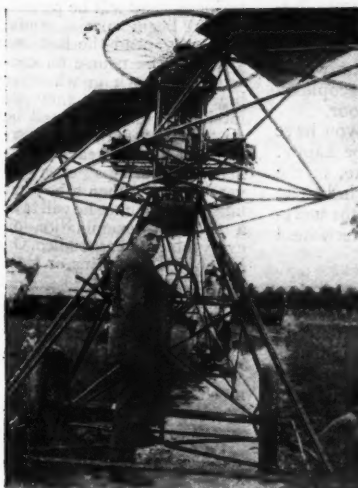
A Camera That Photographs the Heavens

THE formidable piece of apparatus on the left is a great astronomical camera, designed to photograph and so make available for permanent reference complete records of the heavenly bodies. The distance of the stars and the density of the atmosphere make long exposures necessary, and to avoid blurring the camera is equipped with delicate clock-work mechanism which compensates for the movement of the earth or of the body to be photographed. The records made available in this way are of the greatest value to students of astronomy, many of whom would otherwise have no means of studying such celestial phenomena as eclipses and comets. The picture at the left shows Professor John H. Pitman of Swarthmore College, photographing the Pons-Winnecke comet. (Photo by Times-Wide World.)

ANOTHER HELICOPTER

One More Machine for Vertical Flight

EVER since flying became practicable engineers and inventors have been laboring over the problem of vertical flight. Now a German inventor named Engelbert Zaschke has designed a helicopter which he says will rise vertically into the air and remain stationary there. His machine is shown in the picture below. Mr. Zaschke's contrivance has actually risen straight into the air to a height of twenty or thirty feet. It can hardly be called more than a model machine, but it may embody the principles that will eventually make vertical flight to any height possible. At present it is merely a scientific curiosity. (Photo by Times-Wide World.)



A MONSTER LOCOMOTIVE

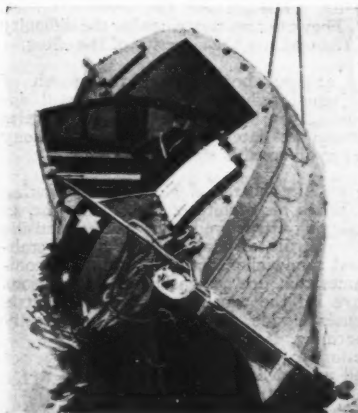
The Latest Thing in Electric Engines

ELECTRIC locomotives have many advantages. Their tractive power is immense, they require no fueling on the road, and they make no smoke. For use in and about large city terminals and for drawing trains through long tunnels they are pretty nearly indispensable. The picture to the right shows what is probably the most powerful electric locomotive yet built. It was made by the General Electric Company for the Great Northern Railway, and it will be used for pulling heavy freight trains through the new tunnel through the Cascade Mountains in the State of Washington. This tunnel, when it is completed, will be nearly eight miles long and will avoid a number of dangerous curves and shorten the line. The big locomotive weighs no less than 250 tons, and uses both alternating and direct current. (Photo by P. & A.)

THIS BOAT WON'T UPSET

A Really Stable Rider of the Sea

MAN has long taxed his ingenuity to make a lifeboat that can ride the stormiest waves in safety, and the accepted type of life-craft does have a very satisfactory amount of stability. However, the boat of broadest beam and most carefully adjusted ballast will capsize if the conditions are bad enough. But an English inventor named Roy has contrived a lifeboat which he believes can neither be sunk nor capsized. It consists of an inner shell, swinging on pivots within an outer shell. The passengers sit in this inner shell, which theoretically at least maintains its horizontal position while the outer shell may be turned over and over. The picture shows Mr. Roy seated in his boat while an overhead crane is swinging the outer shell upside down in the water. (Photo by Times-Wide World.)



THE INSTRUMENT THAT TOOK LINDBERGH TO FRANCE

Secretary of the Navy Wilbur Inspects the Earth Inductor Compass

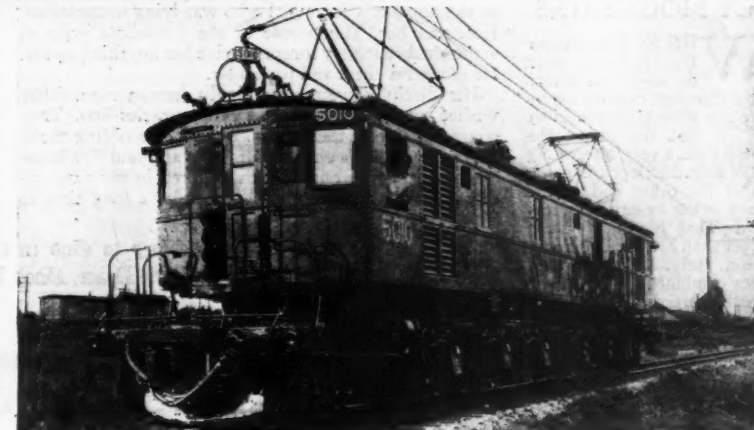
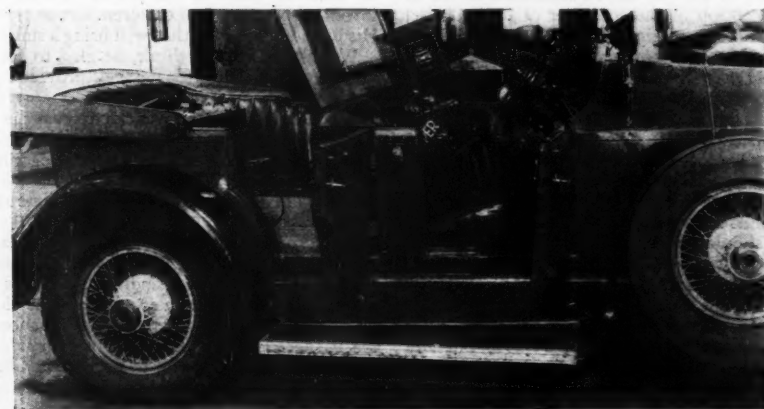
ABOVE is one of the newest contributions to aeronautical progress—the earth inductor compass by which Charles A. Lindbergh steered his course last May to Paris. This instrument is really a small generator which uses the earth's magnetic field in place of the conventional "field coils." Whenever a coil of wire revolves in a magnetic field it generates a current which is a maximum when the greatest number of

"lines of force" are being cut by the revolving wires. The position of the brushes likewise determines the amount of current delivered. Thus, when the brushes are set a certain way all the aviator needs to do to maintain a given course is to hold his plane so that the reading on a connected ammeter is consistently zero. The small fan blade which you see drives the armature spindle. (Photo by Harris & Ewing.)

THE DRIVERLESS CAR

This Automobile Is Operated by Radio

THE curious spectacle of a big six-cylinder automobile stopping, starting, weaving its way through traffic, without any human being on either front or rear seat, lately astonished the people of Los Angeles. The secret lay in the radio set which can be seen ensconced in the driver's place, and in the little motor attached to the steering post just below the wheel. These pieces of mechanism were controlled by wireless impulses from a small broadcasting apparatus, operated by the inventor, who was in another motor car, some distance behind the empty car. Like many scientific achievements, this seems at first glance more curious than practical, but the principle of radio control of power is one that promises wide future use. (Photo by Times-Wide World.)



FACT and COMMENT

How the Companion Editors see the News of the Day

THE IGNORANT are the severest critics. They can appreciate neither the difficulty of the task nor the sincerity of the effort.

IF ANYONE DOUBTS that the march of "equal rights" for women is still advancing, consider the fact that a Los Angeles woman was lately ordered to pay alimony to her divorced husband!

THE ART CENTER of New York is offering prizes for architects to compete for, in designing attractive stands for the roadside sale of fruit, vegetables, "hot dogs," crab-meat sandwiches, and ice cream. The companies that operate gasoline filling-stations have led the way, for many of the little houses beside the gas pump are really charming. If something can be done to reform the shanties and up-ended packing boxes that too often shelter the roadside merchant, the highways of America will gain tremendously in attractiveness.

APROPOS of our recent editorial on "The Sense of Proportion," we call attention to the "laughing contest" that was inaugurated in a moving-picture theater out in Iowa. The winner—a woman, by the way—laughed for six minutes and fifty seconds without intermission and got a silver loving-cup as a prize. Is that the kind of trophy, we ask, that one can bequeath with pride to one's offspring? Or will the lady, when the fever of cachinnatory competition has cooled, be a little ashamed of having won that kind of frivolous distinction?

TORNADOES like that which destroyed buildings and property worth \$75,000,000 in St. Louis recently do not create their havoc by the force of the wind itself, however great that may be. The air contained in every building is continually pressing outward with a force of almost a ton to every square foot of wall surface. Of course the air outside is pressing inward with the same force, so that ordinarily the pressure is exactly equalized. But the heart of the whirling tornado is a vacuum, or nearly so. When it passes over a building the pressure of the outside air is suddenly removed, while that of the air within the walls remains unchanged. The result is that the building explodes, as it were. Walls and roof are blown upward and outward and torn to fragments in the process.

ON GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS

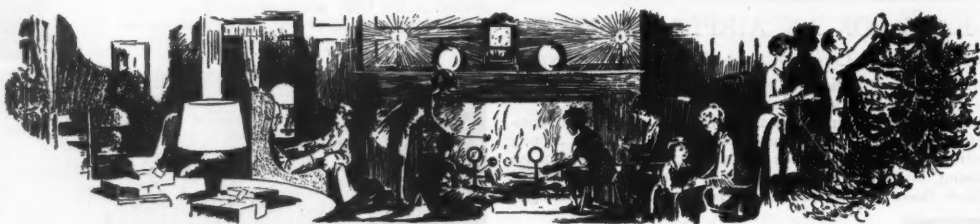
WHILE Commander Byrd is hard at work on his preparations for a thorough exploration by airplane of the great continent of ice that lies about the South Pole, a very interesting bit of scientific work is going on at the other end of the earth on the ice-cap of Greenland. That island, which is larger than France, Germany, Spain, Italy, and the British Isles combined, is a gigantic weather-breeder. The barometer is continually low over its surface in summer and winter, and cyclonic storms are generated there in frequent succession, to sweep down across the steamer lanes of the North Atlantic.

The fact is that almost the whole of Greenland is covered with a mass of ice, in places two thousand feet thick. This ice sheet, slowly pressing outward to the sea, gives birth to thousands of icebergs annually and by the combination of moisture and extreme cold gives rise to dangerous alternations of fog and storm. Hitherto there has been a very inadequate study of Greenland weather conditions, and no attempt to chart and give warning of the storms that are bred there.

But since last July there has been a weather station at Mount Evans, on the ice-cap some distance above the Arctic Circle and one hundred twenty miles inland from the east coast of Greenland. It was established by an American, Professor Hobbs of the Uni-

versity of Michigan, and it is to be maintained through the winter by a party of four men, who are to make every sort of meteorological observation. They will have to face hardship and discomfort, for the climate of the ice-cap in winter is abominable in every way. But they hope to learn a great deal that will be valuable about that climate, and their work may lead the way to a permanent establishment on the east coast, which by means of radio can give timely warning of many a storm.

These men are admirable examples of the modern scientist, who is today the world's real adventurer. To such men, no danger and no suffering is to be avoided, if perchance they can gain some knowledge that may be of service to mankind.



The True Christmas

ABOUT a year ago we printed a photograph of the little log cabin in which Abraham Lincoln was born. On page 750 of this number you will find a drawing of the small farmhouse where George Washington first saw the light.

Nobody can look at such pictures without realizing that the size and style of a birthplace make no difference. The character of the man who comes from it is all that counts, in the end.

On the twenty-fifth of December we come to the greatest birthday in the world. The birth took place in a stable behind a village inn. Why does all history date from the event that took place there, nineteen hundred and twenty-seven years ago? How best can we, who call ourselves Christians, celebrate that day?

The only way to answer these questions is to try to get a true conception of the character of Jesus Christ. The safest way is to go straight to the Gospels and form your own opinion from contemporary records. What kind of boy and man do you meet?

There is only one glimpse of His boyhood, but how much it tells about Him! He was lost for three days. When His worried parents found Him at last, He was sitting among the doctors of theology in the Temple, hearing them and asking them questions. It is to their credit that they recognized the spirit in Him and did not gruffly dismiss Him with the statement that twelve-year-old boys should be seen and not heard.

He was always welcome, always popular, wherever He went. Read in St. Mark's Gospel how He started His work by healing the sick poor. All kinds of sufferers were brought to Him. Some were insane, others were deaf, or blind, or stammerers; and there was an old lady suffering from fever. He relieved them all. He did not boast of His power; in fact, He asked His disciples not to talk about it. But His reputation grew. He was taken to the home of a little girl who was lying unconscious. He cured her. The people of the household were so astonished that they forgot to give her anything to eat. He reminded them and passed by.

His disciples were exceedingly human men. They wished that they could perform miracles too. They quarreled among themselves. Instead of scolding them, He took up a little child in His arms and said: "Whosoever shall receive one of such children in my name receiveth me." But it took the disciples a long time to

learn; they made the same pathetic mistakes about His character and mission which we are likely to make today.

Proud mothers brought their children to see Him. The disciples tried to shoo these visitors away. St. Mark tells us that He was "much displeased." He rebuked the busybodies, saying: "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God." Finally the people began to understand Him; finally they saw He had come to bring innocent joy and happiness into the world and to unite all men under a loving Father in Heaven.

When we come to His birthday, let us try to see Him as He lived—an alert boy who sought education, a hard worker in the carpenter shop, a renowned healer, an honored guest in the homes of rich and poor, a lover and benefactor of children. Let us try to celebrate His birthday in a way that will bring a smile to His face.

Would He, do you think, be glad to see you taxing your purse to buy gifts for well-provided people who don't need them?

Would He agree that you can express the true Christmas spirit just by mailing out a stack of printed cards?

Would He be pleased to see you regarding the day only as one more "legal holiday," on which you try merely to give yourself a selfish good time at the movies or at a restaurant?

You can be very sure how Jesus would answer these questions. It is certain that He would smile with approval if He saw us spending Christmas happily at home, with the children around us. The children come first on Christmas Day. After them, we should look and see if there is some lonely old person who should be cheered. It is not enough to take her a Christmas dinner in a basket. If you are really a Christian, she will sit at your table on Christmas Day.

Spend the day in giving cheer to those who would otherwise not have it. Never mind about rich people on that day. Let your gifts and visits be to the poor.

You will be tired when evening comes, if you have spent Christmas in this way. But you will be happy. For you will have seen a miracle. Somewhere, in the light that shines from the face of a child whom you have made glad, you will catch a reflection of the undying light that shines from the face of Christ, after whom Christmas is named.



"Glory to God in the Highest, and on Earth Peace, Good Will toward Men"

AN EDUCATIONAL EXPERIMENT

EDUCATION in the United States appears to advance by the process of "trial and error." One generation makes the trial, which the next pronounces an error. Take our systems of college study, for example. One need not be incredibly old to remember when the old established curriculum of Latin, Greek, and mathematics (with a little natural science) was pitched overboard in the name of progress and the elective system proclaimed to be the discovery of the ages. After a couple of decades election of studies was found to produce a scattering and desultory sort of education, and the idea of "majoring" in one branch of learning was launched with much enthusiasm. The present generation of college teachers finds that system unsatisfactory too; and they are still more critical of the practice of granting diplomas on the mechanical principle of so many courses taken and so many "credits" received. All our ingenious improvements seem to have left our college education either one-sided or a scrappy thing.

What is there to do about it? What is the next expedient to be tried? It seems to be agreed that, while a good, practical, fairly thorough knowledge of one group of subjects is necessary, the effort should be made to relate that group coherently to the rest of the field of learning. Courses should not be regarded as independent units, each counting toward a degree, but so arranged that the scholar gets a clear idea of what man's history on earth has been, of the foundations on which our civilization is built, and of the steps by which our present store of knowledge has been accumulated. It looks a little like getting back to an earlier principle.

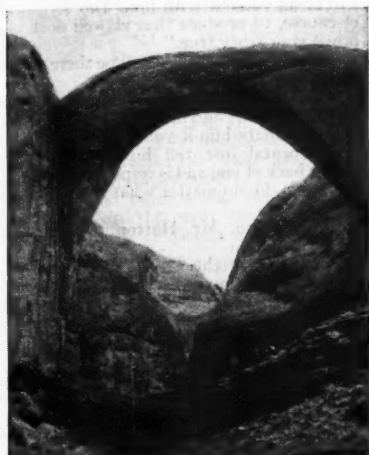
A good many colleges are making a start in this direction. The most significant experiment is being made at Wisconsin, where Doctor Meiklejohn, formerly president of Amherst, is in charge of a college within the university which will attempt to give its pupils a useful survey of the political, social, and intellectual history of mankind. One year will be spent in a careful and illuminating study of the classic civilization in all its aspects. The next will take up our modern civilization in the same way. When the boys have had this training, they will be permitted to begin special study, and may spend the last two years of the course on concentrated work in whatever branch of learning they are interested in. There will be no "credits" and, we understand, no "mid-year" examinations—perhaps even no yearly ones. When a boy has finished his course he will take a thorough examination on everything he has studied. On his showing he wins or loses his degree.

Let us all watch Doctor Meiklejohn's college. The scholars it produces will be different in quality from the average college graduate—so much is certain. They will turn out to be differently educated men.

"This Busy World" will be found, this month, on page 783.



MISCELLANY



Keyston Photo

THE STONE RAINBOW

A Natural Marvel in Utah

THERE are a number of "natural bridges" in the United States, most if not all of which have been hollowed out of the rock through long ages of erosion by water. One of the most remarkable of them is in the now almost rainless region on the borders of Utah and Arizona. The graceful arch of its span is 308 feet above the floor of the canyon beneath; some idea of what that means can be gathered from the fact that the dome of the Capitol at Washington is only 288 feet above the floor of that building. This great bridge—which few people have ever seen, so remote is it from any well-settled region—is sometimes called the "Stone Rainbow" because of its almost perfect curve. It is carved out of a mass of red sandstone.

SENATOR

A Dog with a Conscience

SENATOR, the collie, paced stiffly to the barn to visit his dearest friend, old white Nance, the family horse. Mr. Stickney had seen Senator do this very thing almost daily for a dozen years, and it therefore seemed a part of the domestic routine and machinery. But what followed was far from the usual.

Senator had scarcely jumped heavily through the low barn window into Nance's stall before there was a crashing kick and a sharp howl of pain. Mr. Stickney ran into the barn and found the dog yelping and dragging himself away from the horse's heels, while Nance was looking around in a pained and mystified way. One of Senator's legs was mangled and bloody, and hung limp from the hip. It was one of those hot days when horseflies do their worst, and it was plain that Friend Nance in trying to rid herself of them had laid the Senator low.

Joe, one of Mr. Stickney's boys, came running to see what was the matter, and luckily he had a play-express wagon with him. So, while the father comforted the wounded collie as much as possible, the son threw some straw in the bottom of the wagon. Senator, who now only groaned like a man who was getting himself under control, was lifted in and carried into the summer kitchen.

Doctor Coulter, a neighbor and a friend of the family (which had included Senator since he was a puppy), was called by telephone and in a few minutes was bending over the patient. Doctor Coulter washed the leg with antiseptics, so that there would be no danger of blood poisoning, and put the splintered bones in place, after having given Senator a whiff of ether, bandaged the leg securely, and then made a plaster cast which went round not only the broken limb but the hind part of the body as well.

When Senator "came to" it was feared that he would object to being done up in plaster. But he simply turned his head to look himself over, and when Mr. Stickney and the doctor stroked him and turned his nose gently but firmly away from the plaster cast he seemed to understand that he had been told to let it alone.

For several days he lay around with his head between his two well front paws, and ate little, but he made no attempt to disturb the cast. When he began to get stronger, he would carefully rise on his front legs, look thoughtfully at his rear quarters and place the third good foot on the floor, gradually putting more and more of his weight upon it.

By the end of the second week after the accident Senator was able to hobble around on three feet, and about the first time he was allowed to go out of doors Mr. Stickney found him with his nose elevated to the barn window whining for old Nance, telling her as plainly as any dog could that he knew she was not to blame for what had happened. As Senator got to be more and more himself, his master and the doctor expected every day to find him with his plaster splintered and torn off, and the shattered bone, which had not yet knitted together, pulled apart. But the weeks passed and Senator did nothing of the kind. At length the great day came when it was safe to remove the cast. The doctor told Mr. Stickney to cut the plaster away, but the moment the master took out his knife Senator became quite frantic. He tore the whole thing off with his teeth in the time that it takes to tell about it—"which goes to show," says the doctor, who told the story, "that his conscience was what held him back during all those four weeks of trial."



AN OLD WHEEL CHAIR

The Story of the First Chair

IN the year 1740, the Countess of Artois, a member of an ancient French noble family, became so crippled with rheumatism that she could not walk. Leaving the gayeties of the French court, she retired to her castle in the valley of the Loire. She had always been a very active person, and the unusual confinement preyed upon her mind so that her relatives feared for her sanity.

In the household of the countess was a very clever young cabinet-maker. The unfortunate condition of his mistress led him to attempt to build a chair in which the countess could propel herself by her own efforts. After many weeks of experimenting he completed the first invalid's chair that was ever made.

By turning the two handles on the arms of the chair a series of cogs were moved which caught into iron knobs fitted on the edges of the heavy wooden wheels. The vehicle was crude, but efficient. The countess found great pleasure in the invention and wheeled herself about continually when the weather was fine.

When she died, ten years before the Revolution, the king, having heard of the unique invention, requested that it be moved to the palace at Versailles.

But the chair's days of usefulness were not ended; a still more interesting story is connected with it. During the Revolution it was brought to Paris for the use of Georges Couthon, a famous member of the Committee of Public Safety, who had been paralyzed through a most peculiar accident. He had been paying attention to a young lady whose father was much opposed to him. The lovers were forced to hold secret meetings near her home. One evening the father discovered them and rushed upon Couthon with a heavy stick. Couthon took to his heels, and soon left the father behind. But in the darkness he fell into an uncovered well. He fell feet foremost and landed in water up to his waist. There he was forced to stand for thirty-six hours before anyone heard his cries and came to his assistance. As a result the lower part of his body became paralyzed. However, Couthon was a vigorous and brilliant member of the Committee of Public Safety, and he used the countess's chair to get about in.

Today the chair is one of the most valued treasures in the Carnavalet Museum—that extraordinary repository in Paris, where are housed a vast collection of objects—models, maps and drawings, dealing with Paris and its history, from the time when it was no more than a huddled cluster of buildings on the Isle de la Cité, dealing with every phase through which it has passed, including particularly the Revolution which came close to destroying its very fabric.

TOYS OF THE CZARS

Playthings That Amused Russia's Rulers

NOT toys of the children of the Czars, but of the Czars themselves, grown men responsible for ruling one sixth of the habitable globe, were the incredibly costly, gorgeous and useless trifles displayed recently to a

group of newspapermen in Moscow by the soviet authorities. One correspondent, Walter Duranty, wrote a description of them for the New York Times. Included among them was a toy train, eighteen inches long, designed for Nicholas II as a souvenir of the opening of the Trans-Siberian Railroad. It was a perfect miniature model of the imperial train, with five gold cars and a platinum locomotive. Inside the cars were furniture, restaurant, bath and private chapel complete. Wound up with a tiny golden key, the glittering ridiculous thing ran smoothly across a table covered with black velvet.

Then there is a little orange tree, writes Mr. Duranty, eight inches high, in a mother-of-pearl tub, with ruby and pearl ropes squaring it off, emerald leaves, ruby fruits and diamond flowers. You press a button and the tree opens, showing a tiny enameled nightingale sitting on a golden bough, singing and flapping its wings.

There is a gold stage-coach, whose wheels turn round, four inches long by an inch and a half high, with a twenty-carat diamond swinging like a lantern within.

Priceless little seed-pearl snowdrops, with emerald leaves coming up through diamond snow, are all enclosed in an Easter egg of rock crystal.

Czar Nicholas I, who fought the British in the Crimea, amused himself with a wide gold filigree bracelet containing a Renaissance Venetian mirror as large as a wrist-watch, made of a diamond slab an inch and a half by one inch, set like a piece of plate-glass upon a polished steel background.

Soviet experts reckon that a 100-carat diamond was demolished to provide this priceless, thin transparent slice.



A CHINESE INFERNO

How Taoism Induces Good Behavior

AMONG the most curious sights in China are the temples of the Taoist cult, which are to be found in all the cities of any importance. These temples, called in the larger cities "kuan miao," or magistrate's temple, are built around a large courtyard, in which the ceremonies of the faith are performed. Often the courtyard is surrounded by a sort of cloister, in which, behind iron bars, are to be seen groups of plaster images, which picture the unhappy fate of sinners in the hell that Taoist theology provides for such persons. Every sort of ingenious and savage torture is represented; nothing that Dante saw in the Inferno is more horrible than some of these bits of Chinese fancy. To give one example, only, the unlucky sinner is often shown ground between two millstones which are being turned by exultant demons.

The figures are very cleverly made upon a wooden framework, stuffed and covered with plaster. The best of them are exceedingly lifelike, as our picture shows. This particular group represents the king of the infernal regions with his consort and the torturer-in-chief, who dances about with uplifted sword. Most of these groups—which irresistibly suggest the wax figures in those "chambers of horrors" that are copied after Mme Tussaud's famous waxworks in London—were made long ago. Some of them are probably five or six hundred years old.

WHAT IS YOUR SCORE?

1. What king of England was succeeded by three of his children, one after another?
2. Who said, "Am I my brother's keeper"?
3. Who invented the revolver?
4. How far is the moon from the earth?
5. What baseball teams played for the World's Championship last October?
6. What is the Mohammedan name for God?
7. Give the two lines that follow these:
"The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart."
8. From what poem are the above lines taken?
9. In what naval battle was the power of Antony and Cleopatra broken?
10. Who was the king's son known for his close friendship with King David?
11. Where do the highest ocean tides occur?
12. What product is advertised as 99 44/100% pure?
13. What is the name of the gearing

that permits the outside wheel of an automobile to revolve faster than the inside wheel when turning a corner?

14. What state in the United States has the densest population per square mile?

15. Who wrote "The Return of the Native"?

16. What are the first five books of the Bible called?

17. What useful part of the grain is removed in making white flour?

18. What was the Greek name for the god the Romans called Jupiter?

19. Who led the charge at Gettysburg that has been called "the high tide of the Confederacy"?

20. What is the difference between a stud and a joist?

21. Of what country is Teheran the capital?

22. Who first identified the germ of tuberculosis?

23. What English churchman is called "the gloomy dean"?

24. Who wrote "Auld Lang Syne"?

25. In what country are dykes built to keep the sea from overflowing the lands?

(Answers on page 783)

THE WINTER GUARD

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 742]

"Do you know what your mean old wolverine has done? He's ripped a hole in both screens, got in the cooler and pulled the beef down. Then he chewed it in a dozen places and walked all over it. Tried to drag it out in the snow, but found it too heavy and bunglesome for that, so he just tore off chunks to eat and spoiled the shank. Dirty old thief!"

Dan looked at the mauled beef. "Come in, Jimmy," he said. "I want to eat something and I can't if I look at that any longer. We will feed on pancakes this morning."

THAT was a meal where there was little jollity. Both boys regretted the loss of their beef, though the thought of the fat doe that hung from a sapling in the canyon comforted them a little.

After breakfast, Dan went to the books and soon found W. T. Hornaday's chapter on wolverines. This he read aloud to Jimmy, while the younger boy made his eyes big and round and exclaimed boy-fashion.

"I don't want anything to do with him. You can keep your old skunk-bear-carcajou-glutton-wolverine for all of me," Jimmy declaimed loudly. "Gimme an axe, if I've got to fight one of those things. Or a machine gun. Wow! Did you say you ever saw one?"

"No, but one of the men here told what an old French Canadian said to him about one he fought. He said Telesphore Guyon had trapped many years in Canada and once accidentally cornered a carcajou. The animal turned on him, as anything will when it is cornered, and the old man was in snow to his hips, so he had to fight it out right there. The wolverine came at him like a crazy thing and he had all he could do, with a short club and a knife, to keep it from killing him.

"Three times it dodged his club and got to him, tearing the flesh on his left arm and side, but the knife and club beat it back. Then it came on again and he cracked it a hard one on the nose and stabbed it in the throat with the knife in his left hand.

"Me, Ah'm satisfy," the old man told him. "No more Ah'm weesh for to fight le carcajou. One tam is plenty for Telesphore."

Dan laughed, as he rose from his chair and stretched his muscles.

"Come on, Jimmy," he invited. "Let's go get our venison killed out of season and hang it inside, away from wolverines."

The boys got their skis and poles, saw to it that every strap was sound and started out, unarmed, save that Dan carried the hand axe, thinking it easier to cut the sapling down than to climb it and bend it low to get the venison.

The boys soon came close to the side of

the canyon, and Jimmy suddenly wheeled towards it, seeing a clear streak that led all the way down to the bottom. Without saying a word to Dan, he started to coast down the too steep slope. While he had now become able to ski fairly well, he yet lacked much of being expert. But, unlike his brother, Jimmy would tackle any slide, reckless of what happened to him. Now he bent far forward and shot downhill at a furious speed, while Dan watched him, expecting a tumble.

The way he was heading brought Jimmy almost upon one of the deer the cougar had first killed, and he burst out from the cover of thick bushes, along the narrow runway, like a stone from a catapult. As he came clear of the fringing bushes, he yelled loudly, with a note of great fear in his voice.

Midway, a thank-you-ma'am lifted Dan half a yard, and he saw over the brush a pair of skis that waved, jerked and waved again. Jimmy was down in the deep snow and struggling to get up again. At the same time, Dan had a glimpse of something furry and black, and his heart leaped, sank and palpitated. Then he shot out from the cover, to see a wolverine only twenty feet from those agitated legs, and hurrying towards them.

Dan gritted his teeth, changed direction by an inch or two and let his impetus carry him on, directly between that fiendishly ugly beast and the floundering, panic-stricken boy.

The beast swerved to pass Dan and he twisted to head him off, but a wet strap slipped, he wavered, fell on one knee, with the wolverine just passing. Jimmy screamed in an agony of fear.

Dan saw that he must act instantly if he were to reach the advancing wolverine. Jimmy was raising a young blizzard in the deep snow, trying his best to get himself upright once more, but failing because of hurry and inexperience. The ugly beast was past him. A moment, and it would be on top of the boy. Dan gathered himself desperately, with his right ski hanging half off his foot. He braced and shoved quickly, sliding on his left alone. He knew he himself was falling forward, almost under that threatening jaw that sagged as if already it were opening to take hold. Dan's right hand swung across his body, and, as he overbalanced, he struck a sweeping blow to the right. The axe head brushed the snow and came upward swiftly.

Dan felt the "chock" of the keen edge striking flesh and bone. His own face went

into the snow at the instant. Rolling a little, he cleared his eyes and looked. A bushy tail jerked spasmodically from side to side and a heavy blackish body, with light brown patches on its sides, heaved upward once, twice and three times, then sank low and lay still. Shaking like one with the ague, Dan sat up and loosened his skis. Clearing Jimmy's skis, he boosted him to his feet. Buried to their waists, the boys stared at the wolverine and let their teeth chatter at will.

"Dan," said the boy shakily, "do you suppose it will be like this all winter? If it will, I want to go home. I've had all I want of wild animals for one winter—at least of the kind I've met so far."

Patiently, Dan tried to soothe Jimmy's irritated nerves.

"I was scared, too, Jim," he said. "But we must look at this sensibly, kid. It will never do to let our nerves get the upper hand. Personally, I love animals, and I'm not going to hunt for fun, or shoot unless we're attacked. But don't talk of quitting. Why, we'd be laughed at for years."

CHAPTER FOUR

TAKING his knife from his pocket, Dan turned the wolverine over and began to skin him, while Jimmy went after the deer meat.

That evening the two hides were tacked on a wall in the building where the tools, cables and engine extras were stored, and Jimmy spent a pleasant half hour in telephoning to Grump Hatton the news of their experiences. Hatton was properly amazed and satisfactorily vocal in response. Then he told Jimmy to bring Dan to the telephone.

"Dan, I guess you think you are let in for a winter of trouble, but you may wish for some of this excitement before March," he said. "You have done remarkably well, so far, taking all together. It has just dawned on me that you have not received those 30:30 shells I promised you. I will send a man up to look this line over, and he will carry the shells. Things will settle down now and give you peace."

"I sure hope so," Dan replied. "We are both a little tired of this business of being hunted by mountain lions, to say nothing of wolverines."

"I want to warn you that there is a man up there, a deputy game warden, who will make trouble for you if he finds you are eating the meat of a doe. You should have kept her neck and head to show him. If he comes

snooping around, tell him to call me over this line. I will take the matter up with the warden and make it all right with him. This deputy is a sour-tempered mortal, who likes to show his authority. It is all right to use that deer meat, under the circumstances, but he may say your story is a lie. If he does, he will bring you out with him. Too late now, of course, to produce that clawed neck and prove your story true."

"I don't know. It may still be there, where I dropped it."

"It will be better if you can do that. He is an ignorant sort and inclined to be overbearing. Conciliate him if you can, but if he becomes brutal just tell him the company stands back of you and is responsible for anything you do, no matter what it is. I'll back that up."

"Thank you, Mr. Hatton. I appreciate that," said Dan.

"That is all right, boy. I'll do it for you gladly, because you are straight. Better take a look at the engines occasionally, to make sure that they are still well covered, though I expect they are. Good night."

Came another morning, and Dan pulled out for the place where there had been a slaughter of helpless deer. He found the place where he had made the doe ready for the gambrel and sapling, saw a pit in the snow and dug down to the head. As he had surmised, the meat-eaters had been too well fed from the bodies left intact to bother with the buried neck and head. Shouldering the frozen relic, he carried it to the commissary building, found an empty barrel and packed the thing in snow. The barrel, filled to the brim, he rolled into an angle and left there, piling snow high on its top and heaping it around the barrel itself, to preserve the head.

Now began a long period of comparative quiet, when the boys visited the numerous engines to examine the sheds protecting them from weathering destructively, skied around the flats and up over ridges, coasted down a number of long inclines and in many ways perfected their handling of the eight-foot-long skis.

Hatton soon sent a lineman up to look the wire over, and this man had carried in a hundred shells for the larger rifle. Now Dan carried this, while Jimmy had the .22 rifle across his back. They were always on the lookout for predatory animals.

One day the boys saw a mighty avalanche of snow plowing and thundering down the hillside a mile beyond them. Similar slides, only smaller, occurred every day.

"That reminds me," said Dan. "The engines on the L line, where it touches Elk Run, are at the foot of a steep incline. We must go out there and make sure that no slide has busted the sheds. Rust would cripple an engine, so the donkey doctor would have to take it all apart and work over it a week before it could be used again."

"All right!" said Jimmy. "Come on. I'll beat you to the first one of those engines. See if I don't! Here I go. Let's see you keep up."

For a mile the brothers followed the more nearly level ground, then turned to the heights to cross a short cut that eliminated a great curve and so saved a half mile. It required a good bit of climbing, but, from a point just a short distance from the beginning of that long arc, the way led up a gentle slope. They would ski up this incline for another mile and coast down a pitch less than a quarter as long at the other side.

About six hundred yards short of the place where they would coast lay the one place in the entire distance that offered any danger to the ski runner. To avoid danger, Dan proposed to turn higher and cross this place at the summit of the ridge.

Feeling perfectly sure that Jim was close behind and coming the same way, he kept watch for wild-animal signs and for the movement of infrequent birds.

Twice Dan looked back and saw Jimmy only a few yards behind him, a broad grin on his face when he noticed Dan's turning. Once the boy shouted a defiant "We're not there yet! You wait, old Dander!" and Dan laughed.

DAN bent forward and began to increase his speed a little, hearing that jeering challenge. He would show the kid something about ski runs before he got him back in camp. So he struggled up to the crest of the ridge before he looked back again. Then, when he did look, he gasped in surprise. Jimmy was not in sight anywhere, though he looked for him carefully. A shout brought no reply, and he wondered what had happened to the boy and turned to retrace his steps, looking for him.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 769]



The angry beast rose in another charging throw of a hundred-pound body, paws spread widely and every claw protruding, with all its great strength exerted to the utmost



NOW YOU TELL ONE!

The Companion will pay \$1.00 for each original joke that is accepted for this column. Only the best of the thousands that are sent us can be used and paid for. We cannot undertake to return those that are not accepted.

IN FULL BLOOM

LITTLE Alice was taken on a visit to a peacock farm. Her mother was busily engaged in conversation when her small daughter ran up breathlessly.

"Oh, Mother, come quick. There's an old chicken out in the yard that is in full bloom!"

—Selma Engelbretson

GOOD ADVICE

THERE was a man who was arrested for knocking another man down with his car and not stopping after the accident. When haled into court, the judge asked him, "Why didn't you blow your horn?"

The answer was, "I didn't need to, Your Honor, as the name plate on the radiator said 'Dodge Brothers.'"

—Arthur K. Taylor, Jr.

HE KNEW BETTER

BOBBY was being teased by his elder brother, who pestered him terribly. Finally the brother touched Bobby's nose with his finger and put his thumb between his index and third fingers, saying, "I've got your nose."

"Aw, you have not," was the prompt reply from Bobby.

"Why, I have too. Can't you see it?" his elder asked.

"No!" was the unexpected reply. "My nose hasn't got any finger nail on it."

—Bertha Klicka

A YOUNG HOMESTEADER

ONE evening Mr. Arden sat talking of the time he had filed on his homestead. Dave, Mr. Arden's eight-year-old son, sat listening, though saying nothing. The next morning Mr. Arden was surprised to see his son, with a file, filing vigorously on a piece of wood.

"Why, Dave, what are you doing?" he asked.

Dave looked up at his father for a moment. Then, resuming his work, he said in a business-like voice, "Why, I'm filing on my homestead."

—Ethel George

OBSERVING THE LAW

THE speed-limit signs in a small Western town had been erected but two days when a man who lived four or five miles out was observed coming up Main Street with his team on a dead run.

He pulled up to a hitching-post and with great difficulty got out of the spring wagon. "What's your hurry, Frank?" asked a bystander.

"Well," replied Frank, "I see that sign that said 'Fifteen miles per hour'; so I whipped up and said, 'Do your stuff, old mares, but I don't believe you'll ever make it!'"

—John O. Edgar

NO CLOCKS NEEDED

A PROMINENT churchman from the North went to Virginia to spend a vacation on a friend's plantation. Next morning he was awakened by the sound of some one in a rich Afro-American voice singing "Nearer My God to Thee."

Touched by these signs of piety in the household, he traced the sounds to the kitchen. There a fat elderly colored woman stood at a stove, chanting the familiar words of the old gospel song.

"I am indeed pleased, auntie, that you should be singing a holy hymn so early in the morning and while at your customary labors," said the reverend visitor.

"Yes, suh, that's my aig-hymn."

"Your what?"

"My aig-hymn. I always sings that when I'm boilin' aigs. Three verses fur soft-boiled and five verses fur hard."

—Ethel Sherwood

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GOOD MOTION PICTURES



THE YOUTH'S COMPANION BLUE-RIBBON LIST OF
FILMS THAT ARE SAFE FOR ALL THE FAMILY



The First Christmas Eve: The watching shepherds observe the star of Bethlehem rising in the east (from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production of Ben-Hur)

THE MOVIE TONE

And Other Matters

AS if motion pictures were not already one of the most amazing of human inventions, now comes a new development in the art—one of the most remarkable scientific additions that have ever been made to an artistic achievement.

Such is the marvel of the "Movietone," the photographic method of recording and reproducing sound in synchronization with motion pictures. At the first showing of "Sunrise," the long-heralded symbolic photoplay directed for William Fox by the European master, Fred W. Murnau, there was a Movietone prologue that included selections by the Vatican Choir and an address by Benito Mussolini, the Italian dictator. The voices of the seventy members of the celebrated choir and that of Italy's man of the hour were so naturally reproduced that, in conjunction with the lifelike illusions of their presence on the screen, the spectator must have felt his imagination almost staggered in contemplating the future that awaits such an invention. With history made alive by visual and auricular representations of its heroes and sages, its mighty deeds and great moments, the boys and girls of the generations to come will profit by such knowledge and inspiration as has never before been available to the human race.

Inspiration can be found too in other screen events of the current season.

"Wings," Paramount's contribution to World War cinematography, is breathtaking in its realism.

"The Student Prince," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture, directed by Ernst Lubitsch, is made from "Old Heidelberg," the play which Richard Mansfield made so popular. Ramon Novarro is excellent in the title rôle and Norma Shearer gives a charming portrayal of the innkeeper's artless young daughter.

"The King of Kings," after months on Broadway, is still displaying night after night the "S. R. O." sign.

Other recommended pictures are included in The Companion's Blue-Ribbon List, found at the end of the next column.

ENTER THE HERO!

Watch Him Make the Red Raiders Run

THE Western frontier, with its life of daring, danger, heroism and infinite color, has been an apparently inexhaustible treasure-trove for the motion-picture producers. Scores of rattling good pictures in which cowboys, train robbers, hostile Indians, mounted police and United States cavalry have played active parts have come out of the studios, and the well still bubbles.

Audiences—or shall we use Professor Phelps's nice new word "vidiences"?—are always fascinated by a good Western picture, in which something is always happening, and the hero, a warm-hearted, clean-living fellow who knows how to ride a horse, is sure to prove one too many for the biggest gang of desperadoes that can be crowded into the



screen. Our picture (above) is a characteristic scene from one of the liveliest of the Westerns, "The Red Raiders," in which Ken Maynard plays the invincible hero.

THE BLUE-RIBBON LIST

THE BOY RIDER—F. B. O.

An orphaned waif and an old-timer join forces to outwit an outlaw. Buzz Barton, Frank Rice

THE FIGHTING EAGLE—Pathé-DeMille

A swashbuckling melodrama of the time of Napoleon, taken from Conan Doyle's story, "The Adventures of Gerard." Rod LaRocque, Phyllis Haver, Sam DeGrasse

GALLOPING FURY; ONE GLORIOUS SCRAP—Universal

"Western" pictures both, full of hard riding, swift action, clean comedy, and sound of moral. The first features Hoot Gibson; the second, Fred Hume.

WILD BEAUTY—Universal

"Rex," the equine star, is the hero of this picture, which deals with the fortunes of the owner of a famous racing stable. Rex, June Marlowe, Hugh Allen

JAWS OF STEEL—Warner Bros.

A dog that has been given a bad name lives it down and is reunited to his baby mistress. Rin-Tin-Tin, Baby Mary Louise Miller

ALIAS, THE LONE WOLF—Columbia Pictures

Another entertaining melodrama, boasting a clever detective-story plot and a surprise ending

THE RED RAIDERS—First National

Laid in the period following the Civil War when the Indians were impatiently awaiting the justice due them, this photoplay possesses considerable historical value. Ken Maynard, Ann Drew, Chief Yowlache

AMERICAN BEAUTY—First National

A little pretender, who thinks she cares more for wealth than for love, discovers her mistake and drops her pretense. Billie Dove, Lloyd Hughes

ROSE OF THE GOLDEN WEST—First National

Minna Caroline Smith's romance of California's Spanish régime, in which a dashing caballero and a convent-bred duenna become the pawns of designing politicians, but are good-humoredly set right by the extremely likable villain. Mary Astor, Gilbert Roland, Montague Love

TWO GIRLS WANTED—William Fox

John Golden's stage success, portraying the amateur stenographer who landed a job and the 100 per cent efficient secretary who annexed a husband, amusingly duplicated on the screen. Janet Gaynor, Marie Mosquini

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THE TEXAS NIGHTINGALE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 747]

there a woman appeared at a window, her elbows resting on the sill, watching in a dull manner the arrival of the train.

"North Falls! North Falls!" called the conductor.

The train stopped at a low, grimy station—merely a long platform with a covering over part of it.

"Certainly doesn't look inviting—after New York!" observed Shan.

"Little hick town!" growled Falk. "Absolutely dead! Just think, if you had to live here!"

He and his companion climbed down and made their way forward to the baggage car. They secured their baggage—a small foot locker and a barrack bag apiece—and then Shan walked down the platform to where an M. P. was standing, and inquired the direction to camp.

"There's a bus all set to go out," replied the M. P. "You'd better hurry if you want to catch it."

Shan and Falk carried their luggage to the waiting bus, which was already half full of soldiers. They climbed in, and a few seconds later the bus was bumping and swaying eastward across the prairie in the direction of the aviation camp, four miles from the dead little town.

Reaching the field, the two companions reported to the adjutant and were assigned to one of the barracks at the southern end. By that time it was late afternoon, and after mess, which they ate in a long hall with two hundred other cadets like themselves, they spent their leisure in getting settled.

"Rotten!" complained Falk. "Dreary place, and nowhere to go except that dirty, sleepy little town! Wish I were in France!"

"So do I," replied Shan. "I'm going to turn in before taps. I'm dead tired."

MORNING dawned all too quickly for Shan. The shrill notes of reveille tore through his dreams. He rose and washed and ate breakfast with the other cadets, and at dawn he reported to Civilian Instructor Kennedy, a brusque Irishman, for his first lesson in actual flying.

"Ever been up before?" Kennedy asked sharply when they were both standing beside the plane.

"No, sir, never."

"Well," said Kennedy, "there's only just so many hours I'r each man. If yuh can't learn, quick, it's the infantry I'r yuh. This is the joy stick, see?"

Shan nodded nervously.

"Put y'r hand on it. Push it forward and back. See what happens. Now, look back at the tail."

As Shan pushed the joy stick forward and then drew it back, the "elevators" on the tail of the plane moved upward and down.

"All right. You have an idea of it. Pull back, and you go up—but not so far, mind, that yuh get in a stall. Now push the stick sideways. Look at the ailerons."

Two jointed flaps on the ends of the wings flapped up and down like ears. Shan knew that they tilted the airplane from side to side in the air, correcting its balance.

"In makin' turns, now—yuh bank in this manner. See?" He demonstrated, and Shan attempted to follow instructions.

"Not so far. Be easy! Yuh ain't steerin' the Fall River boat. Just a touch, like. Now then, we'll fly around easy, a few turns of the field. Throttle? Right here. How do we steer? With the rudder bar of course? How else? Put your feet on it, light, and watch how I steer. Come on, now!"

Shan fastened the safety belt round his waist and put his feet lightly on the rudder bar. Then Kennedy opened the throttle, and the motor, which had been idling, burst with a roar into its full number of revolutions a minute.

A strangling gale of wind blew into Shan's face. Instinctively he crouched lower behind the cowl in front of him. The roar of the motor was deafening. Suddenly he realized that the plane was in motion, bumping over the field—at first slowly and then with speed that he realized must be in excess of fifty miles an hour. He clutched the seat with one hand and put the other on the joy stick, which was connected with the other joy stick, held by Kennedy.

Now the stick came back an inch, perhaps a little more. Kennedy was easing the ship off the ground. The propeller made a gray blur in front of Shan's eyes; through it he saw that the nose of the plane was mounting slowly above the horizon. They were off!

Shan closed his eyes and felt a wave of sickness. The rudder bar shifted under his feet. The whole ship canted over to the right. They were making a turn to the right—joining the endless circle of other planes that circled the field not more than a hundred and fifty feet in the air. When Shan opened his eyes he saw the hangars and the barracks far below him and men like ants on the ground.

Round and round they flew, with Kennedy making firm and perhaps rather exaggerated movements of the controls. Shan learned to prepare himself for the turns. The flight was not in a circle, but in the shape of a square with rounded corners. Before each corner Shan braced himself for the sudden slant of the plane to the right. Then the rudder came into use, and the plane wheeled like a swallow. Emerging from the turn, Kennedy carefully leveled off again.

After six or seven trips round the field, he suddenly pushed the joy stick forward, and the plane swooped down so fast that Shan felt the cool hollowness in his stomach that you feel on a swiftly descending elevator. Then with the motor running slowly, they rushed across the field, bumped once, and began to coast rapidly over solid ground.

"A rotten landin'," remarked Kennedy, when the motor was idling, and he could make his voice heard over it. "A three-point landin' is what yuh strive for—both wheels an' the tail skid all together."

But Shan was scarcely listening. He was conscious only that he was still alive. Had it been such a paralyzing experience after all? Could he himself ever learn to control this strange, flimsy, roaring contraption of wood and steel and cloth?

Thus ended Shan's first flight. Five other flights followed within the next few days, always with Kennedy in the back seat. Each flight gave Shan additional confidence in himself, but he was far from feeling that he could ever learn to fly alone. And his attempts at making landings were dire failures.

After the sixth bad landing Kennedy unstrapped his belt and vaulted out of the cockpit. "Now then," he said to Shan, "is it aviation or the infantry?"

"I don't understand."

"Yuh ain't learnin'. You're trustin' to me. You can't fight this war with me in the back seat, my bold buck. Sooner or later you'll have to fly alone—and where will yuh be then?"

"I don't know," said Shan miserably.

"Listen," said Kennedy. "Yuh fly all right. You're scared o' landin'. Get in the back seat; it's easier."

Shan obeyed.

"I'm going to stay here on the ground, an' yuh can take the ship around the field an' land here. Then we'll go home."

"Oh, I couldn't do that! I haven't had enough hours in the air!" Shan protested.

"How many hours did I have before I flew all alone? Not one! I took a ship alone an' landed her alone." Kennedy smiled a grim smile. Then dropping his voice he looked hard in Shan's eye and said: "Pluck up your courage, man, Yuh'll be a pilot or a corpse in twenty minutes!"

Kennedy strolled away, hands in pockets. Shan looked at his retreating back. "Here goes," he thought. "If I can't do it, I might as well be dead anyway!"

He advanced the throttle cautiously. The plane gathered headway and took off far more lightly than it had done with two passengers.

At two hundred feet Shan ceased climbing and leveled off for his course across the field. He made a right-hand turn without difficulty, forcing himself to bank steeply before applying the rudder. In a very short time he was back where he started, but flying much higher than he had desired. The curving line of hangars gave him his position; he nosed down for the drop to the ground. Then he cut off his motor; only the swift descent kept it turning. He opened the throttle a little. Six or seven seconds would tell the tale.

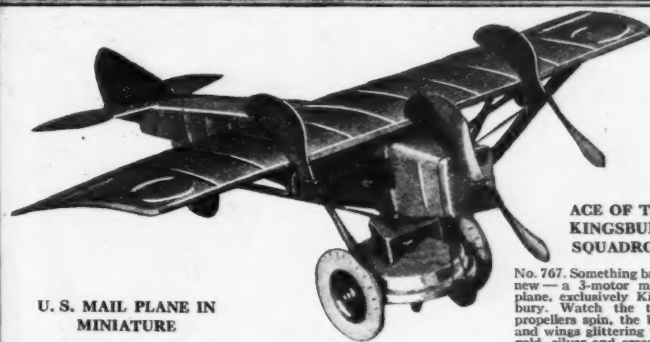
"I'm a pilot," he whispered. "Kennedy said that I'd be a pilot or a—"

The plane staggered, bumped. An air pocket! Shan set his teeth, and in a fraction of a second he was past the disturbing eddy. Every fibre of his body seemed to revolt against the swift rush to the ground; he was coming down too fast, but he knew that, if he leveled off, there would be more risk of a sideslip.

Then at the last possible interval of time

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 768]

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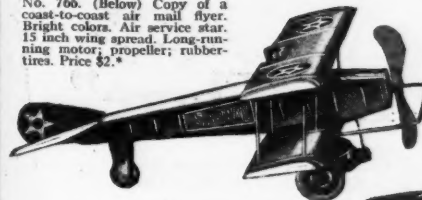


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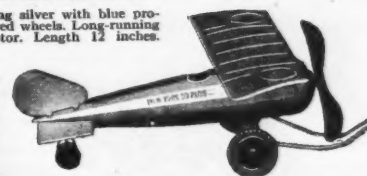
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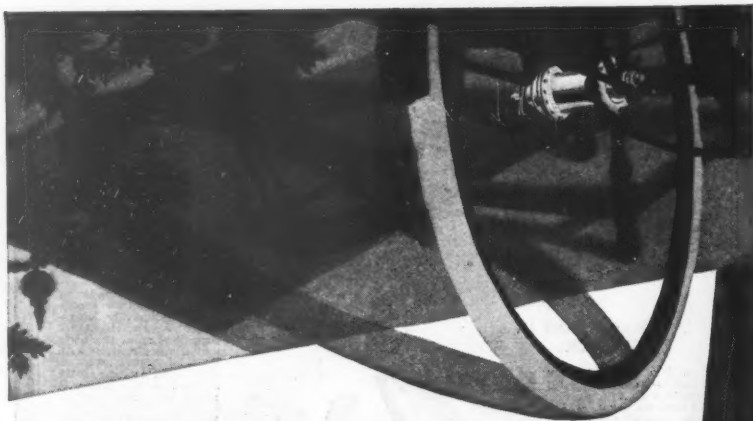
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THE TEXAS NIGHTINGALE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 767]



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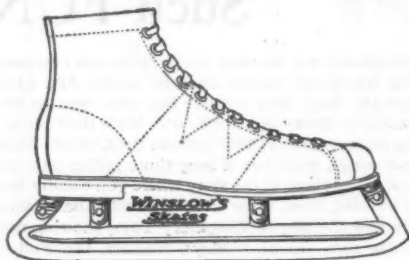
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he pulled back the stick and glided smoothly above the field. The plane settled very slowly. He felt a gentle bump forward, and then another behind. He was losing speed. After a few seconds he was running gently over the ground to where a burly figure awaited him.

"What did I tell yuh?" came Kennedy's triumphant voice. "It's unusual for a man with only five hours in the air to land a plane as well as yuh did. Yuh leveled off too soon, but never mind. It was not so bad, not so bad."

And these words, Shan knew, were his accolade.

MANY other flights followed after that, until Shan grew to feel used to the airplane. He was commissioned a first lieutenant, R. M. A. (Reserve Military Aviator). And there was something about the lieutenant's bars on his shoulders and the wings on his left breast that gave him a feeling of pride and confidence. He was a full-fledged pilot, and he longed for the time when he could test his skill in actual combat.

One cool morning in October, when returning from a flight to the west, he realized that his radiator was leaking. The town of North Falls was between him and the aviation field, and he decided to land and replenish the water.

June Allen was on her back doorstep, about to start for her father's store, when she saw Shan's airplane land a hundred yards or so behind the henhouses. She watched it in fascination as it touched the ground, leaped into the air, touched again and then taxied over the smooth surface to a stop.

She saw a tall, ruddy-faced young man climb out and walk toward her. There was something about him, even at that distance, which interested her; and as he came nearer, she noted with approval his frank, boyish face, his wide, pleasant mouth, his friendly blue eyes.

"He needs something," she said to herself. "Maybe his plane is broken."

She waited there on the doorstep.

"Good morning," said Shan diffidently. "Sorry to bother you, but I need some water for my ship. Can you let me have a bucketful?"

"Yes, indeed," said June, and she reentered the house.

Shan crossed the yard to a pump at one side of the house. When June came out, he took the empty bucket that she carried, held it under the spout and began to work the handle, observing as he did so, "There's a leak in the radiator of my plane. The thing was dry before I knew it, and so I landed."

"Oh," said June. "I'm glad it was only a leak and no worse. There have been so many terrible accidents at the field!"

"Yes, they're a part of flying," replied Shan. "It scares me to think of anyone trusting his life to such a little thing as an airplane."

Shan smiled. "A plane isn't such a little thing after all, though it seems small when it's in the air. Perhaps you'd like to have a look at mine, over yonder, before I take off?"

"Oh, I would!" exclaimed June.

"That radiator will hold enough water till I get to the field," observed Shan when they were beside the plane. "Then the mechanics will repair it. A plane is like a car, you know," he added with a smile; "it always needs tinkering. Only I'd rather ride in a plane any day than in a car. More comfortable, and easier to handle."

He explained the uses of the various controls, and June listened to him with eager interest, asking him a question now and then. Shan noted that her questions about the plane were very intelligent ones.

He noted other things about her too—her brilliant dark brown eyes so striking in contrast with her light crinkly hair, her strong, vigorous body, the clear musical quality of her voice, all combining with other and more subtle qualities to form a personality that surprised and delighted him. Her speech was that of a Texan; she used many colloquialisms that are not heard in the East; but he did not object to them—in fact they struck him as being picturesque.

For upwards of half an hour the two stood beside the plane and talked; and when Shan climbed into the cockpit and taxied off across the prairie to soar gracefully upward, June said to herself that she had spent an extremely pleasant half hour. She knew there would be explanations to make to Grandmother Allen, and perhaps afterwards to her father, but she was ready for them.

As for Shan, what he said as he winged his way eastward was, "North Falls isn't such a hopeless town after all—not with a girl like her in it! What a fool I was not to find out her name!"

Thereafter he thought of her frequently and always hoped, when he took the bus into town, that he might somehow meet her again. But his hopes were in vain; and he lacked the assurance to walk out to the isolated house with no excuse, save that of seeing the girl who interested him—a girl whose name he did not even know and who probably had quite forgotten him anyway.

ONE morning three or four weeks later Shan climbed into the cockpit of his plane, prepared for a cross-country flight. His gloomy friend Falk, also a pilot, stood beside him on the ground.

"So you're going up," he said. "I don't envy you, Jones."

"Why not?" demanded Shan.

"Hoskins died yesterday, and they say there's no hope for Norman, who crashed this morning," answered Falk. "These accidents come in threes, you know."

"If you think I believe that rotten superstition," said Shan, laughing a little, "I'll just show you that I don't."

He took the ship off the ground, and circled twice to get altitude. "If Ned Falk wasn't the best stunt flyer in this field," he thought, "anybody'd think he was the worst coward who ever lived. He's just naturally gloomy, that's all."

Shan flew over the town of North Falls. It looked like a toy village. The people on the streets were like ants. The little, drying-up lake at the south side of town was hardly more than a thread of silver on the prairie.

Suddenly Shan's motor spluttered. He saw the propeller stop. Impatiently he nosed the plane down, in order to start the motor again by air pressure on the vanes of the propeller. As he did so, he opened the throttle wide.

There was a sudden, loud pop! Then, with a flash like lightning, he saw a sheet of flame burst from the engine in front of him. Through his mind flashed the thought that these ships sometimes did catch on fire in midair. One sudden, stabbing pang of fear drove through his heart. Then he became cool again, intent on the problem of somehow getting the ship down before the highly inflammable fabric of the wings and fuselage should catch fire.

A sideslip would be quickest. But a sideslip with a dead motor would be highly dangerous. This was no time to count chances. Shan thrust the joy stick hard to the right, pulling it back at the same time. The plane slipped, at first slowly and then faster. He was over the scattered houses on the fringe of the town. He was within five hundred feet of the ground. Two hundred! Somehow, more by luck than good management, Shan succeeded in bringing the ship on a level keel, thanking his stars at the same time that it had not gone into a tail-spin. He nosed down again, looking for a smooth field. He saw one, behind a house. He could not know that it was the very house near which he had once landed before.

In front of him, and he was now too low to gain enough altitude to clear them by pulling back the stick, Shan suddenly saw long strands of telegraph wire looped from poles. He was gliding straight into them! He tried to duck under them. Too late!

Something struck the under part of the fuselage. Above the noise of the singing, screaming wires of the ship, Shan heard a sound that was strange to him—a harsh, ripping noise. Then the nose of the plane dipped straight down, and the ground, horribly close, seemed to rush up at him.

At that moment June Allen, shaking a cloth out of her bedroom window, uttered a sharp cry of terror. It came to her grandmother's ears just before another and still more ominous sound shattered the air—a sound like a hundred pots and pans hurled all together over a precipice, followed by a crashing thump and roar.

"What's that, June?" called the old lady in terror, as the girl came downstairs, three steps at a time, and flashed past the parlor door.

But June did not hear her. White with terror, she was running through the yard and out to the field. Just beyond the hen-houses, immediately in front of her as she ran toward it, lay a wrecked and burning airplane, out of which rose a heavy column of black smoke.

[TO BE CONTINUED NEXT MONTH]

THE WINTER GUARD

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 764]

Hardly had he swung his skis to face to the rear when he heard a yell and twisted his head far around to look. Well down below him, where the dangerous section he had tried to avoid began, he saw Jimmy gliding out to cross an open stretch. He had left the trail Dan made, to take a line that would give him a hundred yards of advantage, but at treble the risk. In vain did Dan shout to him to go back, and Dan raced along the ridge to keep as near his brother as possible, begging, imploring, commanding in an agony of apprehension, but all to no avail. Jimmy only laughed and kept on, shouting once that he was all right and so near the top there was no danger. Dan knew better and said so, only to hear a laugh.

The space Jimmy was crossing had no trees except far down on the side hill. Then there were a few saplings forming a scattering rank parallel with his course. Below these lay an abrupt drop of sixty feet, to huge boulders that had long ago fallen over this cliff.

The distance from his course to that of Jimmy was nearly a fourth of the entire distance to the verge over which the giant boulders had tumbled long ago. Now Jimmy was ahead of him by about thirty yards and going strong. Dan kept glancing ahead for cracks in the snow, but so far all lay unmarred and smooth. His hopes grew stronger. Perhaps the kid would make it without a slip. He breathed a little easier, keeping just about the same position as formerly and not

rapidly, but so was the cliff, and just below Jimmy lay an open space between trees. It appeared inevitable that the boy would go over the edge just there; there was so little distance to go and the next saplings lay so far beyond. Fortunately Jimmy kept his feet, though he was so terribly frightened at his danger that he was not capable of using his skis at all effectively. All the time Dan kept coming nearer to his brother and closer to that terrific drop.

Jimmy realized as plainly as his brother that, once past that scattering line of slender saplings, there would be and could be no possible checking of a death flight to the great boulders so far below. His voice rose in a shriek of agony. Insanely he tried to turn his back upon the impending danger and struggle upward. Came then such a shock as utterly took the boy's breath away. Then he crashed into something that bent a little under his weight and stopped his flight. And Dan had him by the collar.

"Grab hold, Jim!" snapped an imperative voice, panting a little. "I can't hold you unless you help. Get a good grip and hang on."

Twisting a trifle, Jimmy saw the bole of a sapling almost against his face and grabbed with both hands. His body swung, slipped, and both his feet slithered down below the sapling. Gasping in terror, he tried to pull himself up to the baby tree that anchored him so near the cliff. A steady, earnest voice counseled patience and grit, through sharp intakes of breath. Dan was beside him, still clinging to a strongly sewed collar and praying it might not rip or tear, while his left hand held a second little tree. Dan had slid that hand down until it touched the snow.

"Quit kicking and struggling, Jimmy," he ordered. "Take it easy and we will be safe. Too much flopping around will kill us both. Now then, crawl higher, but keep your hands low. Move slowly, because we must not break a root or tear one loose from the dirt."

With Dan helping him, Jimmy managed to crawl slowly up past the tiny sapling, not much thicker

Dan was beside him, still clinging to a strongly sewed collar

slackening his pace or vigilance by one iota. A plan had formed in his mind to be used in case the snow cracked and began to slip.

Suddenly the dreaded slip occurred.

"Hold hard, I'm coming!" Dan yelled, dropping both poles and turning down the slope. "Stop where you are and stab deep to hit crust!"

He was traveling like the wind now, in a diagonal slant that would carry him past Jimmy and—if he kept on—send him over the cliff. There was no time for caution, for that entire slope of unimpeded snow layer was slipping downward to the vertical drop, carrying a frightened boy on to certain death, unless Dan could work a miracle and save him.

Veering a merest trifle, Dan attained a railway speed that aimed a tiny bit to the left of Jimmy. He was traveling so fast that he was now coming up on his brother

than his wrist. There he lay with his body along the slope, above the two seedlings that had held the boys safely.

"Lie still and rest awhile," Dan advised. "When you feel all right you must take your skis off first. Then you can break a small hole in the crust, which will be easy enough, now it is cleaned off. We can only get out of this scrape by cutting foot and

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 770]



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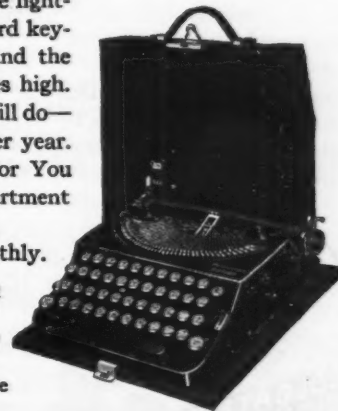
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THE WINTER GUARD

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 769]

hand holds, zigzag, to allow a good strength below each one. You can never cut one hole directly above another for that very reason, unless you are in solid ice. We will creep on our knees and hands and only make the holes deep enough to prevent our slipping back. We must move deliberately until we are on the ridge."

Working carefully, Jimmy removed his skis and slung them over his shoulder, then rolled to his face again and began work. After he had cut half a dozen holes and had crawled to the last one, Dan followed him. For a whole hour they cut and crept along a precarious way. Then they came to the edge of the slide and the beginning of a forest. Here they rose to their feet and waded ahead through the soft snow, until they reached a big rock. Clearing this down to the crust with a ski, Dan sat down to rest and look back at the irregular lines of holes. "Dan," said Jimmy, "I'm ashamed of myself, clear through."

"Never mind, kid. It is all right, now you're out of it and safe."

CHAPTER FIVE

THE boys found the engines safe, and well protected. The return to camp, by the long route, was uneventful. They cooked a supper, ate well and settled down to read. At eight-thirty Jimmy yawned. Dan laughed and stretched.

"So am I," he said, and Jimmy looked up from a book, saying, "What?"

"Sleepy. You didn't say so, but the way you stretched your mouth to your ears, squinted your eyes and 'haw-hummed' told it plainer. Suppose we crawl in and cover up for the night. I feel like hibernating."

So the brothers made all fast for the night and climbed into bed, after the fashion of men who camp out and retire as soon as it becomes solidly dark, waking at dawn to begin another long day. They held to no set hours for anything, but they did make it their business to study at least as many hours weekly as they would have done when in school. If the study hours were cut short one day, they lengthened them the next, for they had both resolved to get a good education by some means or other.

"Lots of men dig out good educations by home study," Dan often had told Jimmy. "If others can do it, you and I can. We aren't dunderheads. If we give half the time to serious study that we do to playing, we can become decently well educated. I want a college education, but if I'm unable to get that I shall load up with the best I can get."

They made it a rule to call up their mother twice a week and have a chat with her, but Hatton warned them one day that when the big storms swept over the mountains they might find the line down.

So far, the boys had not seen any strangers or anybody else around their vicinity. Jimmy knew that there were several mountain ranchers in the neighborhood, counting the distances mountain-fashion. A man was one of the neighbors if he lived within fifteen miles. This has always been true on the frontier. In fact, it was quite the thing in the early days to refer to "my neighbor" though as much as thirty miles lay between the speaker and the next home. In the days of Daniel Boone it was that way in Ohio and Kentucky. Kit Carson had neighbors forty to eighty miles off, and in Minnesota in the fifties anybody was a neighbor within a day's travel. So now the Logan brothers thought of people ten to twenty miles distant as neighbors and wished they might see them.

When Christmas Eve came, both boys had grown a little disconsolate over missing the home celebration. Jimmy had grunted and exclaimed over it several times, but Dan had not. A tightening of the lips and clouding of the eyes had been his only means of expressing his feelings when Jimmy talked of the home feast and fun.

"What will we do to celebrate Christmas, Dan?" Jimmy inquired.

"I will cut a ham in half and bake the upper half, the way mother does," Dan answered. "It won't be turkey, but it will be good."

"Yeah, but I wasn't thinking so much about my stomach as something else. It won't be a mite funny to spend Christmas up here, with mother so far away. I wish—" Jimmy choked and stopped talking. Dan turned away and looked out of a window at the scattering, snow-laden little trees.

"Buck up, kid!" he said. "Go call up the

office and have them give you a chance to talk to mother. You know the Arnolds are always glad to call her over any time we get through a call. Go on, Jimmy."

"All right," said Jimmy. "Didn't mean to get sloppy."

"You didn't. I wouldn't think much of you if you didn't miss mother and the girls. That isn't being sloppy. Now rush that call through."

Jimmy rushed the call, talked to his mother ten minutes, said a few words to each of his two sisters and handed the transmitter to Dan, who spent a few moments in visiting with Mrs. Logan and the two girls.

"Feel better, Jimmy?" he asked, hanging up the receiver.

"I'll say I do!" ejaculated the boy. "Gee! Mother's a peach!"

"Tell me something I don't know," jeered Dan. "That ceased to be news to me long before you were born."

"What will we do besides eat," asked Jimmy, "to help celebrate? It takes more than a baked ham to make Christmas."

"Blessed if I know, Jim. What do you want to do, that is possible?"

"One thing I would like to do is to practice coasting on skis, on that clear slide between Elk Run and Mink Canyon. It isn't steep enough to be dangerous, and yet it has two places where the grade is stiff, with long, easy stretches in between and at each end. We could coast a mile or more, easily, and the two places where we would go down sharp pitches would make it exciting. I think it would be fun, don't you?"

"Sure! We will try it."

"I don't want to hang around here all day Christmas. It will be too lonesome," said Jimmy, with a plaintive drop in his voice. Dan looked at the boy and understood his meaning.

"All right, kid. Anything you say goes with me," he assured Jimmy.

On Christmas morning Jimmy was restless as a chained puppy, eager to get out and away, that he might forget the isolation that so oppressed him during this holiday time.

That there was only one way in which he could minister to the ills of homesickness, Dan knew well. Jimmy must be worked hard at something, until his muscles grew weary and he would long for rest. Better give him a long tramp over to the slide he mentioned and keep him at it a long time.

"Jim, you can have your own way, boss the whole shebang until after Christmas," he promised. "I will do anything you want me to do, go with you anywhere you say. It is your party from now on."

"Bully!" yelled Jimmy. "Then let's go over and inspect that slide we are to use. I want to pick out the best course to follow and go over it once, to make sure I don't run into a lot of brush or a place where a lot of bushes are held down by the snow, making loops that will tumble us on our noses. I need action, Dan."

"I guess I know it," his brother replied. "You are as nervous as a colt in harness for the first time. Get your skis and come on."

The boys traveled across the cut-over lands and well up beyond, into the nearer edge of the great forest, then swung around to reach the high level above the logged lane down which they would coast. This arm of a cleared area had been run well into the standing timber, because it lay along a broad ridge, with a deep canyon on either hand, and the yarding engine happened to have a new and extra long cable on its reel.

The beauty of the scene up here delighted both boys—great pines with heavy boles, which towered two hundred feet or more; slender young growths and saplings filling the spaces between mature trees. Rare blue spruce trees showed here and there, with giant firs interspersed at intervals. A few small areas showed chinquapin, white birch, buckbush and other inferior groups of small vegetation. Snow was piled high upon branches and clung in every needle clump. A silence that accorded well with the surroundings added to the sublime nature of the view.

"It makes me feel happy and kinda solemn, too, Dan," said Jimmy.

The boys surveyed the long slopes, selected a course and followed it, taking hours for the task of marking it with bits of slash stuck in the snow. When it was finished, they hurried on to camp for food.

They found a long-geared, sour-looking man sitting on the platform in front of the office, who greeted them curtly. He addressed



Christmas Day and suffering from hunger

This boy and his Iver Johnson brought relief

LAST Christmas morning mother had the turkey in the oven, and the most delicious things in the pantry. My mouth was watering.

About noontime the postman arrived with our Christmas mail—bringing the sad news that Mrs. Hubber, a poor wretched old woman who lives on the other side of the town, was suffering from cold and hunger.

"If we could only send her a basket of food," my mother said.

"That's when I used my new Christmas Iver Johnson for the first time. In no time it had me in front of old Mrs. Hubber's shack with the basket. She tried to take it but was too weak; so I took it into the kitchen. There wasn't another thing there to eat. But when I left, there was a new light shining through the tears in the old lady's eyes as she kept saying 'Bless you, my boy! Bless you!'"



Bill Benton

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IVER JOHNSON BICYCLES

Dan sourly and with vicious emphasis, in the manner of one outraged in his feelings.

"I see deer meat hanging inside a window, back of the kitchen. Out of season—an' you are under arrest, young man. Open up an' let me get that meat as evidence. Now don't waste time talkin'," as Dan tried to explain. "Do your talkin' afore the judge. I ain't in't-rested a mite."

Again Dan tried to explain and again the man refused to listen or give him any attention. Instead, he caught Dan by the shoulder.

"Don't resist arrest or I'll have to handcuff ye," he threatened.

"You let Dan alone!" blustered Jimmy, angrily. "He didn't kill—"

"Shut up!" snapped the man. "I'm game warden an' an officer of the law. Don't go to give me any of yer yawp or I'll cuff ye both together an' walk ye fourteen mile to the lockup. I ain't here to be sassed."

"You might let me explain," Dan began, but the warden jerked a pair of rusty handcuffs from a pocket and opened them.

"Put yer wrist in here," he ordered and snapped a cuff on Dan's left. "Now, young feller, your right, an' don't be slow about it, nuther."

"I won't!" snapped Jimmy. "You have no right to—"

The warden drew a revolver and held it in his hand, pointing down.

"I don't want to hurt ye," he said, "but I've took oath to enforce the law. Come along up an' do like I tell ye or there'll be trouble."

Shaking and on the verge of crying from rage, Jimmy obeyed.

"Being game warden does not give you the right to handcuff a boy of fourteen," said Dan. "You are exceeding your authority."

"That'll do from you!" snarled the warden. "Stay here while I git that deer meat. I'll jest take the keys off ye an' open up."

Dan ran a hand in his pocket and brought out the key to the door of the commissary. As soon as the warden had opened the door and gone inside, Dan whispered to Jimmy and the two boys sidled over to the office door, which Dan unlocked. In a moment they were inside, with the door locked, leaving their skis on the platform. Now they crossed to the telephone and Dan called up the company office and asked for Hatton. He was out, the girl said, but would be in within two hours. Before Dan could say more, the warden hammered on the door and demanded admittance, raucously, angry at being evaded.

"You are not coming in here!" Dan shouted, then turned to the phone once more. "Tell the boss that this is Dan Logan, up at Camp Four."

"Leave that telephone be an' open this door!" howled the warden.

"Yah! Don't you wish we would?" whooped Jimmy. "Go on, Dan."

AKICK shook the door. Dan shouted into the telephone a brief report of what was happening. Then he hung up and led Jimmy into their bedroom, where he picked up the shotgun with his right hand and started back to the office. Jimmy grinned like a young hyena and pranced along partly behind his brother, with an arm extended to let Dan use his own left. Another heavy kick, close to the lock, broke the cast-iron keeper into which the lock bolt was thrust and another took it apart, flinging the door wide open. Dan cocked the shotgun.

The speed with which the warden shifted aside from before those twin barrels was laughable, and he obeyed Dan's injunction to drop his gun. Jimmy swooped for the gun, found it and ranged back beside his brother swiftly. The warden was protesting volubly against such actions from the boys and pleading, instead of commanding, that they submit to arrest quietly. From beyond the platform came a crunching of dry snow and a voice that sounded irritated.

"Funny doin's, seems to me, Dan. What is old Vinegar Face up to now, that you have to hold a gun on 'im? My stars! You boys handcuffed!"

A husky stranger came to the steps and mounted them, carrying on his back a small pack. He scowled at the warden and held out a hand.

"Gimme your key to those cuffs and be right smart about it or I'll paste you one,"

he ordered. "Don't you know anything at all? Putting a pair of boys like these in irons is enough to cost you an election or an appointment, either. What is it all about, boy?"

Dan explained in a brief recital, as the newcomer unlocked the cuffs and dropped them in his own pocket.

"Hatton sent me up to fetch you a few things for Christmas," said he. "That's how come I happened along just in time. Don't like this gun play. Dangerous business, Dan, and I'm sorry you felt you had to do it."

Dan grinned and broke open the breech of the shotgun.

"Take a look," he said, holding it up so the man could see empty chambers, then exhibiting them to the warden in turn. "There wasn't much danger of my shooting anybody with this, was there?"

"Hardly," said the messenger from Hatton. "Idiot! What are you at, anyhow, pickin' on Dan Logan? I bet he hasn't broke any law."

"I didn't break a law," said Dan. "Let me show you and explain."

The warden had lugged what was left of the deer meat out to the platform and Dan called attention to it. Then he hurried to the rear of the commissary building and dug the head and neck out of the barrel and brought that part around, to show that it belonged to this body. With an air of triumph, he exhibited the claw marks on the head and neck and let both men see the cougar skin, with the tiny holes in the throat.

"Say, Sourface, you go home and hate yourself for being such a chump as you were a bit ago," the burden-bearer advised. "Haven't you got enough sense to know that Dan saved a whole lot of deer by killin' that lion? The deer would be the gainers if he killed half a dozen this winter."

Removing the pack from his back, he carried it into the office and placed it on a desk. Then he took a chair and sat down in it, at the farther end of the room.

"Go ahead an' unpack," he prompted. "I gotta start back right soon to c'nect with the rig that brought me up to where I had to wear webs."

Dan opened the pack, which was rather bulky, though light, and found on top, in a round, tin box, one of his mother's cakes. Under it, in another receptacle, lay a roasted chicken. From other parts of the pack he took jars, cans and boxes, until he had a full Christmas dinner laid out. Then the messenger, grinning broadly, tugged a package from each pocket of his coat and handed it to the boys. Each package held a book, a gift from Hatton.

"That ain't all," he said. "I dropped a bundle of magazines on the steps when I saw what old Sourface was doin'. There's about ten pounds of good readin' lyin' out there, waitin' fer you kids to pick it up."

Rising, he started to lift his pack bag, but Dan interfered.

"Wait and eat with us. Stay all night, if you want to," he said.

"Not that, but I'll eat with ye, bein' somewhat holler right now."

Dan ran to the kitchen, sliced some deer meat, made coffee, took from the dinner supplies some of his mother's biscuits and a jar of butter and called the other two in. It was a simple meal, but the kind a hungry



Cougar tracks—almost as broad as if the beast wore snowshoes

man would welcome in winter. The deer meat seemed to please the man greatly.

"Gives this here meat a flavor that's mighty fetchin' to think how that game warden slunk off lookin' like he'd been kicked," he remarked. "He has been playin' Old Nosey an' bullyin' folks ever since he got the place. This'll get him fired when I tell Hatton about it."

The meal finished, he arose to go and shook hands with the boys.

"I would prefer to have Hatton let that game warden alone and not get him fired," said Dan, uneasily. "It won't help us much to make him lose his job. You tell Grump what happened, but you tell him I wish he

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 773]



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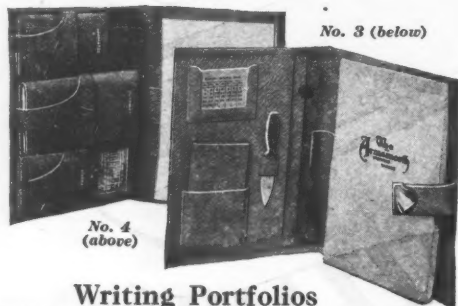
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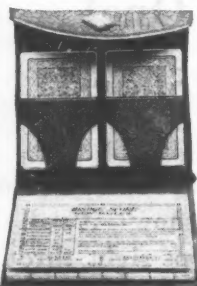


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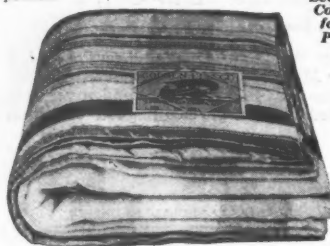
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The Golden Fleece Blankets given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and \$2.10 extra, or for 5 subscriptions. Or, sold for \$5.00. Include postage for a 6-lb. package, shipped from Concord, N. H.

A fine pair of the reliable "Golden Fleece" make, size 60 x 80 inches. Part wool, thoroughly shrunk. The design is an attractive block plaid with a two-color border. Bound top and bottom with a 3-inch saten binding, and weigh four pounds. Shipping weight six pounds.

See October Companion for Other Premium Offers



The Last Call!

ON January 1, 1928, the big contest ends! Then we will divide \$2,000.00 in Cash among the winners. You may be a winner. The paragraph below tells you just how it is possible.

Every Companion subscriber who, between October 1, 1927 and January 1, 1928, sends us at least FIVE new yearly subscriptions for The Youth's Companion will receive not only a Premium for each subscription, but in addition will also share in the Equal Division of Two Thousand Dollars in Cash. One Share will be awarded for each five subscriptions you send in.

For example: five subscriptions bring you one share, ten subscriptions will bring you two shares, and so on.

See October Companion, Page 643

Aneroid Barometer

The Barometer will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and \$1.40 extra. Or, the Barometer will be sold for \$4.00, postpaid.

The predictions of the U. S. Weather Bureau are largely based on the barometer. This instrument registers air pressure, and so enables you to tell weather conditions. By following the accompanying directions you can tell, nine times out of ten, what the weather will be during the next twenty-four hours. Its predictions will save you much inconvenience and expense. This neat barometer is 3 1/4 inches in diameter, with 2-inch dial. Case is mahogany finish, with mountings of brass, and beveled crystal.



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The Jumbo Pen will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and 70 cents extra. Or, the Pen sold for \$3.00, postpaid.

An extra large holder makes this pen a delight for man or boy. Holder is of beautiful jade green, with gold band and clip. Pen point of 14K gold with tip of iridium, giving smooth, easy writing with long life. Choice of fine, medium or coarse point.



Ring Illustrations Enlarged to Show Patterns



Initial or Emblem Ring

Given for one new yearly subscription. Or, sold for \$1.00, postpaid. Be sure to state emblem or initial wanted.

Ladies' or gentlemen's sterling silver ring, platinum effect, beautifully embossed. Mounted with fine imitation black Onyx, in the center of which we will mount either your initial or lodge emblem. When ordering, state size and choice of emblem.

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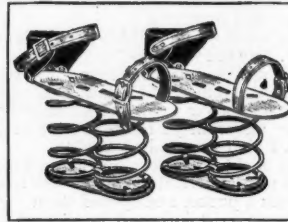
Ladies' sterling silver ring with mounting artistically pierced in filigree work platinum finish. Mounted with large imitation Chinese Jade. A fashionable new style to be worn on any finger. Be sure to give size wanted.



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These spring shoes put you "on air" as you run, walk, or jump. More fun than jumping on the bed. Hop like a kangaroo and have as much fun as with a pair of seven league boots. Correct size governed by user's weight. Give your exact weight in ordering.



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There are few things that give a boy or man more genuine pride of possession than a good hatchet. This one is made of Crecoite steel—that wonderful new tool metal, perfected after thirty years of steel-making experience, with green stained hickory handle. Length of handle, 14 inches. Fully warranted as to material and workmanship. This axe is a necessity for Boy Scouts, hunters, woodsmen and trappers. A leather sheath which fits on the belt makes a convenient and safe means of carrying one of our most popular premium items.



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Racing Style



Skates given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and \$4.15 extra, or for 9 subscriptions. Sold for \$7.50. Include postage for 5-lb. package from Worcester, Mass. Specify style and size desired, and if for boy or girl, man or woman.

These splendid Winslow shoe skates are the tubular type, and are offered in two styles—the hockey pattern, and the racing pattern. Aluminum finish, with hardened steel runners. Fastened to high grade McKay sewed shoes. We offer either Hockey or Racing style, in half sizes—for men and boys, 1 to 12; for women and girls, 1 to 9.



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The Greist Lamp will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and \$1.25 extra. Or, sold for \$3.00, postpaid.

This artistically designed, well made and beautifully finished lamp in decorated brass is adaptable to countless uses in the home, office, or workshop. Use on table, or clamp to bed-post, chair, or wherever you choose. Complete with 8-ft. cord and 2-piece plug. Bulb not included. Stands 12 1/2 in. high.

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THE WINTER GUARD

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 771]

wouldn't try to get this man discharged. I wouldn't feel right if he did. The matter is settled now, and there is no use in continuing it."

"If that don't beat the Dutch, I'll eat my own head!" cried the man in amazement. "Dan, are you sure you're well? Ain't you a little off in the head? Most folks would say opposite to what you do. It beats me."

"Aw, get out! You don't mean half of that. Folks aren't so mean."

"Well, what you say goes, but it looks kinda funny. Good-by, boys."

The messenger from the office went out, tied on his webs and left for the low ground, shaking his head and glancing back with odd gestures of unbelief and incredulity. Dan and Jimmy laughed. Eight days later, the game warden called on them again and offered Dan a letter he had received from Hatton. Dan read it, while the color crawled up from his neck to his ears and on to his forehead.

"Now you know what decent men think of your unnecessary harshness to a good boy, and I assure you that if I took the matter up with those above you there would be a vacancy in your position at once, but the boy you mistreated has a forgiving nature and he has asked me to drop this matter. For that reason and that only, I will let you retain your present position, but if you ever act in that way again to Dan Logan or any other boy I'll get your scalp if it costs me a thousand dollars," Dan read.

"Gosh!" he said at last, finishing the letter. "I didn't want Grump to rub it in so hard on you. I did want him to talk to you about it, I'll admit, but I didn't expect him to bear down on the sandpaper so hard."

"I dunno as he bore on too heavy," the warden replied. "What say we shake an' call it even-Stephen, huh? I reckon I was kinda rough."

Dan put out his hand and the warden shook it with a powerful grip, while a shame-faced, apologetic smile was on his face.

"Maybe we can sorta work together agin these here cat critters," he ventured, "an' there's timber wolves hangin' around now, too. Must be it is a bad year fer game farther north an' they've come thisaway to find better feed. Got any traps around here, big enough fer wolves?"

"There are six regular wolf traps here, that were left by a trapper."

"That's good. You may need 'em. Wolves an' cougar will jest clean out the deer in deep snow. Ev'rythin' else, in fact."

The warden left the camp and went back to his own quarters, with a good understanding of Dan Logan. A friendship had been established that would endure, in spite of the first clash. He had left Dan thinking very earnestly about the killers that decimated the game animals and birds of the mountains. That very night Dan heard wolves howling, and when morning came he found tracks that proved that they had circled the camp and had even ventured close to the kitchen side. The cooking odors had undoubtedly carried far and had drawn them near.

This gave Dan an idea and he skinned the neck of the doe, after the flesh had been partially thawed, then dragged it in the snow over a place where he had set all the six wolf traps. When this had been done, he put the meat in the oven and baked it enough to raise a penetrating odor, after which he flung it out of the pan, without touching it, right in the center of the space where the traps lay hidden under snow.

That night a wolf howled quite near to the camp and Jimmy shivered and snuggled close to Dan, saying that the sound made gooseflesh on his body.*

Two wolves came next night within a few yards of the traps, to pause there, sit on their tails and wail. Carefully the boys avoided the place, keeping to the opposite side of the buildings, but looking from a window at the tracks. Dan had high hopes that

time might dull the caution of the wolves and bring them to his traps. As if to aid him, the third night sifted a light skim of snow over the country, hiding all marks of feet near the bait and the traps.

Another day and night passed and still no wolves in the traps, but when another night came they were back again, tracking up unbroken snow and galloping around after anything they might find that was edible. At midnight the boys heard a quarrel start and knew that they had at last decided to gnaw the flesh off that neck bone and head. Snarls sounded at high pitch, then there was a clashing, wherein the individual wolves took toll of each other with slashing tusks. This lasted but a second or two, and then the sounds changed a great deal, though they were still vicious.

"I'll bet they have hit those traps and some of them are caught," said Dan, sitting up in bed. "I am going to dress, put on that cap holding the searchlight and cross to the commissary building. I can go to the back door and get a good look at the beasts if they are in the traps."

"What for? Why not wait until morning?" Jimmy asked.

"Because I don't want any animal left in a trap long. I can see to shoot well enough with the carbide lamp burning on top of my head."

"Then I am going, too," asserted Jimmy. "I'll take the shotgun."

"Really, kid? All right! Come along," and Dan took hold of the door knob. "Go quietly. I'll not light the lamp until we get to that back door. I guess we can feel our way that far."

When they stood inside the rear door, Dan scratched a match and set it to the acetylene gas burner, and a quick glare lighted the little entryway. Pausing to rid his eyes of the green and red phantoms made by the brilliant flare, Dan opened the door; the beam of light struck a group of wolves only thirty yards distant that was astonished at the quick illumination. Two sprang aside to clear the path of light and were off into the darkness, free. One leaped right along this pathway and landed in a trap hitherto unsprung. Two others jumped and were jerked back by traps that held a foot of each. Still another was nipping at the doe's neck. He gripped it, growling, and tried to flee, but turned over endlong from a jerk on one front foot, and in righting himself stepped in a second trap.

"Hi-yi!" yelled Jimmy. "Four of them fast! Plug 'em, Dan! Hey there, one is loose! Get him, Dan, get him! Aw, he's gone, but get the others!"

The 30:30 rifle barked once, twice, four times. Then Dan started out to inspect his catch, carrying the rifle at his side. Apparently all three were dead and he stopped at the first to feel of the fur, then left it to examine the next. Stooping, he put a hand on this one, when Jimmy yelled at him loudly and a wicked snarl rose at his back. Dan leaped at the warning sound, but almost too late. His foot caught under the short length of old signal line he had used to join all trap chains and make them fast to a stake. Plunging to his face, he felt great tusks rip his trousers and take toll of his leg, as his rifle ran its muzzle deep into the trampled snow. A smarting pain told of torn skin.

CHAPTER SIX

ROLLING swiftly to carry his legs beyond reach of the dog wolf, Dan came to his knees to face the raging leader of the pack, whose pelt he had touched but a moment earlier. The beast, held now by traps on his left front foot and on his right rear foot, strained and plunged against the strong chains, roaring insanely. The bullet that had brought him down had merely glanced off his skull, stunning him, and now his traditional silence had changed to noisy clamoring. He wanted flesh to rend, Dan Logan's flesh, and he had very nearly achieved his desire.

Dan lifted the rifle to fire, but hesitated at thought of the snow that packed the muzzle. A shot now meant six inches off the end of the barrel or perhaps a burst barrel and death for him. Rising, he sank well up to his knees in the light snow above the hidden crust and wallowed farther from the disappointed wolf. From the door of the commissary came the bellowing crash of a

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 774]



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*AUTHOR'S NOTE—The two boys' adventure with the wolves is backed up by what happened in December of last year, at Camp Nine, Stanislaus County, near Angels Camp.

A mother, living in a shack with her two children, went to her door and a wolf attacked her, tearing her clothing almost off and marking up her arms and face badly with paws and teeth. She got hold of a chair and fought for her life until the wolf was driven out of the back door, the fight continuing clear through the shack.

She managed to shut both doors and the wolf tried to leap in at a window, but failed. A neighbor, Charles Avery, hearing her screams and the snarling of the wolf, came out with a rifle and wounded the wolf twice. It then ran into the brush and disappeared. I found this story in the Modesto News-Herald of December 17.



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Connie Morgan and Waseche Bill, favorites of **AMERICAN BOY** readers, come back in December in a thrilling four-part serial of the Alaskan trail. Broke but undaunted, Connie and Waseche become gold prospectors again. They face blizzards, treachery and grim death in the madly exciting Donegal stampede. Drive with Connie and his team of huskies! Don't miss "Connie Morgan Hits the Trail."

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THE WINTER GUARD

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 773]

shotgun, as he looked back, again throwing light on the four-legged demon. The wolf turned into a gorge between high, steep-sided ridges. The bottom of this defile was no more than four or five yards wide, even where the snow lifted it upward.

"Are you hurt much, Dan?" the boy shouted, half crying.

"No, I guess not, Jimmy, but you took an awful chance, shooting past me so close with buckshot. What if two or three had gone wild and found me? I wasn't over six feet outside the range then."

"Oh, yeah, but what if that wolf had broke loose? I guess buckshot would be mild compared to what he would have done to you."

"That is true. Put the gun down and come help me. We must take the brutes out of the traps and yank their skins off before they stiffen."

Dan found that all the damage he had suffered was a groove that cut a shallow course across the right leg, above the hollow of the knee, which bled rather freely. Washing it with an antiseptic from the camp medicine chest, he set a bandage over the gouge and looked ruefully at his clothing that had been torn. At the moment, this seemed most important.

"Those pants won't heal up, plague take the luck!" he remarked.

"Sew a patch on the inside and darn the ragged ends down," said Jimmy. "If you had been three inches closer to that wolf he would have had all the meat off back there, at one yank. He was willing enough."

"Tried to hamstring me. That is a favorite trick of a wolf."

The boys stripped the three wolves and carried the pelts inside of the big building. There they stretched them on a wall and tacked nails into every projecting point to hold them there. Dan discovered that one trapped wolf had escaped. His trap had been the end one on the signal line and his leap had jerked the knot open, releasing him.

They slept rather late next morning, but when they did waken it took them but a short time to eat breakfast and get ready to follow the escaped wolf.

The trap marked the trail so plainly that they could follow it at a distance and could see the traces far ahead, which gave them a chance to follow the chord of the arc whenever the fleeing wolf curved about on his course, which he did quite often. Saving distance in this way counted in a long chase, which this promised to be. The beast appeared to be seeking safety on a higher level, with some definite objective in mind, for every turn and change of direction pointed into the hills.

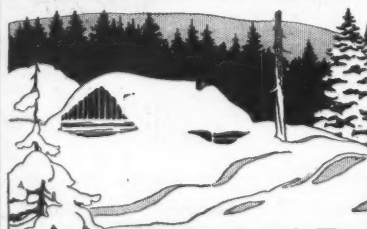
"What earthly object could a wolf have in coming up here?" Jimmy asked, as they climbed. "He keeps moggling right along, as though he was going home."

"Perhaps he is. I hadn't thought of that, Jim, but he may be looking for a den where he has lived before. We are getting rather high. Notice how short-winded you are getting. We, I should say, must be half a mile above camp right now and got to go higher if we get that wolf."

"Yep, but what I'm wondering now is why somebody nailed shakes high up on these trees. See them, Dan? A regular line of them and all pretty well up above the snow—ten feet, at least, aren't they?"

"All of that. They look like signs to indicate a road or trail."

The boys kept on going upward, dividing



A cabin not yet completely snowed in

*AUTHOR'S NOTE—As a sidelight on this part of my story, readers may be interested to know that at Letterbox, Plumas County, shakes are nailed forty feet above the ground in one section, since the snow lay thirty-five feet deep there.

My nephew, Ned Varney, was a ranger there for eight years and often saw the cabins at Letterbox buried clear out of sight under snow, with a tunnel to the door of each one and a peeled pole indicating entrance to the tunnel. The elevation there is eight thousand feet.

glances between these shake signs and the wolf trail, for another mile. Then the wolf turned into a gorge between high, steep-sided ridges. The bottom of this defile was no more than four or five yards wide, even where the snow lifted it upward.

The boys were traveling cautiously, keeping a close watch ahead and their guns ready, using their poles with one hand. The gorge could not be very long, they decided, since a mountain wall seemed to cross it and the ridges penning them in were only buttresses to the main wall. A half mile brought them near the junction of these wing walls, with that enormously greater one which crossed them. Still the mark of the trap continued, clear up to the real mountain ridge, and turned to the left or north. A few steps opened up the view and they saw where the trail went under the edge of an overhanging rock.

"Denned!" muttered Dan, to his brother. "Keep very still."

Slipping one ski after the other softly, Dan came to this rock lip that drooped low above the snow, and stopped there. No more than four or five feet in width, the opening showed between a vertical rock and the lateral ridge slope. The snow lay deep below, and Dan, squatting on his heels, saw that it sloped downward sharply inside the den. The floor of the cavern appeared to be at least four feet below the snow level and the wolf tracks went down that pitch into the darkness.

BEFORE Dan rose from his position, he looked at the rock beside him and saw many long hairs caught in the crevices. Pulling several out, he was astonished at their length and knew instantly that they were not the hairs of a wolf. Laying them along his hand, he found that some reached from the tip of his middle finger clear back to his wrist joint. There could be no doubt as to their character. No wolf wore such hair. Color and length proclaimed them hairs of *Ursus horribilis*, the grizzly bear. Silently he showed them to Jimmy, who pursed his lips in a low whistle of astonishment. Then both the boys retreated from the den cavern.

Far down the gorge they paused to look again at the hairs.

"What do you think of wolf brains now, Jimmy? Taking refuge in a den occupied by a sleeping grizzly looks pretty foxy to me. He could hand the fighting over to his landlord and sit back in comfort, watching the scrap. Smart boy, that wolf," said Dan, grinning.

"But, Dan, how do we know he is there now? The bear may have left a lot of hair on the rocks last summer and he may be snoozing in some other hole now. The wolf is in there, we know, but we don't know about the bear. That is the way it looks to me, anyhow," Jimmy argued.

"You may be right at that," Dan acknowledged thoughtfully. "What are we going to do about it, either way around? That is what sticks me."

"Go back and let me go inside with the shotgun. If I see the wolf I'll turn loose first one barrel, then the other, and scramble out again."

"And miss him," said Dan.

"I didn't miss that one last night. Got him in the head with three buckshot, didn't I? Well, what is to hinder killing this one?"

"We haven't the searchlight today, smarty. How are you going to see?"

"That's so," Jimmy agreed, dejectedly. Then he brightened. "Let's go get the light and come back again. What time is it?"

"Eleven forty-two. Two hours and twelve minutes since we left camp. Two hours each way would make it three forty-something when we got here ready for business. I'll tell you. You stay up on the hillside and watch across that hole for the first sign of any beast coming out, while I go to camp, get the light and come back with it. If the wolf so much as looks out, you can drop a handful of buckshot on his head."

"All right, Dan, I'll stay," said Jimmy and Dan started downgrade.

Dan left his rifle hanging on a tree branch, gave Jimmy his heavy Mackinaw coat to sit on and prepared for light, fast traveling. He believed that he could cover the few miles in much less than two hours, going down, but he knew that the return would be harder and much slower, in his tired condition. He slid out of sight swiftly.

At the camp, he unlocked the door that

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had once been burst open and on which he had made repairs, caught up the searchlight, filled it with fresh carbide and water, relocked the door and started away.

He came back up the gorge to find Jimmy alert, watchful, reporting all quiet in the cavern, just a fraction after three-twenty minutes quicker than his estimate. Now came up the question of who should enter the cavern, and Jimmy stood out stoutly for his rights in the matter until Dan gave in, reserving to himself the right to enter behind Jimmy with the rifle.

The boy adjusted the cap on his head and Dan lighted the lamp for him. Jimmy looked up at his brother gravely and spoke his mind.

"Dan, I've been thinking all the while you were gone and I decided that the bear is not in that cave. You know what that game warden said about a wolf being smart. Well, it don't look natural that a smart brute would crawl into a den with a grizzly."

"Just my notion, Jimmy. I did a heap of hard thinking on that trip and concluded that I just couldn't let you try it if we had any reason to believe the grizzly had holed up here. Anyhow, I am going in with you and I will be right at your back with my rifle ready. Only you must not get into a panic and turn to run, because that would switch the light off when I needed it most. That would mean trouble for me."

"All right, Dan. Poke me in the back if I act scary and tell me to brace up. Here goes, win or lose. Perhaps you had better wear the light, Dan, because it will shine over my head just as well if you do and I may turn tail and beat it. I'm trembly right now and so excited I choke."

"All right, Jimmy. Swap caps," and Dan made the exchange. "Now keep cool and make believe you are after a ground squirrel."

"Yeah, a squirrel that weighs over a hundred pounds, huh?" and Jimmy slid into the cavern in a sitting position, Dan keeping close to his back and the searchlight illuminating the length of the subterranean room. A moment later the boys stood on their feet and listened to faint sounds of metal jingling and thumping, as the wolf shifted position.

Jimmy advanced cautiously, keeping close watch ahead, but giving the sides of the open channel quick glances. The wolf had ceased to move and not a sound could they hear other than the almost inaudible crunch of grit under moccasins.

Their forward movement was exceedingly slow, since they paused each time a foot was advanced, to harken.

Gradually they neared the blank wall of granite that rose at the end of the channel they followed. Boulders filled both sides, packed too closely to allow anything larger than a squirrel to traverse the spaces comfortably, until the open way came within a few feet of the back wall. As the boys approached this wall, they saw that at the left there was a narrow opening between rocks, which led farther in, and to where the floor lifted in a slant upward.

Where the floor of the cavern began to change in this uplift, they saw two green eyes glowing, only to disappear immediately, and Dan nudged Jimmy, to direct his attention.

"The wolf is there, Jimmy, and he is probably flattened out on the ground behind the boulders. I will chuck a stone over there if I can get hold of a small one, and see if he will look this way again. Get ready to make a snapshot. He won't keep still long."

Dan began looking for a small stone as soon as he ceased speaking. Picking up two of half a pound weight each, he jerked one towards the end of the angle. It struck, glanced, hit the far end of the wall and glanced a second time. A gray head, ears pricked, eyes shining, lifted into view. Jimmy had the shotgun butt against a shoulder. A slight shift of the muzzle and he squeezed the trigger. The roar of the explosion deafened the boys momentarily, but Dan knew the shot had gone home. There came an exultant shout from Jimmy. But Dan was now scanning the right end of the passage. Suddenly he grasped Jimmy's arm and dragged him back.

"What are you doing?" snapped Jimmy, irritably.

"Jim, you git!" ordered Dan, catching his brother again. "That bear is curled up at the south end of this cross channel and I saw him move a little bit after you shot. He looks as big as a horse. Hark!"

A complaining sound came down to them from that south angle, and in a second more

they heard a rustle, as of a great body moving. Dan shoved his brother towards the entrance with vigor.

"Beat it, kid! He's moving, I tell you!" he whispered.

CHAPTER SEVEN

THERE was no need for further urging. No sooner did Jimmy realize that a grizzly bear was in the cave than he broke for the outer air at a run. Dan made a good second in the race, and the moment the boys had their skis made fast they struck out down the gorge.

After a hundred yards, Dan called a halt and looked back. There was no sign of life at that low portal they had just left.

"Come along, kid," he said. "I guess Old Ephraim only got up to lie down on the other side, but we are not going back to rescue the trap or skin a dead wolf. We have done our duty in finishing that wolf and there would be too much risk in going back. Now that the bear is half awake, a comparatively slight sound would stir him up and I'll take no chances. Doesn't that beat anything you ever heard of, a wolf hiding in a bear den? I never heard of such a thing before and never expect to again."

"Here, too, Dan. Glad we are on our way to camp. I have had enough."

The boys settled down to silent ski-running, making the best time possible back to their headquarters in Camp Four. Dan was terribly weary when he took his skis off. Eating lightly, he went to bed early, Jimmy following his example. A quiet night gave the boys opportunity to recuperate, and when Jimmy woke he knew the sun was high in the sky. Getting out, he lighted a fire in the little stove and dressed himself. As he was lacing his moccasins, Dan opened his eyes and blinked at him sleepily. Jimmy grinned at him, but said nothing. Dan reached for his watch, which lay on a chair beside the bed.

"I'm blessed if I haven't slept ten hours," he said in surprise. "Guess I better roll out too. How do you feel, Jim?"

"All right, Dan. Had one bad dream last night. I thought that a bear was chasing me out of his bedroom, with his mouth open far enough to take my head in. Woke me up, but I went to sleep again right away."

Dan went to the window and looked out, then to the door opening into the store, to glance eastward above the Sierras.

"Looks like the high country will get more snow before long. Wonder if Old Ephraim went back to sleep after you woke him up with a shotgun yesterday. I suppose he did, considering the time of the year. His nap is only about half finished. Say, Jim, have you any curiosity left about those shakes we saw nailed on the trees up there?"

"Sure! Why not? Must be somebody living up in the high region who nailed them up to mark a trail, and I would like to see where he holes up. Wouldn't you, Dan? It would be fun to follow that line."

"All right, then, let's go. Might as well, I guess."

So the brothers hurried their breakfast and prepared a little food to carry in their pockets, as they always did on such trips. They left the camp on skis, carrying guns.

They found the line of shakes and went on upward towards the mountain crest. Steadily climbing, but with due regard to the rarified air that called for caution in muscular exertion, they soon reached a rounded ridge crest, broad enough to allow some acres of fairly level land. Here they saw a clearing comprising about five acres and the shakes seemed to end right there. Also, a little care in looking showed them a peeled pole, banded with six inches of red.

They went across the clearing and stopped near the pole. The band of red, they learned, was flannel, tacked to the pole. Near the pole they discovered a tunnel that led down steeply into the snow and Dan squatted on his heels to look down it. There was an elbow in the bore, about six feet down, and he could not see what lay below, but the top

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 777]

*AUTHOR'S NOTE—In connection with this part of the story, it seems fitting to mention the case of a young person's meeting with a grizzly.

In northern California, about twelve years ago or a little more, a grizzly killed a calf that was the pet of a crippled girl of ten.

Her fourteen-year-old brother swore vengeance and tracked the bear to his den, in a cavern behind a granite slab that had slid down from above. Taking off his shoes, the boy sneaked in, creeping a step at a time soundlessly, saw the bear asleep and came close enough to shoot him with the gun muzzle only four feet from the head of the grizzly.

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THE WINTER GUARD

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 775]

of a pole ladder was visible. In the short length above this ladder short pieces of pine puncheons, split out with an axe, lay bedded in the snow to form steps.

"Ahoy the subcellar!" Dan shouted, and then chuckled. Somebody far down the tunnel stirred and opened a door. The ends of the ladder poles shook with his climbing, and in a moment a man came to the turn, left the ladder and started up the steps. As his head came to snow level, he looked up and exclaimed in a half whisper.

"Thank God you have come!" he said. "I was getting desperate and I have been praying that somebody would show up. Be very quiet, please. My wife is very sick down there in the cabin and unless she has a doctor she will die. I don't dare leave her to get one, lest she die while I am gone. So I am fairly cornered and helpless, not daring to go, not daring to stay. If you will go to the copper mine, seventeen miles northwest of here, and tell Doctor Wells, I will pay you handsomely for your trouble. The only question is, are you willing to make the trip?"

"I'll do it," said Dan, with no hesitation whatever. "But there is no question of pay in the bargain. We have a mother."

THE drawn face of the anxious husband worked painfully and he made no effort to conceal two tears that ran down his cheeks.

"The Almighty sent you, boys," he said huskily. "You can make it to the mine in two hours easily, perhaps less, since you can coast a long way. Where do you belong? I must know that in order to direct you along the best route for getting home again."

Dan told him and the man nodded comprehension as he began to talk and draw maps in the smooth snow where it had not been trampled. Then Dan copied the maps in a little notebook, slipped it in his pocket and turned to Jimmy. He was very earnest and sober, with a glance at the sky.

"Jimmy, you get back to the camp and have a good fire going in the kitchen and in our room. I don't know anything about when I can get in, but I want hot coffee when I do come, to warm me up inside. Don't worry if I am late in getting there. It is a long way around, remember."

"All right, Dan! I'll do it. Hadn't you better stay at the mine all night and come back in the morning? I won't mind being alone one night. It might be better for you than making nearly forty miles."

"Only thirty-six, kid," jeered Dan gently. "Don't stretch it."

"Only thirty-six is some trip, it seems to me."

Soon Dan struck off and the man shouted to him, "Doc is a ski man himself, so he can keep up with you."

"Do you get buried like that every winter up here?" Jimmy inquired of the man.

"This is only our second winter here," was the reply, "and it was like this last year. I believe we will be buried deeper this winter, by the way it looks now. By the way, my name is Jessup, William Jessup. Will you tell me yours? Logan? That is a good old Irish name, I believe. Well, Jimmy, your brother never stopped to quibble or question, never even told his name, and the way he agreed to go has put heart into me. I must go back to my wife, but I want to tell you that the Logan brothers have put courage into me. I will never forget you two as long as I live."

Jimmy went back to Camp Four, feeling rather serious. He felt very much alone. Little noises startled him. But he got out his schoolbooks and studied; then, feeling as fidgety as a colt, he banged down his book and jumped up to look out. It was dark, and clouds were racing across the sky.

At five, it was pitch dark and snowing heavily. Jimmy made preparations for supper. He lighted all the lamps, and set them in the windows that faced the way Dan would come. Distrusting their feeble glow, he took the carbide searchlight, and went out, and lashed it to the plank runway above the ridge of the commissary building, aiming its beam directly toward the way Dan would come. To his chagrin, the bar of light seemed to stop short against the thick curtain of snowflakes.

Loneliness and depression now seized Jimmy and racked him. He had done all a boy could do to guide his brother to safety. The evening wore on. Jimmy tried to study, and to play with the dominoes, only to leap

to his feet and run outdoors whenever he thought he heard a distant hail. Each time he was disappointed. He wondered if there was anything else he could do. He was afraid to look at the clock. It must be very late—perhaps past nine o'clock.

Suddenly he saw the shotgun, and had an inspiration. Stuffing his pockets with shells, he went out and fired it twice, spacing the shots at thirty second intervals as nearly as he could count. Then he waited, straining his ears against the gale. Far away came the answering voice of the 30:30 rifle.

Instantly Jimmy fired again, and the rifle and shotgun began to call to each other, at regular intervals, until Jimmy heard a shrill whistle and knew that his brother had come near. Then, knowing that hot coffee would be the first thing wanted, Jimmy dashed into the commissary and stirred up a quick fire. His eyes suddenly filled with tears, and the terror which had gripped him flooded out of his mind and heart.

CHAPTER EIGHT

DAN came into the commissary with a glad shout and Jimmy wheeled to meet him, but the boy wavered in his rush, staggered aside and dropped on a bench beside one of the long tables in the eating-room that opened out from the kitchen. Dan hurried to reach his brother.

"Don't, kid! Jimmy, don't!" begged Dan, as he found the boy drawing long, shivering breaths that sounded more terrible than sobs. "Why, Jim, did you think something had happened to me? Jimmy, don't! Brace up, Jim. I'm all right—only played out around the legs and hungry as a wolf."

Jimmy waved a weak hand towards the little table by the kitchen stove, on which he had set out a supper, and dropped his head on an arm.

"Doctor Wells had been called out and I had to go seven miles from the mine to find him. Then I had to wait until he had a little girl out of danger from croup before he could start, and that brought it pretty late. To cap it all, I lost my way coming back, after Doc left me, and I was pretty well off my course, until I heard the shotgun. Then I headed right and, after coming a quarter mile or so, the snow stopped falling in such masses and the light showed up. Having got headed right, I could be fairly sure of keeping my direction after it began to snow so hard the light disappeared. The worst trouble was, there is so little wind tonight that a fellow can't steer by it. I could hardly feel it on my face, when I stopped and tried to get straight. If you hadn't thought of the light and the shotgun, I would be off somewhere to the southeast of here right now, browsing around in those flats where there is so much brush, or else down in a canyon, bewildered."

Dan left his food and came over to his brother. Then, for a minute or two, the big brother held the younger one in an embrace that was such a close one Jimmy had to beg for air after a time.

"Say, you don't need to bust a rib," he admonished Dan, laughing.

The snow kept on falling briskly for three days, and when it ceased falling there was slightly more than nine feet on the level. In the last day of the storm Jimmy began to look out often and pucker his forehead in disgust, but he said nothing that Dan could use as a handle. The boy was alert and intent upon keeping clear of Dan's joking.

AFTER the skies cleared, the entire country was glistening white on every side, the branches of trees heavily laden, slender limbs bent down to meet the whiteness, the windows of the buildings banked almost to the top, and little draws and hollows reduced to shallow, curving pits in the upper layer of snow. A week later the new snow settled together compactly, while a little drop in temperature hardened the surface. This made the skiing ideal and the boys began to roam once more almost every day. Once they called on the Jessups and found them a delightful couple and full of gratitude for Dan's run after Doc Wells. Now there were many feet above the roof ridge and Jessup had added pipe lengths to carry the smoke away. Also he had another ladder to run the second stretch of his tunnel. They talked with him about the grizzly.

"He won't stir until the snow melts halfway down, at least," Jessup declared. "Let a spring rain come along about the first of

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 778]



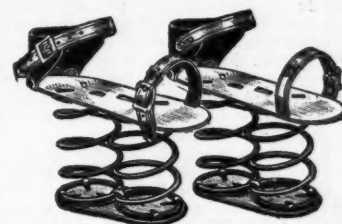
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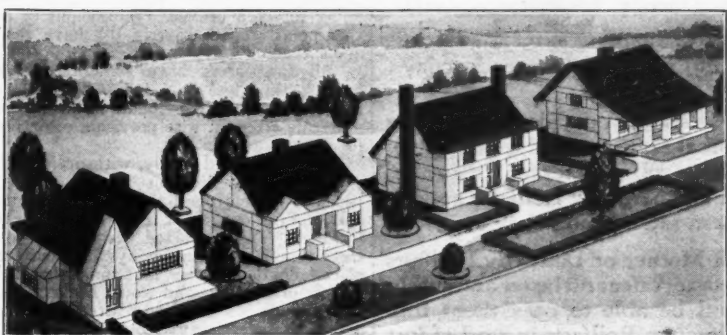
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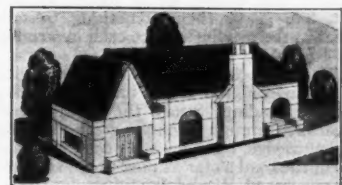


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THE WINTER GUARD

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 777]

March and he will be out roaming, hungry enough to eat leather. If the first rain is early, he may be out by the middle of February, but I doubt it. Take my advice and go 'way round when you see him, because he may be sour-tempered until he has a good feed. You know, boys, the first thing a bear does as he comes out of hibernation is to eat something vegetable. Anything goes with him then, they say, so long as it is alive and fresh vegetable stuff. Twigs, buds,



The chattering, hungry blue jays

grass. He does not break his fast on meat ever, they say. After a few days of this diet, he gets a real appetite, and anything is grist that comes to his mill, from a mouse up to a cow. Can't blame him, after he has fasted for months, can you? I don't."

"Is it true that the fur is at its finest at the end of hibernation? I have heard men say it is," said Dan. "I suppose, of course, it is much longer, because it grows all winter, but in other ways is it better?"

"Yes. It has then the underclothing of fine wool that keeps a bear warm in winter. He sheds that in the spring and it is only half formed when he holes up for the winter. That makes his March coat exceptional."

"I get you," said Dan. "I hadn't thought about that wool."

"Most folks don't know about it," Mr. Jessup answered.

"I suppose it must be something like the under fur of a beaver," Jimmy put in at this point, rather eagerly. "I have read about that."

"All fur-bearers have something that hugs the skin close in winter, as the summer fur does not. I have found it on winter muskrats often—a wise provision of nature for their protection."

The days passed slowly, with nothing to make one day different from the next. Bluejays came around after the big storm, and Dan put out tallow from the deer meat for them. This attracted them, and soon there were jays and more jays all about the place every day—saucy, fat scamps that had no fear of the boys and would come at the first indications of food-scattering. Now and then several jays would swoop after some single morsel and clash in the air, with loud cries of anger at meeting. Then the losers would scold furiously for a long time.

Time dragged heavily with both the boys and they worked the skis a great many times just because they craved a change from the quiet camp. Dan gave Jimmy practice in rifle-shooting with the .22, since the supply of shells of that size was good. A good many days they both grew so weary of each other's proximity that they went in opposite directions on their skis, yet without any quarrel or ill feeling of any sort. This gave them something to talk about in the evenings, since each invariably saw something interesting.

Chess, checkers and dominoes palled on them from too much usage, and they tired of reading. Study they maintained faithfully, through having so great a longing for knowledge, but they were coming to the end of the road as far as pleasure in solitude was concerned. Week followed week and the first breath of spring touched the mountain, in a wind carrying lowland warmth. Then a slight rain fell, merely a sprinkle, but enough to soften the snow crust. Jimmy grew hilarious over seeing and hearing rain. Dan smiled at his enthusiasm, knowing well that it would be many days yet before the real spring would come to Camp Four. That night upheld this view of the climate, for it turned cold again and the softened snow wore a glazed and glistening skin in the morning, capable of supporting both the

brothers when standing together. Jimmy looked woebegone.

"Gee! I thought we were all through with arctic weather," he growled discontentedly. "I'm getting sick of seeing so much snow."

Only a few days later the temperature rose, a soft, warm wind began to blow and rain started falling. The boy grew jubilant, whooping and yelling about the buildings, starting rough and tumble scuffles with Dan, singing loudly and jeeringly, "It ain't gonna rain no mo', no mo'." And the rain, so welcome to the homesick boy because it promised release from Camp Four and his return to his home, kept on falling steadily.

Day after day it continued, with the snow level lowering continually, until Dan began to wonder if the valley country would not suffer from a flood. On the tenth night the rainfall ended and the next day dawned clear. A couple of fair days followed with no hard freezes at night. Then, before the next night was well begun, the boys were roused from sleep by a crash.

"What was that?" Jimmy demanded, sitting up in bed alertly.

"How do I know? I was asleep, too, when it happened," Dan explained. "I'll go look, as soon as I can get into my clothes."

"Take a gun. It may be another Wolverine," Jimmy advised.

Searchlight on his head, Dan opened the door, passed through to the outer door and stepped out on the platform. Two green eyes glared up at him from the space between the buildings, a great throat rumbled and the huge form of an enormous bear turned to face him. In the glaring light it loomed like a truck horse, and it was thicker-bodied. Dan leaped backward, to slam the door and race to get his rifle. Jimmy bounced out of bed at the noise of his stampede, and Dan burst in on him, shouting, "Grizzly!"

CHAPTER NINE

JIMMY'S expression changed from wonder to consternation, mingled in its emotions, but mainly startled fear. Amazed at the appearance of the bear, the boy wondered what might be the outcome. He began to chatter like a magpie, the words tumbling over each other as he talked, but Dan snatched up the rifle and went out.

Dan opened the outer door cautiously, uncertain of the bear's present location and not at all eager to meet him. A glance showed him that nothing living occupied the space between buildings. He jerked the door wide open and stepped out. Turning east, then west, with the beam of light illuminating the lowered snow surface, he could see no sign of a grizzly, except huge tracks. These were so enormous that he was startled again, as he had been at sight of the animal. Almost half a yard long, they indicated a tremendous weight and stature.

Below his feet lay the wreck of the long bench the boys had used to cross the track. Sunken in the melting snow, it had offered a low and unimportant barrier to the bear and he had stepped on it. Shifting from the middle, where a plank leg supported his weight, he had broken it into a splintered ruin. That in itself told Dan of great poundage.

Returning to the bedroom, Dan set his rifle down. Shutting off the light, he crawled into bed again.

"He is gone," he said. "Go to sleep, Jim. He is hungry, of course, but that light scared him off. He won't bother us again, I guess."

Both boys snuggled under the blankets and tried to sleep, but there had been too much excitement for that. Nearly two hours went by before they actually slept. Just before sunrise, Jimmy turned out to start the fire and, as he struck a match to get it going, he heard a sound outside the north window. Sticking the match into the shavings, he left the stove and took two steps towards the window. Then he stopped, stared and whispered a call to Dan. The older boy sat up and gasped.

Outside the window, a great, rounded back was passing, hairy and huge and long. Dan

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 780]



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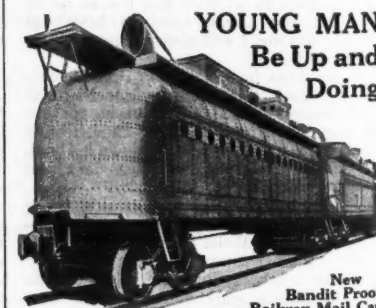
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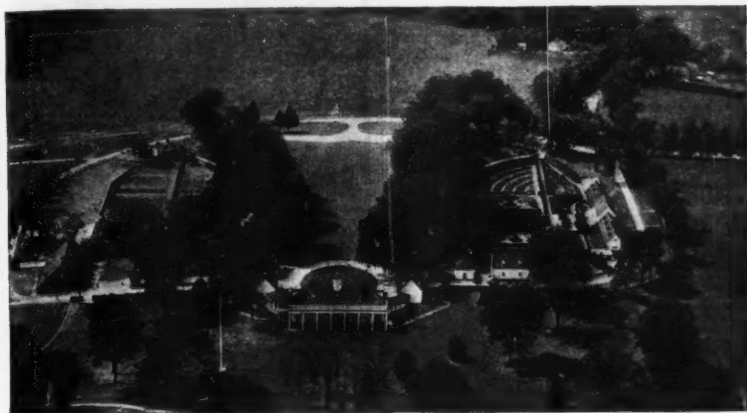
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DEATHLESS SPLENDOR

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 750]



Mount Vernon, the famous estate purchased by George Washington's elder brother Lawrence in 1742, since 1858 the property of the Ladies' Mount Vernon Association

the trial. He had married Ann Pope, daughter of the lieutenant governor; and he gave as the reason why he could not be present at the first date set for the proceedings: "God willing, I intend to get my young sonne baptized, all ye company and gossips being already invited." So he stayed at home for the christening of still another Lawrence Washington. There are so many Lawrences and Johns among the Washingtons that it is easy to get them mixed—and not very important to keep them apart in memory.

As time went on, the people of this family accumulated a good deal of property; they had broad acres, indentured servants, and a number of slaves. George Washington's grandfather was born on Bridges Creek, leaving two sons, John and Augustine. He died while they were still young, and the widow married again and took the boys to England. There she died, and there they were educated. The younger son, Augustine, returned to Virginia, and married Jane Butler. There were two sons, Lawrence and Augustine. When Jane Butler Washington died in 1726, her husband remained a widower for two years and then married Mary Ball. She became the mother of four sons and a daughter. The eldest of these four sons was George Washington.

About George Washington's early life a number of stories have come down to us. One of them has been so much laughed at that some courage is required to tell it again. But it has too large a place in our national tradition for us to omit. The man who told it first, in print, was the Reverend Mason Locke Weems, who sometimes preached at Pohick Church, near Mount Vernon. He was a friend of Washington, and of the Lees; and he was connected, through his wife, with the Washingtons. He published a little biography of Washington less than three months after Washington died; after it had run through five editions, he rewrote it, and told a number of homely stories which he obtained from the Lees, and from an elderly woman who was a member of the Washington family. There is no good reason to suppose that Mr. Weems invented these stories. He was an unconventional person; he played the fiddle, and peddled books, and he was a jolly companion. But his moral character was not denied, nor did those who knew him regard him as a liar.

Recent historians have treated Mr. Weems unfairly. He was not scholarly, but he was a man who deserved better treatment than he has been receiving. After all, his life of Washington was one of the first seven books owned by Abraham Lincoln when he was a boy. Upon it Lincoln based his own conception of Washington's character, and no doubt boyishly made up his mind about the qualities which he, Lincoln, would need if ever he should be called into public life. The story of the cherry tree has remained one of the most frequently told tales in the world. Here it is, in Mr. Weems's own words: "The following anecdote is a case in point. It is too valuable to be lost, and too true to be doubted; for it was communicated to me by the same excellent lady to whom I am indebted for the last. 'When George,' said she, 'was about six years old, he was made the wealthy master of a hatchet, of which, like most little boys, he was immoderately fond; and was constantly going about chopping everything that came in his way. One day, in the garden, where he often

amused himself hacking his mother's peasticks, he unluckily tried the edge of his hatchet on the body of a beautiful young English cherry tree, which he barked so terribly that I don't believe the tree ever got the better of it. The next morning the old gentleman finding out what had befallen his tree, which, by the bye, was a great favorite, came into the house, and with much warmth asked for the mischievous author, declaring at the same time that he would not have taken five guineas for his tree. Nobody could tell him anything about it. Presently George and his hatchet made their appearance. "George," said his father, "do you know who killed that beautiful little cherry tree yonder in the garden?" This was a tough question, and George staggered under it for a moment, but quickly recovered himself, and looking at his father with the sweet face of youth, brightened with the inexpressible charm of all-conquering truth, he bravely cried out, "I can't tell a lie, pa; you know I can't tell a lie. I did cut it with my hatchet." "Run to my arms, you dearest boy," cried his father in transports; "run to my arms. Glad am I, George, that you killed my tree, for you have paid me for it a thousandfold. Such an act of heroism in my son is more worth than a thousand trees, though blossomed with silver, and their fruits purest gold."

We smile at the stilted style in which this story is told. But it should be remembered, before we dismiss it as a mere invention, that Mr. Weems wrote his book for circulation among people who had known Washington for many years. General Henry Lee wrote a commendation of the book. It is hardly possible that the book would have made the success it did among people who knew Washington so well if these stories concerning him had been thought either baseless or ridiculous.

Of course, George Washington's father never talked to him in such resounding language as Mr. Weems uses. We know that boys in those days addressed their parents with much more ceremony than is common now, and that fathers used very formal language in instructing them. Making allowance for this habit, the story is far from improbable. George Washington was no prig. He was brave, however—brave enough to be truthful. When he was discovered in a fault, he was tempted to lie to escape punishment; but he was brave enough to tell the truth, and his father was wise enough to commend him for his truthfulness, instead of punishing him for the wrong he had done. We can take leave of Mr. Weems with the remark that he had no great literary ability. But he wrote an interesting book, which had human values; a better book than the three lives of Washington which had preceded it, and a better one than many which have followed.

[TO BE CONTINUED NEXT MONTH]

NEXT MONTH

In our next issue, Doctor Barton will tell about George Washington's boyhood, his amazing athletic feats, his schooling, and the letter from his uncle which persuaded his mother to keep him from enlisting in the British Navy, when he was ready to go.



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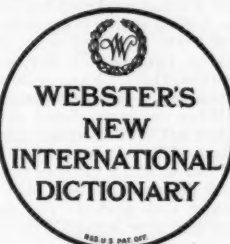
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THE WINTER GUARD

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 778]

knew that any brute must be at least five feet tall to show a back like that above the window sill, probably taller. Judging the length by what he saw, from the shoulder hump to the falling away of the rump, he believed the beast must be as long as a horse at least. For a half minute neither boy breathed a full breath, as the bear paused and went on again at a slow walk. When he was gone they looked at each other in silence and Dan slowly wagged his head.

"Dan, he is a whale of a buster bear," Jimmy whispered, fearing to let the bear hear him. "This sure is the top-notch!"

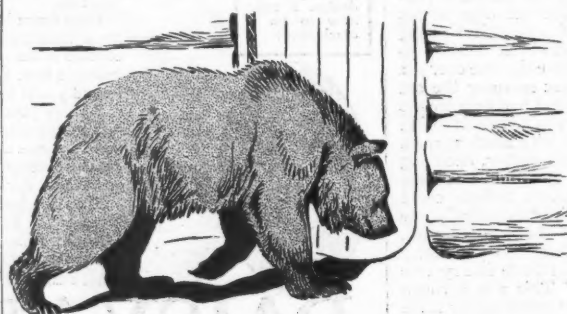
Dan did not reply, but reached for the rifle as soon as his feet hit the floor. Barefooted on icy wood, he sneaked to the outer door and fired three times through a narrow space, then closed it again and ran.

"Wow!" he said. "That floor in the office is cold. I think those shots are enough to make Ephraim hunt his hole, though, and that is what I want. We may be able to kill a cougar or wolverine, but we had better not mix it with a grizzly. Judging by his size, that fellow could take this camp all

smash into every cabin and eat every scrap of food there. That wouldn't amount to much, but the worst of it is he will wreck every bed and all the other stuff, hunting for more grub. Either we will have to scare him clear off or kill him. You know Grump said we had to protect camp from animals as well as men."

The boys went after their guns and began shooting from the rear of the commissary, carefully avoiding the wounding of the bear, who ran off with half a ham in his mouth. He was gone all the balance of that day, but during the next night he broke into two more cabins. The boys found that he had eaten sugar, bacon, ham sections and crackers, bitten canned goods into wrinkled, crumpled wrecks and batted flour sacks hither and yon, until the flour lay thick over everything. He had clawed beds into rags, also.

Dan's fear of the bear was now turning fast into rage against him for these outrages. He went and studied the unfinished building; it was in his mind that he could turn this into a trap big enough to hold even a grizzly bear. With Jimmy's help, Dan cut



Old Ephraim nosing up to the cabin door

square holes in the floor, and set six-by-six timbers in them, just inside the doorposts. The heavy door, covered with sheet metal, stood against the wall. Dan cut a hole in the top of it, with cold chisel and auger, and then put it against the six-by-six uprights.

From the hole a rope was run up through a pulley block he hung from the peak of the outer pair of rafters, and then along the

ridgepole to another pulley at the opposite peak. Then he spiked a plank from each doorpost to the extra post, boxing in the door but leaving it free to slide up and down. The door was far too heavy to be hoisted by Dan's rope, without additional blocks, so he slung a set of double purchase blocks from the ridgepole, and set a snatch block on the floor. He was then able to hoist the door aloft, until its bottom hung six feet up.

Then Dan bored a hole in a post at the back end of the building, drove a strong oak pin into it, and knotted the door rope to slip on it, first greasing the loop and the pin. Then he cut the rope short, and wired a ham to it. Two pieces of board were nailed to the post that held the pin, extending out past the ham; and a narrow strip was nailed across their tops. From the ridgepole he hung another rope with a noose at its end, arranging the noose in front of the ham.

"There's my trap," said Dan. "When the bear tries to get the ham, he will stick his head in the noose. A light jerk on the ham will pull the loop of the door rope off the pin, and down will come the door with a crash. The noose will tighten around the bear's neck as he jumps back, and he will be tied securely to the ridgepole, and will also be shut in by the heavy door, with smooth galvanized iron to scratch against—if he gets out of the noose. How's that, Jimmy?"

"I don't like it," said the younger brother. "Even if we catch this enormous bear, what are we going to do with him? We can't keep him and feed him, and we can't starve him to death. I think we'll be worse up against it than ever, if we do catch him."

"Well, there's no harm in trying," said Dan. "If this old bear would just leave us alone, I wouldn't touch him. We haven't enough food to satisfy him, if we gave him every bit of it. We can't kill him with our light rifles, while he's roaming around. He'll be much more likely to kill us, if we only wound him. But if we can catch him in this trap, I will climb up outside, and sit astride the ridge, and shoot him. He can't touch me."

So saying, and with no real knowledge of the enormous strength of the bear, Dan began to put cooked bacon on the floor of the building, to lead Old Ephraim inside. Several small, tempting bits were displayed close to the ham. There was little doubt that the bear would enter the building; he had no fear of empty cabins, in which he had found so much food.

"That settles it," said Dan. "He will

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THE brothers studied until nine o'clock that evening, and then had a game of chess. Their attention, however, was focused almost constantly on the trap. They waited to hear the thump of the door. Not a sound greeted their ears, until they were going to bed. And then came a resounding noise from the direction of the trap.

"There he is!" cried Dan, flinging on his clothes, and grabbing the rifle and searchlight. "Come along, Jim. What a terrible noise he's making."

As they approached the trap, they saw that the whole building was rocking on its foundations, as if in the grip of an earthquake. Dan had put a ladder in readiness against its side, and without fear of consequences he swarmed up and looked down. The huge, dark bulk of the beast met his eyes; the bear was plunging and bucking at the end of a rope. Dan scrambled up over the brace boards and rafters, and straddled the ridgepole.

The rafters swayed back and forth, making the nails in the braces squeak and complain. Dan tried to sight his rifle, but it was like shooting from the back of a bucking horse.

Dan ceased to believe that he would be able to kill the bear in the manner he had proposed. He was fascinated by the spectacle, but it soon became clear that safety lay in quick retreat. The ridgepole gave a great squeak, close to his knees. It was jointed there; and the joint moved like a pair of giant shears as the rope swayed and strained the rafters. Then, with a crashing sound, the rafters turned peak down and fell with a smash into the building.

Dan dropped on his feet among the timbers and boards, dazed by this sudden collapse. Not three yards away, the head of the bear thrust itself upward through the wreckage. Dan's light had been jarred out by the fall; but there was plenty of moonlight in which he could see the bear's eyes glaring at him. Dan still held his rifle, but dared not use it, for fear the bear might get one foreleg free and cuff Dan's head off with one mighty sweep of a paw.

Working with desperation, Dan came up from his hole in the tangle, climbed one of the reversed rafters, and dropped over the side of the building into the snow. Jimmy was loyally waiting for him; but he now scooted for safety to the commissary, several steps ahead of Dan. From a window, they peered nervously out to see what the bear would do.

After a short wait, the bear came up over the wall just as Dan had done. The rope was still around his neck, and it brought along a length of ridgepole. Grumbling aloud, the grizzly started for the bushes where he had hidden before.

Dan started for the door. Jimmy held him back, but Dan spoke sharply, with no waste breath.

"We can't let him go off trailing that pole. He'll get hung up and starve. It would be inhuman to let him go now."

Then he was outside, running to the trap to find his rifle. Jimmy reached the shotgun, lifted it and ran after his brother. Pausing only long enough to put on their skis, they circled the commissary and took the trail. A hundred yards out, they found where the bear had passed between two stumps, and the pole had caught both, stopping him. He had come back, moved the pole so it came end on between the obstructions, and then had gone on.

The bear traveled quite fast, in spite of the snow, since the rains had lowered it to a moderate level, but the pole bothered him greatly. A number of times they found marks showing that he had repeated his trick of clawing the pole around endlong, but every delay gave them a chance to gain on him. At last, just at daybreak, they saw him well in advance and increased their speed. Dan fired a shot at him.

The answering roar told of a hit, and the bear started a charge, but, instead of coming back the same way he went through at first, he came around one tree. The rope circled the six-inch tree and held. Anchored firmly, he surged against the rope, with head held low. It was new, strong and well tied. Three times he threw all his weight against it and came back in recoil. Then Dan stopped at eighty yards, leveled his rifle and aimed at the back of that thick neck, trying to center it and hit the backbone. If he could do that, he would kill the bear mercifully.

Trembling a little from nervousness and more from muscular exertion, Dan tried to still his shaking hands, as the bear backed up for a lunge.

A fifth of a second of perfect tension held

the target exactly. Dan squeezed the trigger. The rifle cracked as the grizzly started a determined plunge against the rope and the new manila snapped. Dan saw the end of the rope fly up and forward, just as the yarding cable had recoiled long ago out at the end of a logging road. Mechanically he threw a fresh shell into the chamber and steadied himself for another shot. Jimmy slid forward, elbow to elbow with his brother, the shotgun cocked and ready.

But the bear had fallen forward when the broken rope released him. The brothers waited for him to rise. He did not stir, and Dan drew a deep breath. Carefully Jimmy lowered the hammers of his gun.

"That's that, kid. Looks like I got him that time," said Dan.

Jimmy did not reply in words, but he reached a hand to grip Dan by an arm. Dan smiled and looked at his brother, his eyes shining. "You're a big help," he said.

"Why not?" Jimmy asked. "I'm a Logan, too. I may be a kid, but I'm no sheep, to let any old grizzly beat the family."

"Good enough, Jim! Now who is that coming?" said Dan, squinting. "Why, it's the game warden. Happens along just in time to be too late. Glad he did, for I wouldn't like it half so well if he had shot the bear. Perhaps he will help us skin it, though."

He did, and Dan told Hatton over the wire about the whole matter.

"You boys will split a hundred dollars for that killing," the warden promised. "In addition, I will give you fifty dollars for the hide, for a rug. I had a hunch you would make good up there. You will be brought out in about two weeks now."

Where those remaining two weeks went to, Dan and Jimmy never knew. For a long time they had been praying for spring, thinking it could never come. Now, both boys began to realize, each day more keenly, how much their months as the winter guard had meant to them.

THEY had come here, never dreaming that adventures thrilling beyond belief were lying in store for them. Nor had they any idea of the hardships that winter in a deserted lumber camp high on a western mountain side could hold. More than once their lives had been in great danger, and only the courage and devotion of each brother for the other had managed to pull them through alive. The experience had broadened Dan and Jimmy tremendously. The heavy responsibility, not only for the property he was guarding, but for the safety of his younger brother, tacitly entrusted to him by his mother, had deepened the lines of manhood on Dan's face. To Jimmy, who had arrived a gay, reckless, carefree, perhaps irresponsible boy of fourteen, the winter had brought changes even more striking. He had learned that a man cannot be reckless when he is up against Nature.

The day of departure dawned at last. The track was not yet open, so the boys, when the party of builders came to relieve them, shouldered all their belongings that they could carry in packs, and moved down the home trail on snowshoes.

Behind them lay the memory of stirring events which would hold them together with a mighty bond—a memory which they would carry with them until they were old men.

Ahead lay the world they had known all their lives—the world of other boys, of schools and churches, of civilized safety, of busy industry. And as they walked down the home trail their pace unconsciously increased and they hurried as if they were trying to catch a train.

"Gee," said Jimmy, as they saw the church spire of their town in the distance for the first time. "I wonder what Mother's going to give us for supper, Dan."

Dan grinned. "Sounds pretty good, kid," he said, "no matter what she gives us. And the best treat of all," he concluded, "will be just seeing her again."

The two boys hurried down the mountain faster than ever.

THE END

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SHIP OF DREAMS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 754]

fetish to propitiate you till they could get you both buried in style."

Garth thought it was the most extraordinary conversation he had ever listened to and wondered how much the fever was responsible for.

"It's a good thing you came along," Galloway said. "I suppose they wouldn't even have listened to us. What are your ideas on what to do next?"

"Give me all the trade-stuff you have—that flashlight, Garth Pemberley, and your knives. I have a few little things, too. I've almost talked them around, but I need a dash on top."

From the door of the hut they watched her approach the head-man. They could not hear what she said, but they saw the articles change hands, while Vega pointed in their direction several times. Garth stared incredulously at the scene.

"How does she keep so cool?" he asked. "How does she know what to do?"

"She knows because she's lived all her life among people like this," Galloway said gravely. "It isn't the strange thing to her that it is to you. In a way, she knows them better than I do—for I can't quite get rid of my preconceived white-man ideas. She hasn't any. But it's a queer enough life—"

His voice trailed off wistfully. Garth looked around at him and wondered what he would be like with a clean face and without that ragged beard. He had queer, gentle eyes, with something lonely about them. Garth remembered Vega's casual reference to his reaction at her mother's death and looked again at Vega herself, making tremendous palaver with the old chief. As usual in Africa it was taking many words and much time.

"Do they really believe such impossible rubbish?" Garth demanded.

"My boy," said Galloway, "you wouldn't believe the power of fetish in this land, and I won't tell you some of the ghastly tales of it. It varies in different tribes, but there it is,—under the mission training, under the trade palaver,—there it is; savage, Africa."

"But they wouldn't really have buried us?" Garth said, incredulous.

"It's more than possible. They hold me prisoner at the white man's bidding—berra well, as they say, that's trade. They poke me with an assegai, and worry about that a little. In the midst of a dance, a white apparition comes on the scene—lame of the very leg in which they have poked me. Here, the body and soul have a separate existence and a separate burial; it really isn't any wonder that under all the circumstances they took you for the white man's soul, announcing that the white man was dead and seeking vengeance for dishonor. I'm frightfully sorry about your disability, you know, but if you had to have a leg, it was considerably of you to turn the trick so neatly."

GARTH shook his head in dim amazement. Vega looked in at the door and said: "Come along, if either of you can stand up." And then Gassam came and half carried them across the clearing to where a dark channel of the river slipped between high, oozy banks. They stumbled somehow into a native canoe that was tied there; they sensed a whirl of Gassam's paddle and saw Vega leap in as he pushed off. The shore was lined with black figures—the drums and the engongui beat and clattered—the witch doctor crawled about and writhed in the mud. Then it was all lost behind a bend in the river like the passing of a nightmare.

"I did scold Gassam," Vega said, as if she had been in the middle of a chat. "Imagine scuttling home because of a plantain-eater and leaving Garth Pemberley in the jungle, and nobody knowing whether it really was you up there or not, Father. I made him take me straight ashore, and we simply kept on up-river in the canoe—which would have been the best way for him to have gone in the first place." Galloway shook his head weakly, and Vega went on: "As for the village, I made them understand that I must have you both—dead, or souls, or anything. The flashlight helped a lot to convince old N'bo, the head-man. They were awfully glad to get rid of you, really—the whole village would have been taboo for a month if they hadn't."

"Pemberley was certainly opportune," Galloway said. "You were, too. I'm glad enough it happened to be his left leg. They might have been afraid of Ratney and not

given me up so easily if it hadn't been for this soul business."

Garth lay back in the canoe, only half comprehending the fantastic adventure. Even long afterwards he was never sure just how much of it was real. The black river itself seemed eerie and unnatural. It crawled dark and deep in its cleft channel—now between gray rocks and sand-banks overgrown with hippo-grass; now through wild, lonely stretches of scrub and tangle. From a strangely trodden path in a desolate reach of sword-grass, a hippopotamus suddenly lifted an enormous yawning head and was lost astern as Gassam plunged his paddle with speed and power. Vega talked to her father, who questioned her from time to time, and Garth heard it all in a dim way; but it was too much trouble to put in any comments. It could all wait. Everything could wait.

The canoe was gliding now into the region of the mangrove swamps. The water ran darkly back into the swamp in all directions among the ghostly gray roots. Channels branched off and ran far in—looking so like the river itself that Gassam once or twice mistook the way and came up on a mud-bank with a disgusted grunt of "water no more live." As he was pushing off, a crocodile raised itself hopefully beside the canoe, and Gassam dealt it savage blows with the paddle while Vega poled vigorously from the bow. The place was dead, ghastly, for the tide was out. The rotting slime sent up a horrible stench and bubbled noisomely where the paddle had stirred it. The sky was hidden completely by the dense, green-black mass of the high tree-tops, from which bush-ropes and the ghostly aerial roots of the mangroves descended in long, motionless strands. Quietly the big mangrove flies settled upon the canoe, and Galloway roused himself.

"Fight them, boy," he said to Garth, "else they burrow in and leave deuced unpleasantness behind them."

So Garth struggled awake and fought mangrove flies.

"We be for Tapak now," Gassam encouraged them, but he was mistaken, for another wrong turning took them a little way out of the swamp and between banks of gorgeous marsh plants, corpses of wine-palm and raffia-palm, redwoods, and lianas festooning the air with looped violet flowers. The change from the awesome monotony of the mangrove swamp close at hand was startling in its loveliness. But it did not satisfy Gassam.

"No come for Tapak dem way," he stated, backing water vigorously.

"But there's a house," Garth said, sitting up with an effort.

"Oh, no; this is no place for a house," Galloway objected.

"But there is one," Garth insisted, pointing.

"Yes, I do see it," Vega agreed, looking, "though I didn't expect to."

"Gassam, go look what dem ting be," Galloway commanded.

Gassam drew the canoe up beside the bank, where there proved to be a landing-place, and cautiously approached the roof of a hut half hidden among the thick trees and giant ferns. He came back very soon.

"Nah nutting lib for dem house," he reported. "No got window, no got door. Go for look in, no find."

"Dem be black man house?" Galloway inquired.

"Nah, nah—white man house," Gassam replied. "Dem ting lib for door, go click-clack, shut 'em up."

"Meaning a padlock," said Galloway. "Well, get on to Tapak; it's none of our business."

The main channel rejoined once more, Tapak proved to be after all around the next big bend. Far out at the end of the dark tunnel of forest could be seen the open searreach, with breakers on the river bar, and more sky than Garth had seen for what seemed to him a year. He was beginning to shiver in earnest, now, but he felt filled with a tremendous spasmodic energy.

"The rest of you had better go out to the ship," he advised. "Producing you might not be the trump just now, Mr. Galloway. I'll go over quietly and see what's up with the ivory palaver."

"I'm of no use and might be more hindrance than help, or I'd go too," Galloway

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 785]

THIS BUSY WORLD

A Monthly Summary of Current Events

THE new and enlarged Companion must go to press in sections. Despite the speed of the presses, several days must elapse between the printing of the first section and the last. This particular page is the last one to be electrotyped and put on the presses. That is why you will hereafter find "This Busy World" in a position similar to this. By placing it here we are able to keep its columns open to the last moment, and give you the freshest and most up-to-date news.

MEXICO'S IRON MAN

PRESIDENT PLUTARCO CALLES of Mexico, whatever else is true about him, is a man of determination, who strikes hard when he strikes at all. We had hardly got the news of a military mutiny in Mexico City, with the rumor of a revolutionary movement out in the provinces, before President Calles had both mutiny and revolution summarily crushed. Incidentally, one of the men who had ventured to announce his candidacy for president next year, in opposition to General Obregon (who was the predecessor of Calles), was stood up before a wall and shot by a squad of soldiers. This man was General Serrano. President Calles accuses him of fomenting the revolutionary movement. Serrano's friends say that Calles only used that charge as an excuse to get Serrano out of the way. Another man who opposed General Obregon's candidacy (which Calles favors) is General Gomez. He, too, got mixed up with the revolution and was chased out of the country. Apparently the decks are cleared for Obregon's reelection—and probably for Calles again in 1932.—Our new minister to Mexico, Mr. Morrow, has arrived at his post.

A MILE IN 13 SECONDS

THE famous Schneider Cup, offered for international competition among sea-planes, was won this year by a British flyer, Lieut. S. N. Webster. The race was held at Venice, and only Italian and British planes competed. Webster covered the course at an average speed of 281½ miles an hour; on one lap he attained the extraordinary speed of 289 miles an hour. When the cup was first raced for in 1913, the winner traveled 44.7 miles an hour, which was considered remarkable.

TROTZKY OUT AGAIN

WE hear first one thing and then another about the dissensions that agitate the Bolshevik party in Russia. The latest news is that Trotzky, who divided with Lenin the conspicuous honors of the revolution of 1917, is definitely expelled from the central committee of the Communist party. That is because he is in open opposition to the present policy of the soviet government. Trotzky is an uncompromising Communist; he is all for the "world revolution" and thinks that those who now control the party are betraying that revolution by devoting all their energies to bringing Russia back to moderate prosperity.

BIG BUSINESS IN EUROPE

EUROPEAN business men are taking lessons from our own financiers in the matter of consolidating their great industries into tremendously powerful corporations. French, German, and Belgian interests recently formed a great coal and iron "trust," and now it is announced that the chemical industries of France, Germany, Great Britain, and Belgium have agreed upon a combination that will represent at least \$1,000,000,000 of capital. It is said that the purpose of the new combination is to introduce great economy of production, and to avoid unprofitable competition. Incidentally, it will face the chemical industries of the United States, which have largely increased since the war, in a determined struggle for the markets of South America and the Far East. It is interesting to see how economic conditions and the competition of the United States in world markets are driving European countries into economic combinations that would have been impossible only a few years ago.

GREAT ENGINEERING

ON November 13 the new Holland tunnels under the Hudson River were opened, and it is now possible for the first time for automobiles, trucks, and other wheeled vehicles, to enter New York City from the west without being ferried across the river. It is expected that 15,000,000 motor cars will use the twin tunnels every year. The Holland tunnels have been seven years in the building, and they have cost \$48,000,000. They are the longest vehicular tunnels in the world, and the engineers were faced with serious difficulties not only of construction but of ventilation; for the constant discharge of smoke and of carbon monoxide gas, from the constantly passing stream of motor cars, makes a perfect system of ventilation essential. The problem was the more difficult because it had never been faced elsewhere. Mr. C. M. Holland, the first engineer of the tunnels, died while they were being built. Mr. Ole Singstad is the engineer who brought them to completion.

TEAPOT DOME AGAIN

AFTER several years of obscurity Teapot Dome once more gets a place on the front pages of the newspapers. Teapot Dome is the site of the naval-reserve oil field which the government, through former Secretary of the Interior Fall, leased to Mr. H. F. Sinclair, the oil producer. In October the United States Supreme Court made an important decision (a unanimous decision, by the way), holding that the lease of the Dome lands was fraudulent, and that the oil field must be restored at once to the government. The decision, written by Justice Butler, was very severe on Secretary Fall, who is held to have been faithless to his trust and to have conspired with Mr. Sinclair to "circumvent the law." Dramatically enough, the government's criminal prosecution of Mr. Fall and Mr. Sinclair for conspiracy came up for trial at Washington the very next week. We were obliged to close this record before a verdict had been reached.

FROM THE AIR

TWO French aviators, Costes and LeBrix have made a successful flight to Brazil, crossing the South Atlantic from St. Louis on the African coast to Port Natal, Brazil. This is the first time the South Atlantic has been crossed in a single flight. The distance is considerably less than that across the North Atlantic between New York and the French coast. An American woman, Miss Ruth Elder, made the effort to fly across the Atlantic—with the assistance of a man pilot. Miss Elder came down near the Azores, but was rescued with her companion by a passing tank steamer. The government has called a conference on aeronautics for December 5 at Washington. Representatives of commercial aviation, airplane manufacturers, airport managers, aeronautical engineers, and others will meet and consult with the Department of Commerce on the best means of encouraging commercial aviation by government action.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

[See page 763]

1. Henry VIII. 2. Cain. 3. Samuel Colt. 4. About 240,000 miles. 5. Pittsburgh and New York (American League). 6. Allah. 7. "Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice, An humble and a contrite heart." 8. Rudyard Kipling's "Recessional." 9. Actium. 10. Jonathan. 11. In the Bay of Fundy, New Brunswick. 12. Ivory Soap. 13. The differential. 14. Rhode Island. 15. Thomas Hardy. 16. The Pentateuch. 17. The bran. 18. Zeus. 19. General Pickett. 20. The studs are the upright timbers forming the framework for the walls of a house; the joists are the timbers on which the floors are laid. 21. Persia. 22. Robert Koch. 23. William R. Inge, the dean of St. Paul's, London. 24. Robert Burns. 25. Holland.

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THE LAB DESIGNS A CHRISTMAS TREE

DIRECTOR'S NOTE: The glorious custom of erecting a "Community Christmas Tree" is springing in favor everywhere. There is no finer symbol of "Peace on earth, good will toward men." The privilege of erecting such trees is by no means confined to cities, however. Your school should put one up in the playground, or you should combine with your neighbor families to put one up where every passer-by on the road will see it, and rejoice in your Christmas spirit.

Councilor Blakely gives you, in this article, some invaluable technical advice on erecting and decorating such a tree. Lab Members will also be interested in Mr. C. A. Stephens's story on page 743, wherein he tells what fun and jollity a community tree—and an enormous big one, too—brought to his town in Maine, half a century ago, even without the modern advantage of electricity.

Read Councilor Blakely's article, and decide now to have a splendid, technically perfect tree of your own.

THE Christmas tree custom can be traced back to the Sixteenth Century. During the Middle Ages it suddenly appeared at Strasbourg, in Germany, and continued to extend along the Rhine for two hundred years. Suddenly, at the beginning of the Nineteenth Century, the fashion spread all over Germany and fifty years later had been adopted by the whole of Christendom.

Selecting the Tree

In selecting a tree that is to be cut down, moved and set up again in a community center or public park, naturally the first consideration is to find one as symmetrical as possible. If, however, it is impossible to get

Lab Members everywhere can add to the spirit of Christmas cheer by following the valuable suggestions in this article

By Edward B. Blakely, A. B., COUNCILOR, Y.C. LAB



Fireworks need not be confined to July 4. Here is an interesting pyrotechnic display used to illuminate a Community Tree

one which is shaped exactly as it should be, misshapen boughs or those too short or too scanty can always be cut off and suitable boughs cut from another tree to take their place. New limbs are attached by boring in the trunk, with a brace and bit, holes of suitable size to accommodate their ends. If the holes are made sufficiently small so that the branches fit tightly, the addition will be hard to detect.

Setting up the Tree

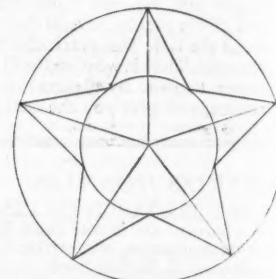
If the tree is under twenty feet tall a square platform can be made of planks two inches thick, cleated on the bottom by two by four joists. The width of this platform should be one quarter the height of the tree, and four strong eyebolts should be placed in each corner for guying. While the tree is lying on the ground, several twenty or thirty penny spikes should be driven through the center of the platform into the center of the bottom of the trunk. The tree is then raised upright on the platform and guys of telephone wire attached to the eyebolts and run to the trunk at the same distance from the bottom as the platform is wide. A good plan is to use two strands of wire for each guy and by means of a big spike or stout stick make a tourniquet of them. In this way the guys can be made taut. A sharpened stake made from a two by four joist is then

driven into the ground at each corner of the platform and spiked firmly to it.

For trees taller than twenty feet a hole four or five feet deep should be dug with a post-hole shovel and a stout post planted in it and the earth firmly tamped around it. This post should project above the ground one fifth the height of the tree. Then another hole two or three feet deep and large enough to accommodate the bole of the tree, should be dug close to the post. The tree is then raised, sunk in its hole, and firmly lashed to the post. Four guys of telephone wire are then run midway up the trunk to stakes of two by four lumber driven into the ground about two feet. If any other trees or telephone poles are nearby, overhead guys should be run to them.

Quite often, in some park or square in the community, a fir, pine or other evergreen tree growing there can be turned into a Community Christmas Tree without going to the trouble or expense of transporting one.

A tree of this kind can be trimmed and lighted just as well as the transported kind, and without injury if a reasonable amount



Mathematically correct method of laying out the five-pointed star invariably used to designate the "Star of Bethlehem"

Lighting and Decorating

The first thing to be considered in lighting the tree is the five-pointed star, symbolizing the "Star of Bethlehem," which should be mounted at the tip of every Christmas tree. Its size will naturally depend on the size of the tree and the taste of the trimmer. This star may be made of wood, painted with aluminum paint and set with miniature lights, or it may be made of strong wire with the miniature lamp sockets lashed to the wire frame. Try to arrange the number of lights on the star so that they may be divided and ten lights wired in series, using

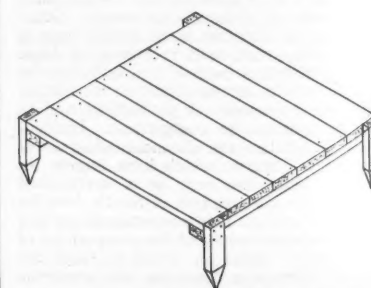


President Coolidge pressing a button to illuminate a Community Christmas Tree in Washington, D. C.

of care is exercised. The local electric light company is usually very glad to donate the current for lighting it.

twelve volt frosted white miniature bulbs. A simple method of laying out a five-pointed star is as follows: Draw on a piece of thin smooth wood a circle as large as you want the star to be from tip to tip. Then with the compass or dividers try different distances on this circle until you find one which will divide the circumference into five equal parts. Now draw five lines from the five divisions you have just made on the circumference, to the center of the circle. Next draw a smaller circle, using half the radius of the big circle. With the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 786]



Isometric projection of a platform for the Christmas Tree

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The Lab's \$10 Award for December

THERE is something about the photograph of the log cabin pictured here which rouses a person to imitate it. It has just enough of the homemade quality to suggest to every boy the ease with which he might build one of his own and the fun that he would have when it was completed. It is not too professional a piece of work, and yet it is entirely acceptable as a piece of construction. It is the work of Member Homer C. Rose (17) of Augusta, Wis., who built it recently with the help of two friends. "The inside of the cabin is furnished with regular camp equipment," says Member Rose. "We have a large stove that we use to pop corn on. I wish I could treat the Members of the Y. C. Lab with popcorn that tasted as good



as that did. The only thing we hated to do was to cut wood, but even that went fast."

Member Rose's generous offer of popcorn is much appreciated by the resident Members of the Lab, who only regret their considerable distance from Wisconsin.

There are few more pleasant places to foregather than around the stove of a real log cabin on a chilly autumn or winter afternoon. If you are anxious for this thrill you can probably begin construction even now. All you need is a sufficient supply of timber and the determination to put it into shape. This is a project scarcely suitable for one Member to undertake, but any group of Members can begin it with excellent advantage. The results will well justify the time.



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SHIP OF DREAMS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 781]

said. "But we'll hang about nearby till we hear the yes or no of it."

"Both of you ought to be in bed, with a colocynt pill and a quart of hot tea," said Vega, to whom fever was quite evidently nothing new.

"One can't always be where one wishes to be," her father observed logically but rather feebly. They both watched Garth struggle up the bank and disappear into the trail that led towards the trader's "factory."

"He's no business to be out here at all," Galloway said—and, suddenly looking at his daughter as though for the first time, he added, "Nor you."

"Nonsense," said Vega. "Nothing's ever killed me yet; but if anything happened to you, that wouldn't do so well. I did get awfully bothered when these Tarca people came along and told their wild tale."

Vega's father kept looking at her strangely, with bright, anxious eyes.

GARTH approached the bungalow carefully. It wavered a little before his eyes, but he made out at last the captain standing very straight on the veranda, his revolver in his hand.

"This is your last chance," he was saying, "to tell us of your own accord where the ivory is. I shall be obliged to take measures more violent than I have any craving for. And the ivory's not all I'm demanding; we haven't made much satisfactory palaver yet about Mr. Gal—"

He was cut short by a strange figure emerging from the bushes and sitting down abruptly upon the lower step. Dirty, wet, tattered, and shivering, this apparition was for a moment unrecognized, till Barclay leaped down, crying:

"Say—is it you? You haven't lightened our troubles any, of late, did you know it?" "Get inside there and roll up in all the blankets you can lay hands on. Save us, lad, you're shaking like a scarecrow!" The captain eyed him, aghast. "Where have you been?"

"Don't b-b-other about me," Garth said. "I know where everything is. Come on as fast as you c-can."

"He's not responsible for his talk, now," the captain said. "Take care of him, Barclay. Garth, we've been tricked again; the ivory's not in that wee house, and no threat'll let them tell where it is; no beating about has shown it."

"I tell you I know where it is," Garth cried, stamping his foot. "I know what I'm talking about. I'm beastly c-cold and foggy inside, but I can show you if you'll only come."

Whether the captain thought it best to humor him, or whether he was believed, Garth could not tell; but at any rate there was a sort of stampede for the shore and the whole rabble pushed off, lurching in native canoes whose black owners began assembling on the bank. Galloway, raising himself in the canoe that lay hidden around a bend beneath overhanging leaves, motioned for Gassam to follow.

The captain, Barclay, the trader, Ratney, Neil, the sailor, and Garth, were in one big canoe, and Barclay's wild paddling nearly sent them into the rotting mud more than once. The captain's revolver continued its vigilance over the trader and Ratney; Garth gave reiterated directions from the bow.

Finally they reached their destination. Garth parted the great trailing leaves and flowers that hid the landing-place.

Though the trader and Ratney were searched, no key they had fitted the padlock; so Barclay shot it to pieces. The door swung open, showing blackness impenetrable within. The other canoes came up, filled with the eager men fighting ahead of one another. Barclay was inside, groping.

"By glory, it feels like it! If only I don't step on a scorpion or a gorilla or something," he said.

One of the men had a bush-light, which was lit and handed in. By its pale flicker everybody saw ivory—heaps of it, undoubted ivory, filling the place. The captain looked at the trader.

"I swear it's not yours," cried the trader, unnecessarily loud. "If you go swiping it, you'll be in a fine mess with somebody—the West Coast Company, maybe, or the Portuguese government. I swear I never heard of this place. How do you know your own

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 787]




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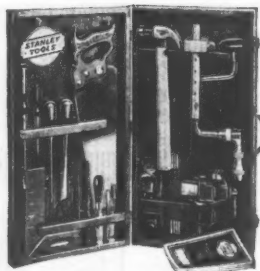
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THE Y. C. LAB

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 784]



dividers, find the middle point of each arc of the smaller circle and draw lines from the original five points on the circumference of the big circle to these middle points. You will now have the outline of a perfect five-pointed star. Saw this out and if you are going to use a wooden star paint it with aluminum paint and mount the miniature sockets on it. If you wish to use a wire frame star (which I think is preferable) then use the wooden star as a template to build the wire frame by.

To fasten the star to the tree top, a piece of round stick about a foot long should be fastened to the star and then lashed securely to the tip of the tree with cord or soft copper wire.

A most artistic and beautiful tree can be arranged by using a silver or white color scheme. Candles can be made of cardboard mailing tubes cut in eight-inch lengths, painted white and fitted with miniature porcelain sockets at one end, with the two wires running down through the tube. The bottom of the tubes should be slit up for about two inches and bent out to form hips, which are lashed to the branches by cord or wire. These lights should be wired ten in series as in the star. Then hang Dennison paper icicles rather generously on the branches, scatter some tufts of mineral wool

around and drape silver tinsel from bough to bough.

Where a colorful tree is wanted it is best to buy the clusters of colored miniature lights which come eight in a series. One series can be attached to another by a special arrangement which is on each cluster. Fifteen of these clusters can be run from one main line of number fourteen wire. This would give one hundred and twenty lights of various colors. Gold and silver tinsels, colored glass balls, and trimming cord and ornaments of all kinds can be procured cheaply nowadays at any five and ten-cent store.

If it seems likely that the temperature will remain below freezing for several days, you should by all means attempt a departure from conventional design, which if the elements favor you will produce an effect of surpassing beauty. Run a length of garden hose straight up the trunk of the tree, binding it at intervals closely to the tree and putting it on the least conspicuous side. At the top attach a nozzle, set to deliver a fine spray. Then after the tree has been trimmed, if the temperature is below 32 degrees F., the water may be turned on and the fine spray from the nozzle arranged so that it will fall over the tree and drop from branch to branch, freezing on its downward passage.

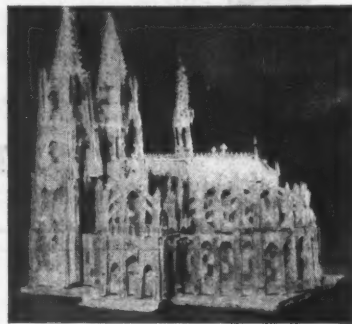
TWO SPECIAL CASH AWARDS

TO Member John Gensheimer (13) of Oregon City, Ore., goes a special cash award for a model of the Cologne Cathedral.

Working from a picture taken from a magazine and making use of a scale of 1 in. to every 27 1/2 ft., Member Gensheimer produced the result pictured in this column.

Although the architect might find occasion to criticize details, the general effect is excellent, and Member Gensheimer is to be congratulated on the deftness and perseverance which brought about the completion of his model, which is done entirely in cardboard, save for a wooden base.

The model is 18 in. long. The width across the towers is 9 1/2 in., and the width of the entire model, including the transepts, is 12 in. The towers are 20 in. in height. The windows are colored to represent stained glass, and the model was in process for well over a month.



THE LAB NEXT MONTH

IN January we shall present to you one of the most important notes in Lab history. Complete specifications will be given for the winning of the four-year scholarship at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology which the Y. C. Lab sponsors. Some worthy Member of the World-wide Society for Ingenious Boys will be the winner, next year, of the scholarship, which is the equivalent of over \$1600.00 and has a value beyond that which it is impossible to estimate. Boys the world over will be interested in this announcement. Some one who is reading these lines at the moment will be the winner. Can you be the one?

ONE more contribution to the growing number of methods whereby an old sewing-machine may be made to serve duty as a lathe or a jig saw is made by Member Donald Gordon (13) of Trinidad, Colo. Member Gordon obtained the discarded sewing-machine from a junk shop for 60 cents. He added a new wood piece to the top and, as the photograph shows, mounted the main casting of the sewing-machine upside down on the under side. The photograph likewise shows the fashion in which the rocker arms are connected to the reciprocating arm which formerly carried the needle of the machine.

Member Gordon made the rocker arms from material obtained from an old auto top. The saw may be run either by foot power or with a 1/4-horsepower motor which originally did duty on a washing-machine.

"I find that the saw works very well," says Member Gordon, "and I have cut out with ease pieces 2 in. thick. As the cost was very small, I think it could be made by any boy who tried. Following is a list of materials used: sewing-machine, 60 cents; flooring for top, furnished; sewing-machine belt, 15 cents; hinge for rocker arms, 20 cents; bolts and screws, furnished; 1 dozen blades, 25 cents." The total cost was accordingly no more than \$1.20, for which Member Gordon possesses a workshop tool which will always be valuable. Nothing can take the place of real tools, professionally made, but ingenuity always helps a workshop, just the same.

Questions and Answers

Q.—Why can we skate on ice and not on glass? It seems to me that glass is much smoother than ice. Associate Member Vaughan Stewart, The University, Ottawa, Ontario.

A.—by the Director: Mere smoothness does not have much to do with the problem of why one can skate on ice and not on glass. A brand-new factor enters here which is known as the "coefficient of friction." Any sort of lubricant always reduces this coefficient; that is, makes slipping more easy. Ice tends to melt under pressure and the pressure of a skate blade on a small surface of ice is enough to produce a very slight film of water under the skate. Water in itself is an excellent lubricant. There are two reasons why it cannot be used for lubrication in commercial practice. The first is that it would tend to corrode metal parts. The second is that it possesses insufficient body to stay put. The great virtue of oil for a lubricant is that it sticks to metal surfaces in the same way that it coats your fingers when you touch it.

In skating, however, one forms one's own lubricant by this pressure on the ice, and forms it always in just the right place.

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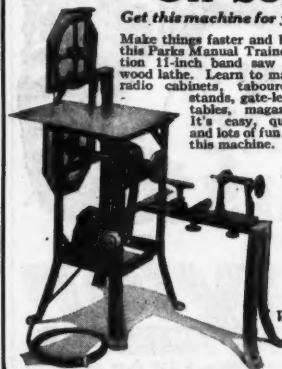


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SHIP OF DREAMS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 785)

ivory, anyway—you never seen it. You got a detailed description of every tusk Galloway was to give you? Galloway's the only man that could tell you his own ivory. You'd better lay off ivory you don't know anything about, or you'll get in worse trouble than you ever bargained for." His voice rose to a sort of shriek as he pointed a tense finger at the captain. "Galloway's the only man that could help you in this job of yours, and he's the one man you can't get hold of."

His voice trailed away into a dreadful jabbering squeak, and his eyes were no longer fixed on the captain, but away, beyond him. Another canoe had slipped silently up to the landing place, and from it had slowly risen an extraordinary figure. He was gaunt and tall, and his short, matted beard was as dirty as his face.

"I am glad to be able to present myself at this moment," he said between chattering teeth, "for I may be able to solve your difficulty. I am Douglas Galloway."

"How can he be here?" the captain said. "Of course he's here," Garth cried impatiently. "I forgot to tell you. I found him—Gassam told me. It was accidental, really. Vega found us both; she saved us. She's so efficient, y-you know."

He didn't think it was the word he wanted to use, but words wouldn't stay sorted out in his head. He found Barclay's arm around him and thought dimly that it was awfully friendly of him; he liked feeling it there. He watched the ivory being dragged out. Galloway sat on the ground and identified his mark, filed on each tusk. The river seemed to be swarming with black men in praus and canoes. He looked at the trader's face and wondered if it could really be that horrid shade of grayish purple. Then he found that he was lying in a canoe. Was the canoe going up and down on the sea, way up, and way down,—or was it his head that was floating away from him?

"Garth, Garth, lad—can you no keep up a bit longer?"

But he didn't hear the captain's anxious voice.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

GARTH was definitely conscious of very little for some time thereafter. Now and then a faint impression of reality emerged and beat about him, and then blurred and melted into the confusion and chaos. Intermittent hubbub of natives working cargo. Okki, watching, watching. Sometimes the captain, sometimes Vega. Almost always, when he thought about it, there was somebody watching.

Then, after uncharted periods—years and years, it seemed—of being nobody, nothing, he became conscious of himself; he felt the weight of his body stretched in bed and knew it to be his. A great peace welled over him, and out of the stillness he heard and recognized the captain's voice talking softly.

"Who could have thought there was anything to fear, in a few days ashore," the captain murmured on, "and with all our precautions! Who could have imagined such a set of circumstances! I don't like to think of that night he must have had."

Garth opened his eyes and slowly took in his surroundings. He was in the captain's cabin on the Arran, lying between clean sheets in the wide swinging bed.

"Have I been so very bad?" he asked finally, in a surprisingly small voice.

"Yes, dear lad, you've been unco bad." The captain was stooping to him instantly. "Barclay, he's back to us."

"Hello there," Garth said, and lifted his hand in greeting—then dropped it, astounded to find how weak and how thin it was. "Where are we?" he said.

"We've just left Loanda," the captain told him, "homeward bound."

"Loanda?" Garth repeated, frowning. Then he said, "Homeward bound—homeward bound," and felt foolishly like crying. "And it's still the good old Arran?"

"Still the Arran. Go to sleep again, laddie, and presently I'll send Barclay back to have a chat with you."

So Garth lay alone then, with that great wonderful peace folding around him ineffably. He dozed and wondered and dozed again, and in the first dogwatch Barclay came in and sat down beside him.

"Are you really all right, old man? Going to stick with us?" Barclay said.

"I'll be standing my trick at the wheel in

a few days," said Garth. "Now tell me all about it."

"Well," Barclay said, "we loaded ivory, of course, as fast as we could, with darkies and native boats, and then we marched Ratney and all his hearties aboard and waved good-by to Tapak—forever, let us fondly hope. You remember everything up to there?"

Garth nodded. "But how long ago was it?" "Oh, a couple of weeks or more. You've been dead to the world, you know, old man. We've had a regular story-book voyage—with the hold full of ivory and prisoners and two fever-stricken adventurers jabbering aft."

"Two?"

"Galloway had it rather bad, too—but not anything like yours. He's tough, I guess. His leg gave him some bother, but Vega nursed you both. She's experienced, I'll tell the world. She's a hummer. When it wasn't Vega it was that old ape Okki, who's more of a human than you'd think from her looks, and between the two of 'em I guess they just about kept you from going over the edge. The captain was scared stiff."

"How he must bless the day he met me!" Garth sighed. "But what about Loanda? Didn't the captain say something about that?"

"Sure. We went up to Gomba and chucked the rest of our half-burnt ballast and got our own cargo and also rounded up our old friends Crope and his side-partner, who were innocently round hoping for a ship. They got one, all right. While we were there, Pa Galloway got a hunch all of a sudden that darkest Africa was no place to raise daughters, so if he didn't pack up a few choice articles and come with us. He says he's through with the Coast. Okki decided she wanted to die in peace to the sound of a tom-tom and stayed ashore, but Gassam we have with us. I expect he'll turn into a Pullman porter; you never realize how you take your life in your hands when you let 'em brush your hat, do you?"

"Gassam's a good boy," said Garth. "There goes four bells," Barclay said. "Second dog. My watch. So long, partner." He gripped Garth's hand and was gone.

Presently, in the dusk, somebody came in with a tray, and, putting it down, lighted the swinging lamp. It was Vega.

"I hear you're very clever and have decided to get well," she said.

"I hear you're very clever and have been saving my life," he retorted.

"Nonsense," said Vega. "I couldn't very well sit by and wring my hands, could I? I've taken Father through fever spells ever since I can remember. Besides, we didn't want you to die. I've seen them die, and it's horrid. Now eat your supper and tell me if it tastes good."

THE first day that Garth came on deck the companion ladder seemed a mile long, with steps yards high. He climbed it slowly and sat down on the first thing that came handy on deck, gazing about him. He felt strangely like a prisoner set at liberty after years in a dungeon, or like a blind person regaining sight. His strength came back more quickly than if his convalescence had been spent on the Coast. But when he asked for a trick at the wheel he really thought the boss'n was going to spank him.

"You bane yoost one fool-like kid!" the Norwegian roared. "You run away, or by yiminy I tell the Old Man on you!"

So Garth humbly went and got a piece of canvas and some sand and sat down to scour a length of teakwood taffrail. For, yes, the Arran's rail was of teak, emerging slowly from under her cracked paint. To restore her to a semblance of her rightful beauty her crew worked with feverish pride and pleasure on the usually abhorred "sugee-mugee"—painting, washing, holystoning, scrubbing, polishing. They gave up their dogwatch leisure for it.

Vega came and sat down on the piece of rail Garth was not scouring.

"I'd like to know that fogger of yours," she said suddenly.

"What on earth do you know about any 'fogger' of mine?" Garth demanded, crimson. "I heard lots about him," Vega said. "Heaps. And your mother, too. Everybody ought to have a mother, I suppose."

Garth was silent a moment, wondering in consternation what he had babbled during those weeks of fever. He longed to ask her, and doubted very much if she'd tell him.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 790)



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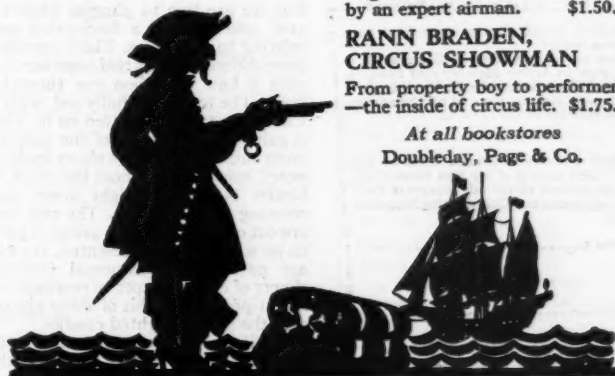
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"DOLLARS AND SENSE"

What Have You to Contribute to this Column?

Dear Hazel Grey:

This is the tale of a coat. I had been the recipient of a navy-blue coat which served its purpose well for two winters and at the end of that time had been laid aside. Happily, I found that it could be turned and remodeled without great difficulty. I decided to make a mannish wrap.

I did not have the pattern desired, so I made one, using my brother's suit coat as a guide. My coat is double-breasted and cut on straight, simple lines. On each side, somewhat below the waist, is a pocket about six inches long with a flap on it. The only trimming consists of six medium-sized smoked-pearl buttons, which fasten the front. I made a semi-lining of black sateen left over from the full lining which the coat had to begin with and used the same material to line the inside of the flaps on the pockets and to bind the seams.

As the coat was a present in the first place, and as I already had the necessary buttons and made my own pattern, the only expense was the thread which was—one dime. A new coat for ten cents!

MARY CRUMP BOULDIN, JR., (19)
G. Y. C. Active Member

Keysville, Virginia



DECORATIONS BY DORIS HOLT HAUMAN

Newburyport, Massachusetts

Dear Hazel Grey:

You have probably heard of small tables, used for nothing in particular. I took one that was in the house and made the best-looking dressing-table. Sheet wadding should be used for padding, but, not having any, I used an old towel and a piece of unbleached muslin to tack on to both sides and the back, letting it come to the edge of the table in front. It had to be stretched tightly. Then I used five yards of pale-yellow voile for the first covering. For the top I cut two thicknesses slightly larger than the top itself, and for the skirt I measured from the table top, allowing a little to turn in, to the floor for the length, and once and a half around three sides for the width. If there is no selvage, enough has to be allowed for a hem. I hemmed my voile, gathered it to fit the sides, and sewed this skirt to the top. For the outer covering I used twelve-inch strips of white dotted muslin left from the valance around my four-posted bed, sewed together, hemmed on the bottom and sides and gathered one-half inch below the top. When it had been gathered the seams did not show. I did not have quite enough for the table top, so I bought one more yard and three yards of light-blue ribbon. I sewed the top and skirt together and sewed the ribbon over the joining, leaving a bit of it to hang down.

ELISE L. CASTELHUN, (16)
G. Y. C. Active Member

MEMBERSHIP IN THE G. Y. C.

ONE dollar is paid to the Active Members whose letters are published above. You too can write something of interest to everybody who reads this column. Write to me about any economies you have discovered, or any good ideas that will help other G. Y. C. Members. If you have not joined the G. Y. C. yet, don't wait any longer to enroll and share the many advantages of membership with thousands of other girls all over the world. Fill out this coupon and mail it today. I shall be glad to send you all the information about the G. Y. C.

Hazel Grey

8 Arlington Street

Boston, Mass.

Return to Hazel Grey

The G. Y. C., 8 Arlington St., Boston

Dear Hazel: I should like to know (you may check one or both):

....How to become first a Corresponding Member, then an Active Member and finally a Contributing Member of the G. Y. C. by myself and how to win the pin and all the advantages of a Member of the G. Y. C.

OR

....How to form a Branch Club of the G. Y. C. with several of my best friends and to win the pin and all the advantages of Corresponding, Active and Contributing Members for us all.

My name is.....

I am.....years old.

Address.....

MINIATURE pine trees are featured in the invitations sent out for a Christmas Pine-tree Party. It takes but a short time to make them. Fold a sheet of small note paper, preferably tinted green, through the center lengthwise. A quarter of an inch from the fold cut up for one inch and then out nearly to the edge of the sheet at right angles. Curve the angle made here when turning to cut to the top. Taper the point gradually and notch the line last cut to give the effect of boughs. Open the paper, and two pine trees will appear. On these write invitations to the party.

Conspicuous among the holiday decorations should be a pine Christmas tree, untrimmed. Pine boughs mingled with holly, dotted with red berries, bayberry, giving a soft white shimmer, and mistletoe, if you can get it, are all effective.

The first feature of the party is trimming the Christmas tree, and partners for this are found by matching the contours of small Christmas trees, only two of which are notched alike. The hostess presents them from two separate piles of duplicate trees, one pile for the boys and one for the girls.

Together the couples trim the trees with pine cones, previously painted in bright Christmassy hues and metal colors. Each cone should have a length of wire wound about it with one end left for hanging it from the tree. Other ornaments may be included, but if there are plenty of pine cones they will be sufficient. The couples next take from a basket mysterious packages, misleadingly wrapped and labeled with the names of guests, to hang on the boughs as gift-favors. There is sure to be much guessing and joking about them; they pique the curiosity and add attractiveness to the tree during the entire evening, remaining mysteries until after the refreshments have been served, when they are given out.

Some Pine-tree Gift-favors

But we are free to glimpse what they are now, and we find a fascinating array, all relating to pine trees. There are blotters of three different colors tied together at one end with a bow of ribbon run through eyelet holes. The top one is holly red, with a green Christmas tree silhouetted on it. This effect is gained by using one of the pine-tree patterns and cutting with a sharp knife over the pencil marks drawn about the motif. The red blotter is over a bright green one, thus securing the silhouette. The red trees that are cut out form another group of gift-favors to be wrapped and presented. On each tree are pasted an ornamental calendar and slivers of colored paper to represent candles, each tipped with a bit of shiny gilt paper to give the glow of lighted candles.

Miniature trees not more than 2½ inches tall cut from a small tree pattern of the same

kind prove to be sachets. The trunk is half-inch brown ribbon and the top green georgette. The filling is down or wool put in so that the trees round out like veritable miniatures. Lemon verbena gives a pungent fragrance to the trees, though any scent may be used. Other trees the same size are made of two pieces of cardboard covered with silk in the colors given. Around the edges various colored pinheads are visible; they tell the story of vanity pin-holders. Others open and prove to be needle books or penwipers. Among the favors should be those suitable for boys as well as girls.

The Enchanted Pine Grove

As soon as the tree has been trimmed the hostess should ask her guests to wander in "The Enchanted Pine Grove" and jot down what they find there. While she reads the experiences of a traveler in this wood each player writes down the answers to the puzzles, numbering them to correspond with those she gives. A better way is to have the tale typed on sheets of paper and let the players correctly define the words in parentheses, each pertaining to the pine tree or to the word "pine." A prize for the most correct solutions could be a cushion filled with pine needles.

Fortunes by Pine Cones

For this game a large pine tree cut from green cardboard and a pine cone rather small and as neat top-shaped as possible are needed. The surface of the tree is divided into sections. On the section just above the trunk "bachelor or spinster" is printed; on the one above that, "marriage"; on a third, "career"; on a fourth, "travel," etc. Each player in turn places the cone-top on the trunk of the tree and twirls it rapidly. It will shoot about when released and fall over, pointing to one of the words that indicate what the future holds in store.



Pine-cone Golf

A game of skill comes next. Each player should have a pine cone in place of a golf ball. A regular putter is used, although a cane with a crooked handle or even a long stick with a sharp curve at one end will do. The floor is the putting green, and a can such as coffee, crackers and candy come in supplies the hole. Place the can on one side and the golf cones several feet from it. Each player is allowed five successive turns in hitting the cone "ball" in an attempt to get it into the "hole," and the putting must be from wherever the "ball" happens to stop after the last putt. The conical shape of the "ball" will make it land in strange places on the "green," and putting it successfully into the "hole" requires no little skill. The one putting the "ball" into the "hole" in the fewest strokes wins.

Partners for the Pine-tree Supper

Matching painted pine cones or ribbons tied about natural ones decides supper partners. The table should have a lighted table pine tree for a centerpiece. About the table should be sprigs of pine set in painted "tubs" made of spoons, with a place card tied around each. The sprigs can be trimmed with cranberries, and shiny glass beads used for tree decorations. These miniature trees form part of the table decoration as well as serving as place cards and favors. The menu is:

Pine tree sandwiches	Salted nuts
Frosted chocolate	Pine cone fancy ices
Candied pineapple	Sweet cider

The sandwiches are the open variety to be eaten with forks. Cut Boston brown bread or dark nut bread into triangular pieces and spread with butter and minced lamb or chicken covered with a thin layer of mint jelly. If the jelly is not available, sprinkle with finely chopped parsley to give the correct color. A strip of plain brown or nut bread at the base of the triangular "tree" forms the "trunk." Other sandwiches made in the same way can be spread with cream cheese sprinkled with parsley.

The pine cone ices are made by putting a thin cup cake or round piece of cake on top of shredded coconut dipped in green vegetable coloring to suggest pine needles. On top of the cake put a cone-shaped serving of chocolate ice cream.

After returning to the living-room, the gifts should be taken from the tree and presented, after which dancing or more games may be enjoyed to finish the evening's entertainment.

Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Hazel Grey, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, for "The Wanderer's Tale," with the correct answers to be supplied for the game of "The Enchanted Pine Grove" and the pattern for the pine-tree invitations.

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Fashions for the Young Girl



Above is the envelope bag; on the left the all-wool coat sweater; on the right the slip-on sweater and imported scarf

Fashions from Gilchrist's, Boston

ON the left is an all-wool coat sweater in green, buff, brown, or a heather mixture, sizes 36-46; \$3.00.

The smart jersey slip-on sweater with crew neck shown on the right comes in powder blue, navy blue, red, buff, or green, sizes 36-42; \$3.00. Excellent for sport wear.

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For more formal wear there is the all-velvet gardenia with bud and leaves of self material,

in pink, royal blue, delft blue, green, Chanel red, bright red, white, or rose; \$5.00.

A small-sized envelope bag with double compartment, mirror, drop pocket for handkerchief or powder puff, and back strap, in tan, brown, gray, or red alligator grain leather, and black, tan, or brown suede; \$3.00.

I shall be glad to shop for all or any of the things shown. Send your orders with your check or money order to

Hazel Grey

8 Arlington Street
Boston, Mass.



Costume flowers; the upper is felt and the lower velvet

OUR MEMBERS' COLUMN

Attractive Christmas Gifts That You Can Make

Washington, D. C.

Dear Hazel Grey:

I have tried block-printing Christmas cards quite successfully. The materials I used were plain linoleum a quarter of an inch thick, a board half an inch thick, a sheet of bristol board 22 1/2 inches by 28 inches, India ink, carbon paper, and sealing wax. I first drew my design, placed it on a piece of cardboard, and traced over the

lines. This left a raised outline of it on the wrong side, and by tracing over this with a sheet of carbon paper underneath I transferred the design to the thick linoleum. Next I cut along the lines of the design on the linoleum and lifted out the chips with a penknife, being careful to cut away only the parts to be white in the print. I glued the linoleum to a block of wood the same size and let it set a whole day. During that day I cut the bristol board into strips three inches by 22 1/2 inches, the width of the sheet, and then divided each strip into quarters. Each quarter made one card. By creasing each card and tearing along the creases with a paper knife I got the effect of a deckle edge. I inked the linoleum with a brush dipped in India ink and printed each card, having the design in a space two inches from the bottom and one inch from the top. Last of all I scored the card on lines drawn the same distances from both the top and bottom, folded it, and sealed it with red sealing wax. It is easy to make greeting cards for any occasion in this way.

BETTY CAMERON (16)
G. Y. C. Active Member

Cameron, Wisconsin

Dear Hazel Grey:

A handkerchief doll is a very appropriate gift, for it is both useful and ornamental. To make one you will need a small ten-cent kewpie doll, six handkerchiefs, and some white construction paper. First cut a piece of paper about two inches longer than the doll and wide enough to put around it. Roll this in the shape of a cone so that the top fits under the doll's arms

and the bottom flares.

Pin it securely and cut the bottom of the cone evenly so that the doll will stand up. The first handkerchief should be white and folded under the doll's arms to make a dicky. The next two should be just alike, because each one forms half of the skirt. Before pinning them on, iron a box pleat in the center of each one and arrange the skirt in such a way that these come at the sides when on the doll. For her shawl, fold a checked handkerchief so that there are three points, one at the back and two at the front. Fold a small handkerchief, pin it around her head, and twist the corners to form a rosette on each side. Then roll a small handkerchief and pin it in front of her shawl for a muff.

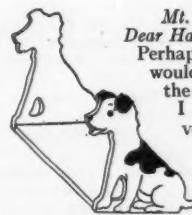
MARGARET HOWLAND (11)
G. Y. C. Active Member

Mt. Leonard, Missouri

Dear Hazel Grey:

Perhaps G. Y. C. Members would like to know about the book rack I made.

I bought a piece of veneered wood which was so small that it cost very little. I drew a design to scale from a small picture, and when



I had traced around it on the wood I cut out two pieces to use as ends with a small bracket saw which I have. I nailed one piece on each end of a board about twelve inches long and the width of the ends. The design I had chosen was a little puppy, so I decided to paint both puppies white with brown spots. I gave the whole rack two coats of white enamel, and when the second one had dried put on the brown spots, as well as a touch of pink for the nose and mouth, and black for the eyes. When all the enamel was thoroughly dry I glued felt on the bottom. Two cunning puppies guard my books.

GRACE ORR (16)
G. Y. C. Active Member

Bran Muffins

are good — but
With Nuts Raisins or Dates

they are simply delicious

Here is a recipe which, because Rumford is used, has unusual food value:

1 cup flour	3/4 cup chopped nuts,
1 tsp. Rumford	dates or raisins
Baking Powder	3/4 cup molasses
3/4 tsp. salt	3/4 tsp. baking soda
1 1/2 cups bran	1 cup milk
1 egg	2 tabsp. melted
	shortening

Sift together flour, baking powder, salt, add bran, nuts or fruit. Stir together molasses and soda, and use with beaten egg, milk and melted shortening to moisten dry ingredients. Beat hard and bake about 30 minutes in well-greased muffin pans in moderate oven — 350-375 degrees F.

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SHIP OF DREAMS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 787]

"My mother and father are rather wonderful ones," he said, scouring vigorously. "And we lived in a place the like of which I'll never see again."

"Silver Shoal Light," she said dreamily. "Yes, I know about that, too. Yes, that must have been quite nice. It's hard for me to imagine—so different from the Coast. Clean—and the sea gulls calling, and the wind flapping the curtains. And that little high-up place where your fogger took you to light the lamp. You couldn't walk much then, could you? It seems to me your fogger and mother are quite wonderful."

Good heavens! What in the world had he raved about? Everything, apparently. He had evidently talked so much that it somehow put an abrupt end to his conversation now. Gassam came up just then, attired in a dungaree jumper and little else. He was grinning happily.

"Me sabe ship past sailorman now," he announced. He pointed to the binnacle. "Something lib for dat box, go wiggle-waggle, show 'em ship where to go. Massa G'eason say, 'Ya-a-ay oh!' All white boy, black boy, pull 'em berra much on dem rope. Ship make faster. Me plenty safe ship!"

"You fine sailor, Gassam," Garth laughed.

Garth and the Arran came back into their own together. The ship would scarcely have been known now for the down-at-heel old hooker she had been when they boarded her—so long ago, it seemed. Every accessible part of her had been painted. Her poop was holystoned till it was as white as her sails in the sun. For lack of gilding, her figurehead had been carefully picked out with yellow, and "Chips" had fitted a new nose to the figure itself, swinging precariously in a bos'n's chair to do the job. Every bit of brass about her winked like flame; every scrap of teakwood was rubbed and oiled till it shone rich and dark against her ochre and white paint. It seemed as though she hummed a chant of praise as she beat northward—and any ship that met her must have thought a phantom was on the seas, for such a sight is not often to be seen in these days of vanished glory. For fear of her owners, the captain dared not efface her name and paint "Arran" on her stern, so she masqueraded still as Susquehanna. But Arran she was to every man aboard.

GARTH sat on the fife rail, listening as he could listen forever to the song she chanted among the rigging of her. Ship of Dreams—the beauty of her had blotted out the horror of the earlier adventures, and he was very loath to have the voyage ever come to an end. He looked up into the night sky at the familiar autumn stars of the north, and marveled to think that it was already October, and that it would be well into November before they could possibly fetch port. For a month already the Arran had been sweeping through the vast loneliness. The people in the little world of her had grown very close together. The captain and Galloway spent long evenings soberly discussing politics and philosophy and fetishes and the sea, as they paced the deck or sat around the cuddy lamp. Barclay and Garth made endless plans—looking farther ahead than anything but youth can. Vega thought her own thoughts, and if she made any plans, often presented them to Garth for approval.

She joined him now on the fife rail. To leeward the glow of two pipes showed where her father and the captain were launched on an argument.

"I keep staring at your Dipper," she said, "and all the new patterns of stars."

"The way I looked at the Southern Cross," Garth said.

"I suppose so," she assented. "They shine on such a different world. I'm so used to the ship now that it's going to be an awful wrench again to go ashore."

"Only a few weeks more, now," Garth said.

"Philadelphia," Vega mused. "I've heard it's such a good, stiff place. I'm not very good—nor stiff, either. Whatever shall I do there?"

Garth laughed. "Philadelphia's no better than any other place, I imagine. And you certainly aren't worse than most people."

"I am flattered," Vega said.

"I didn't mean it to sound just like that," Garth put in hastily. "You're really quite the most extraordinary person I know."

"That's better," Vega said. "Garth, I never thanked you properly for finding my father. It was a foolish thing for you to do—but it was braver than it was foolish."

"Nonsense," Garth protested. "Gassam really found him—and you, for that matter. I fell in on the place and saved my own skin."

"Well, thank you, then, for being so suitably arranged to pass yourself off as my father's soul."

"If you mean all that about my leg," Garth said, "that was something quite beyond control, and as for thanking me—"

"Oh," Vega cut him short. "Garth Pembrey, you are so solemn! Will there be people in Philadelphia like you? I can't bear it if there aren't."

He had thought she was going to say "if there are," and she left him feeling, as usual, completely baffled and not knowing whether to be amused or angry.

There had been porpoises, there had even been a whale—but no ships. Therefore she was the more mighty and stupendous when she did come—that leviathan. The Arran was in the southern route of the transatlantic liners. It was dusk, and just enough haze lay along the vague gray water to make Mr. Gleason post a man at the bow. The melancholy note of the cow horn he blew drifted sadly to leeward at short monotonous intervals. Suddenly a voice greater than thunder or the bellow of a monster of the deep trembled through the air, and the Arran's people crowded to the rail to stare at the great bulk looming into the twilight. Sixty thousand tons of her! Mighty funnels streaming dark smoke, towering black bow cleaving the sea. The Leviathan—Southampton to New York in six days! Behind her the great ship was leaving a rushing cold green wake that dropped astern at a flying twenty-four-knot pace. People were dancing on the tourist deck; the intermittent bloop of a saxophone rose through the swirl of water. On she came—lighted decks, thousands of minute people intent on deck golf and dancing and a good dinner and a quick passage. Did one of those shuffling figures posturing in the steps of the Charleston think for a moment of the wonder of her; of the captain on the bridge, of his scores of skilful officers, of that wizard the chief engineer and his satellites tending the monstrous turbines; of the hundreds of forces combining to make this marvelous, safe, sure, steady progress across the mighty sea? Her passengers gave no heed to her; but the Arran's did. They cheered her, just for their own satisfaction.

"Was it real?" Vega said. "That great thing? It was dreadful! It frightened me more than anything in the jungle ever could. Going so fast and so quietly. And all those people. All the people in the world, weren't they?"

"Fancy them there," the captain said, "in their wee world of potted palms and soft lights and white shirt-fronts. They'll be in New York in a few days."

"I'd like to have seen how we looked, from her," Garth said.

"The ones on her that saw us," said the captain, "are saying, 'Did you see that quaint old sailboat we passed? Just fancy crossing the ocean in one of those!'"

"Don't you suppose they saw how beautiful she is?" Garth asked.

"We'll hope there were a few seeing eyes aboard," said the captain.

THE Leviathan reached New York in two days, but the Arran did not expect to. The heavy November winds that had blown her thus far north—farther than she had intended—had strengthened to the proportions of a gale. The Arran lay down to it under reefed topsails; the watch tailed on to the down-haul like old hands. The black scud of clouds seemed barely to clear the main-truck, and flying squalls of mixed rain and hail went squattering down the decks. The captain came up from a grave look at the barometer, and struggled to the protection of a weather cloth in the mizen rigging. "Go below at once, lad!" he shouted to Garth, who was sticking it out on deck with his watch, glorying in the awesome excitement of the storm. "This'll wake any fever left in you. Get along now!"

Garth obeyed reluctantly, clutching at bights of rope and sliding half across the pitching deck as he made for the after companionway. He had a glimpse of the helmsman—Sam it was—looking unwinkingly from under his sou'wester at the great cold waves as he nursed the ship upward and eased her down. Garth had hardly reached the cuddy when a boom like thunder

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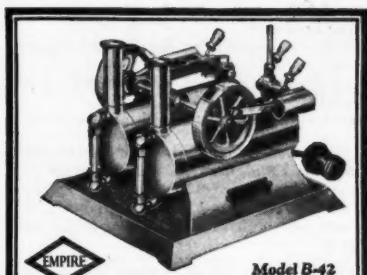
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shook the ship and she lurched unbelievably till it seemed that she could never right herself. At the same moment a sheet of water dropped from nowhere and half filled the cabin. Vega rushed out from her room crying, "My bunk is full of water—are we sinking?"

Dusk came coldly and quickly. Out of it the great fiendish waves came towering, hovering over the Arran's poop, sweeping in over her quarter and drowning her. By night there was not a dry bunk in her, and the weary watch lay down in wet oilskins on wet blankets, with not even a dry stitch to put on nor a cup of hot coffee to warm them. The cook had given up trying to keep a fire in the galley stove—indeed, the galley itself threatened from time to time to go overboard.

Vega turned to Garth, who was standing in some three inches of water beside the table. "Aren't you afraid? What do you think's going to happen? Are we sinking? Shall we have to abandon the ship?"

"She was abandoned once," Garth said. "I hope she won't have to be again. We never did find out why that happened."

"Oh, yes, they did find out," Vega returned. "In Loanda—the men had come ashore there in their boats. I expect we forgot to tell you, there was so much else. There was a fire in the hold and they turned the water on it and then abandoned the ship and stood off and on to see what would happen and if it was all right. They were in such a cowardly hurry they simply tumbled out of her and left her sails all set and everything. Night and fog came on very soon and they lost her; and in the morning she'd simply run away from them. Very sensible of her, I should say—the cowards! They got to Loanda and shipped home before we arrived.—Oh, what was that?"

For another deluge came boiling into the cabin, putting out the lamp and drenching them all afresh. Everyone rushed out on deck, for, as Vega cried, "It's better to be drowned in the sea than like a rat in a hole!"

The tops'ls had gone, and the men were feverishly securing a tarpaulin in the mizzen

rigging. The laboring ship responded and kept her head gallantly up to the gale. The dirty lead-colored waves rose and towered from the gathering night, each one seeming bigger than the last, and the wind yelled with shrill fury. It seemed as though the next wave would engulf the Arran completely—obliterate her with a huge descending weight of water. But she rose to them again and again, valiantly, riding high on the foaming crest, then plunging giddily with a dreadful sheer rush into the trough. Two men were straining at the wheel, encouraging, humoring her. Every man aboard was urging her to do her best, with his own best. Boats and deck house were lashed; at that, the gig had gone splintering overside, stove in and whirled astern in a twinkling by a great gray wave.

No rest, no warmth, no comfort, that night on board the Arran. The hours seemed interminable, measured by the number of waves that seethed the length of the ship, burying her completely. Then she would rise like some splendid living thing, pouring the water off her decks. Bells were struck throughout the night—a small lonely clang in the midst of the gale's chaos—and watches were changed, though all hands stayed on deck. The wheel was relieved every hour, and the men left it exhausted. Vega was shivering violently, wrapped in a sodden blanket. She had never known such cold, and her whole system was protesting against this brusque change from the tropics.

"It's a hideous, unfriendly part of the world!" she cried to her father. "Why did we try to come?"

But Douglas Galloway had grown more deeply brooding, throughout the storm. "Your mother would have wanted you to come," he said, "through anything."

"But are we going to the bottom?" Vega cried once more.

The captain had paused for a moment on the poop where they all huddled.

"Wood was made to float, iron was made to sink," he said with a smile, and Garth thought of the Tarca.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH]

ANIMALS IN THE MOVIES

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 755]

study. Not all human beings can order their lives so well as does Rin-Tin-Tin on these seven rules:

"LOVE THY MASTER. BE FAITHFUL TO THE END. PROTECT CHILDREN AND THE HELPLESS. FACE DANGER FEARLESSLY.

BE LOYAL—BE TRUE—BE HUMBLE. FIGHT FOR THE RIGHT WITH ALL THY MIGHT. BE RELENTLESS IN THE PURSUIT OF EVIL. NEVER GIVE UP.

ALWAYS REMEMBER THE HONOR BESTOWED ON THEE AS 'MAN'S BEST FRIEND.'"

Do you remember that popular song, "Me and My Shadow?" It holds good here. Wherever you see the master you also see the dog star. Those two pals work, eat and sleep together. The dog becomes so used to his master, his voice and way of working, that eventually he becomes his master's shadow. This is the sole secret of dog training. Study carefully what follows and you too can make your dog the envy of all your friends.

The whip must never be used on a dog. Once beaten, a dog never forgets. If the dog fears you, there isn't a chance in the world of teaching him anything. He must be treated as a little brother, who, of course, couldn't know as much as you, but who is willing to do his humble best because he loves you.

Like the little brother, the pup is always hungry. So, if he is to be taught to sit up before each meal, hold the plate containing his food above his head. To reach it he will have to stand upon his hind legs. If this is accompanied by the command, "Sit up!" shortly the pup will get it into his funny little head that he must sit up before he eats. But never force or slap him because he doesn't seem to get the idea.

In teaching him to shake hands you merely have to shake his paw each time he greets you. Soon he will come to you with uplifted paw. It will be a habit.

To make your dog jump through your arms, back him into a corner and show him that the only way out is to jump. He'll get the idea shortly. The same holds good with any other trick that you care to teach him. Never become angry if he won't obey. It isn't because he doesn't want to mind; it is just that he doesn't get the idea.

Because of what the movie animal trainers have told me (which I didn't at first believe), I started to work on a cat of mine. And I've accomplished the impossible—for cats. He will jump to a sink and step down into the water prepared for his bath, then permit me to soap and wash him.

"Goofy, come and get your bath," comes the command. And then the fun begins. Poor Goofy staggers hesitatingly out into the kitchen, scolding at me every step of the way. But after much argument he finally jumps to the sink and into the water all by himself, meanwhile telling me, in no uncertain terms, what he thinks of me. But Goofy has decided that it is easier to get into the water by himself than get a ducking from me. He will jump through a hoop, sit up, do everything that other cats will, and more, yet I lay no claim to being a trainer. All that I did to the cat was to work on him along the lines set forth in the foregoing. You can do the same.



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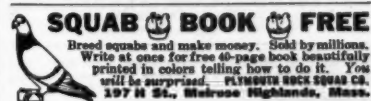
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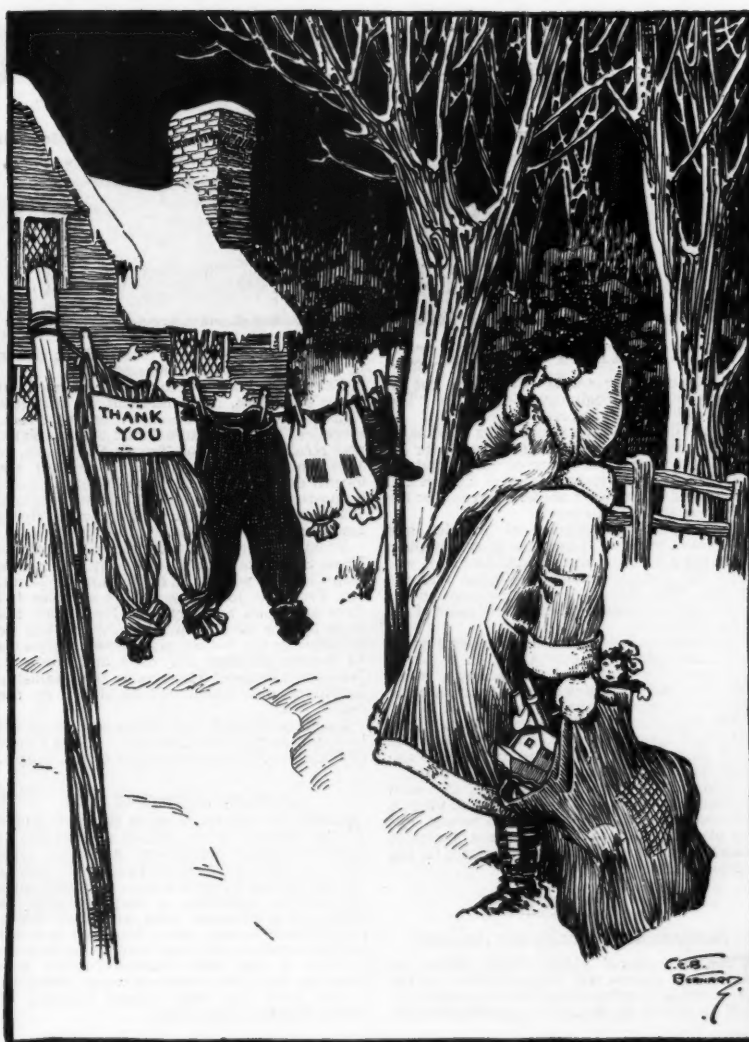
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Signed
LEONARD DREW, Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of October, 1927.

JOSEPH W. VINAL,
Notary Public.
(My commission expires
October 9, 1930.)

[Seal]



CREAMER, THE DREAMER

ON the night before Christmas Creamer dreamed that he got up and took two pairs of his father's trousers, and his own football pants, and his rubber boots, too, and put them all out on the line where Santa would be sure to fill them with presents.

Then Creamer dreamed that he heard Santa jump out of his sleigh and walk quickly across the yard until he came to the clothesline. And guess what Santa said!

He said: "Goodness gracious, how rapacious! Yes, indeed, much too greedy!"

So Creamer jumped out of bed to tell Santa that he could come down the chimney in the usual way and fill just one tiny, wee stocking. But when he opened his eyes it wasn't midnight at all. It was morning! And his stocking was full of gifts!

Hang up your stocking on December 24, and see what you dream.



1. LETTER CHANGING

- | | |
|----------|----------|
| 1. BLUE | 6. ***** |
| 2. ***** | 7. ***** |
| 3. ***** | 8. ***** |
| 4. ***** | 9. ***** |
| 5. ***** | 10. PINK |

It is possible to change BLUE to PINK in nine steps by changing one letter at a time and forming a new word at each change.

2. ANAGRAMS

Each of the definitions given represents a word or phrase which may be formed by rearranging the letters of the phrase which follows the definition.

- A Warning Sign: NO PEST IN GRASS.
An Invention: GREAT HELP.
A Country: THIN AS A FANG.
A Close Friend: THERE WE SAT.
A Penalty: NINE THUMPS.
A Government Employee: NO STAMP.

3. LETTER CHANGING

BOY

FATHER

Change BOY to FATHER in the steps given above. Each step is performed by changing a letter of the previous word, except where a longer word appears, in which case a letter is to be added.

4. WORD-SQUARE

1. A blocking device. 2. To intrude. 3. A recent invention. 4. Class of chemicals. 5. A specter.

5. CHARADE

Behold! You see my second come
After my first is in.

My third will ornament a gown

For ladies, stout or thin.
These three together make my whole.
A word you often meet.
It's whole, it's true, but, strange to say,
It's always incomplete.

6. ANAGRAMS

The sentences given here will be found to contain exactly the same letters, differently arranged. Using these same letters, can you form an appropriate familiar saying?

O mince meat hours, cast cares by.
Each must be merry at occasions.

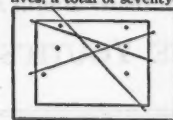
7. THE PUZZLING CLASS

In a class of boys and girls, ranging in age from ten to fourteen, it was found that, if two more boys were added to the class, one third of the class would be girls; that if three more students over twelve years of age were added, one fourth of the class would then be under twelve; and that, if four more students with black hair were added to the class, then one thirteenth of all would have red hair. If the class contained less than one hundred students, how many students were there?

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES

1. Poor, Pool, Tool, Toil, Tail, Mail, Main, Pain, Fair, Fail, Foul, Fool, Food, Good.
2. Abed, Bada, Bada.
3. C. Cam, Corot, Caravan, Mover, Tar, N.
4. There were five ones, fifty twos, and nineteen fives, a total of seventy-four bills.

5. D-ecap-P, A-ntle-R, R-adi-I, T-hirteen-N, M-ania-C, O-vercom-E, U-nbur-T, T-oront-O, H-eave-N, Initials: Dartmouth. Finals: Princeton.
6. Pole-Tree. Poultry.
7. Arrange as shown.



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STAMPS TO STICK

Our stamp page, appearing each month, contains a summary for expert collectors of the important philatelic events of the month, and a brief word of information for beginners.

The strange stamps of Tannou-Touva,



a country in Asia north of Mongolia

THE MYSTERY OF PLATES

TWO philatelic terms which are apt to mystify the beginner-collector are "key plate" and "duty plate."

You will find that certain stamps of Jamaica and Nyasaland are exactly alike except for (a) name of country, (b) figure of value, and (c) color. Similarly, certain stamps of Ceylon and the Straits Settlements are alike except for the three variations mentioned.

These particular stamps of Jamaica and Nyasaland were made from the same key plate but from a different duty plate. And so it was with the similar stamps of Ceylon and the Straits Settlements, and there are other examples in the postal stationery of some of the British colonies.

Such stamps are printed in two operations. The key plate has everything on it except any country's name and any stamp's value. The duty plate contains only a country's name and the necessary figures of value.

The key plate has on it space for a country's name and figures of value. With the aid of the duty plate the desired name and figures are then inserted in the spaces on the key plate.

This method of printing is sometimes used to assure economy, as thus a complete plate is not necessary for every individual colony. The key plate can be used for the stamps of various colonies, and less expensive duty plates for the colonies individually.

STAMP NEWS

Newfoundland Notices the Atlantic

THE educational value of the designs of postage stamps will be exemplified by the series which Newfoundland will issue early in 1928. It will be an Atlantic transportation and

communications set, and pictorially it should be of unusual historical interest.

The first transatlantic cable landed at Heart's Content, Newfoundland, in 1866, and Heart's Content will be shown on the 8-cent, lavender. The first transatlantic wireless signal was received at Cabot Tower, St. John's, in 1901, and the tower will be pictured on the 9-cent, dark green. The first airplane to make a nonstop transatlantic flight left St. John's in 1919, and so the 15-cent will show a "flying machine."

From St. John's, Newfoundland, to Sydney, Nova Scotia, takes nine hours by the steamship Caribou, which will appear on the 2-cent, red. From St. John's to Halifax occupies 1½ days and from St. John's to New York 4½ days by the steamship Silvia, which will be depicted on the 5-cent, gray. From St. John's to Boston requires 3½ days and from St. John's to Liverpool 5½ days by the steamship Newfoundland, which will be shown on the 6-cent, blue.

Heads of Great Britain's king and queen will be found on the 3-cent, brown, and the Prince of Wales will be honored on the 4-cent, purple.

Man and Mystery in Asia

A SERIES with weird signs has been issued by Tannou-Touva. Scenes and persons of native character are shown in sharply contrasted colorings. There are camels, the ibex, a woman milking a cow or a goat, men with bows and arrows, dwellings, a shepherd and his flock, and a mountain view with trees and a river. The 8 kopeks, olive, blue and reddish-brown, is perhaps the most interesting because it bears a map with Tannou-Touva's geographical position shown—between Mongolia to the south and other Asiatic territory of Soviet Russia to the north.



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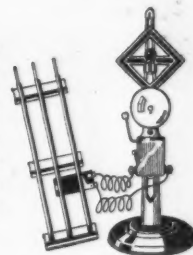
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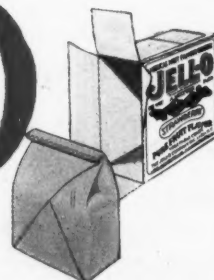
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